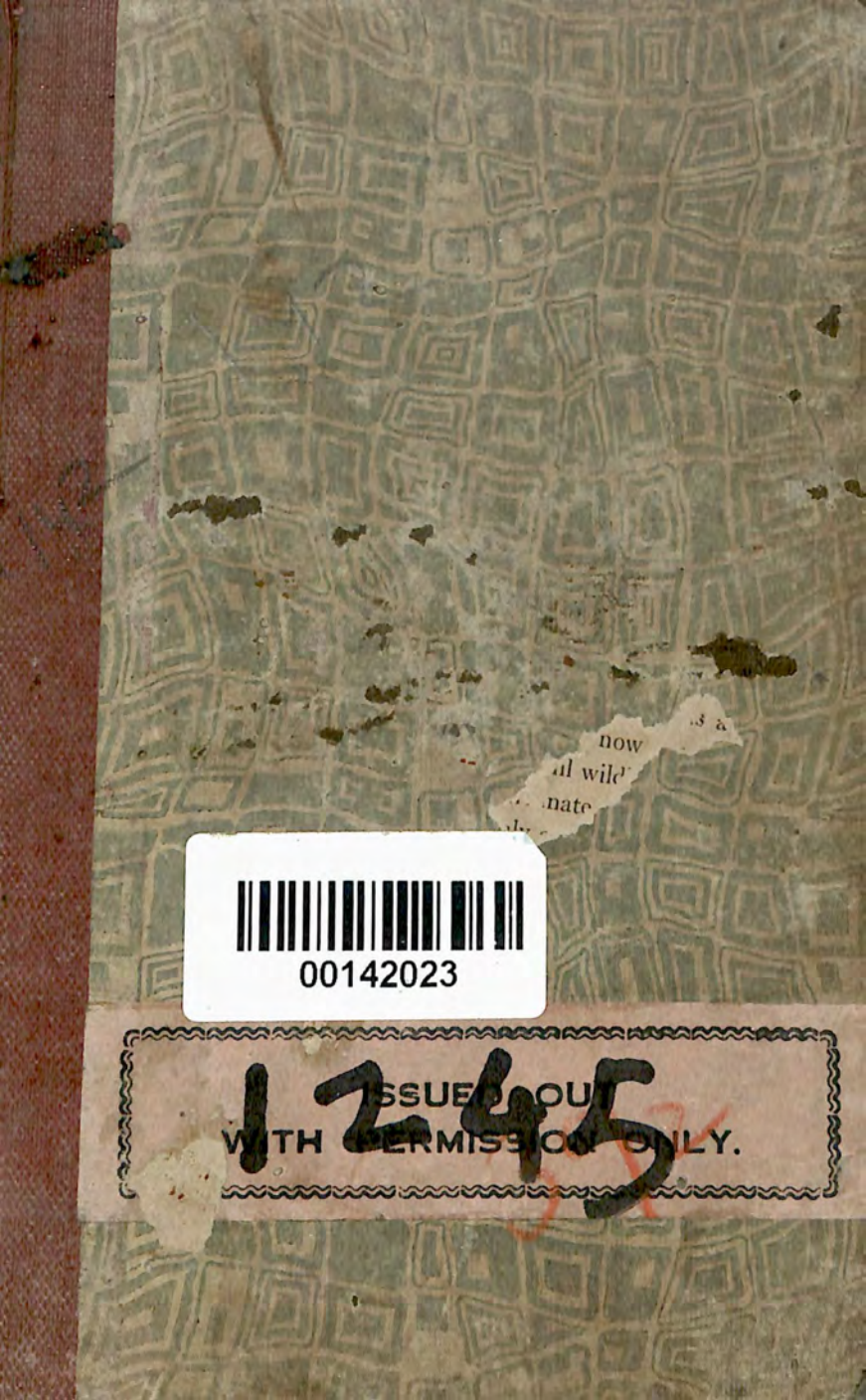
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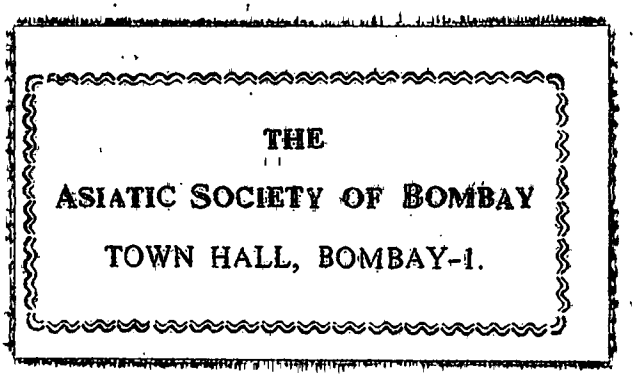

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TO

MY WIFE

PREFACE

The following pages require no lengthened preface. The title-page sufficiently well indicates the chief subject of the book—which is the religious thought and feeling of Western India.

References, however, are also made to the writer's experience at home and while on the way to and from India.

He has been compelled to omit a good deal that seems to him not unimportant. In particular, references to many interesting men and women, both European and Indian, he has been obliged reluctantly to curtail.

The spelling of Oriental names is always a difficulty. To many the learned way appears pedantic; the ordinary way is frequently incorrect. Generally both modes have been given; and, when this has seemed too formal, the one or the other has been used almost indifferently.

LONDON, 30*th October* 1899.

MAP OF WESTERN INDIA

IN WESTERN INDIA

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLY MISSIONARY LIFE

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BY THE REV.

J. MURRAY MITCHELL, M.A., LL.D.

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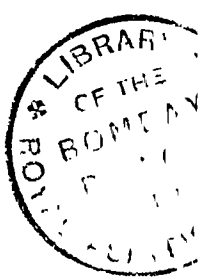

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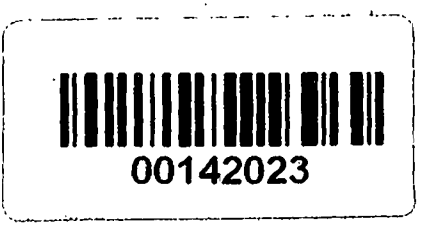

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CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE—ABERDEEN—EDINBURGH—LONDON—OVERLAND ROUTE

THE following pages do not contain an autobiography. The personal element does, of course, enter into Recollections; but there is little of what is strictly and distinctly personal. When the writer's own experience is dwelt upon, it will generally be seen to be because it is typical and common to missionaries in India. An effort will be made to give a faithful representation of Hindu religious thought; and this, not by a dissertation on the subject, but by a simple statement of things heard and seen in India. The reader must not suppose that these recollections describe a condition of things that has passed away. The book is mainly occupied with the mental state of India. Unhappily *that* changes very slowly; and the description of it given in these pages is, in nine cases out of ten, applicable still. When any important alteration has occurred care will be taken to point it out. So that, while the book is a history of the past, it is also a description of the present.

My life before I went to the East need not occupy the reader's attention long.

My childhood and boyhood were spent chiefly in the country. In October 1828 I went to Aberdeen in order to attend the Grammar School in preparation for College. I entered the highest class, which was taught by Dr.

James Melvin, an excellent Latinist and a painstaking teacher. He said little about Latin *literature*; his effort was to teach us the *language*. He also took us over the Greek grammar.

The 'Competition' took place in October. I had now been a year under Melvin's drill, and could write Latin fully as well as English. A piece of English prose was dictated to the competitors, and bursaries were awarded to a considerable number of those whose rendering was satisfactory. I came off second-best. So I became a *bec jaune*, donned the red gown, and entered Marischal College at the age of fourteen. The usual age of entering the Scottish Colleges is now sixteen. It has been slowly rising.

The 'Session' extended from the first week of November to the end of the first week of April; and then came a vacation of nearly seven months.

Greek and Latin were studied the first year; three hours were given to Greek and one to Latin. Dr. R. J. Brown was Professor of Greek. He was a good scholar, and a man of large general reading in several languages. Melvin taught Latin, as 'Lecturer on Humanity' (*literæ humaniores*).

The second year our chief subject was Natural History, taught by Dr. Davidson. His lectures formed an ill-digested mass, but they were full of information. There was also an hour of elementary Mathematics under the careful Professor Cruickshank; and we had an hour of Greek and Latin on alternate days.

The third year was chiefly given to Natural Philosophy, under Dr. Knight. He was rather deficient in Mathematics, but he lectured and performed experiments well. This year there were optional classes of Higher Mathematics and Greek. Dr. Brown lectured well on Greek philosophy.

The fourth year was chiefly given to Moral Philosophy, under Dr. Glennie. Reid and Stewart were his great authorities. German philosophy we ignored. Had not our Magnus Apollo—Dugald Stewart—denounced it as 'cloud-capt mysticism'? At the end of the fourth year came the examinations for the degree of Master of Arts. The arrangement then was to have all the examinations crowded into one week—six days of dreadfully hard labour to all concerned. Two or three of our number were 'spun,' the rest all passed. There was no B.A. degree; all graduates were Masters of Arts. At a summing up of marks I came off first. My relatives had before this time almost forced me into a situation in a bank—presided over, I may mention, by the father of Professor Blackie; but in a few days I begged, with many apologies, to be set free.

In 1833 I entered the Theological Hall, having resolved—not, I trust, without a deep sense of the importance of the step I was taking—to study for the holy ministry.

Theology proper we studied on alternate days under Dr. Black of Marischal College and Dr. Mearns of King's. Dr. Black was a remarkable linguist, and his lectures were mainly philological; his exegesis of the Old Testament was very able. Dr. Mearns was less scholarly, but more thoughtful. Dr. Dewar, the Principal of Marischal College, held the Chair of Church History. A remarkable man, Dr. Kidd, opened the Hebrew class by teaching one hour; he then went home and died. We therefore attended Professor Bentley of King's, who taught the elements well. We had a second session of Hebrew under Dr. Maclean, a pupil of De Sacy's.

During the summer the students who remained in town had an opportunity of attending Dr. Black. Repeatedly the enthusiastic Rabbi, as we called him, gave us Greek

to turn into Hebrew—which we did to the best of our ability! Black himself could talk both Greek and Hebrew, and was fluent in Latin.

In the course of our studies each of us had to deliver before the class the following exercises: a lecture on a passage of Scripture; a popular sermon; a homily; an exercise and addition on a passage of the Greek Testament, and another on a passage of the Old Testament; and an exegesis.[1]

Great are the changes that have occurred in Aberdeen since my student days. The city itself has been much enlarged, and many beautiful buildings have been reared. Although the training we received in my day was, in several classes, excellent, yet the University, now worthily presided over by Sir William Geddes, stands in many respects far in advance of its position in the thirties. The two universities have been happily blended into the University of Aberdeen. The buildings of Marischal College are stately, and, when completed, will be imposing. In all the Faculties, professorships or lectureships have been added. There is now a Faculty of Science. Entrance examinations in Arts, Science, and Medicine have been introduced. Female students are admitted. There is also a well-appointed Theological College in connection with the Free Church. Floreat Aberdonia! I may in conclusion quote Mr. Gladstone's words:—'It is the glory of the Scottish universities to represent the mass of the people; and this glory has belonged to those of Aberdeen even in a higher degree than to their sisters; while the people of the city and county are especially distinguished for force of mind and character.'[2]

[1] It is singular that, in Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving*, this is spelled Ecce Jesus—and, in the second edition, Ecce Jesum.

[2] *Good Words*, Feb. 1896.

During the fourth or last year of my theological course I taught one of the classes in the Grammar School. One of the masters had suddenly thrown up his appointment, and there was no time to have an election made in the usual way. Dr. Melvin, the Rector, asked me to conduct the class for a year; and having now to attend only an hour a day at the Theological Hall I was able to agree to his proposal. I found the work very pleasant; and, what I was rather proud of, I never whipped a boy. The littl fellows were perfectly manageable. Are any of them still alive? One of them was James Grant, who had the remarkable *Walk across Africa.* But he too, like the rest, is gone.

I had become deeply interested in missions before I left the Arts classes. Among my most esteemed friends were two sons of Milne, the worthy colleague of Morrison, the pioneer of Protestant missions in China. They had begun among the Congregationalists a Juvenile Missionary Society; and, in imitation of this, we formed one among the young people of the Establish' l Church. It evidently filled a gap. Quarterly meetings were held, which were well attended. Very little interest in the great work of missions was then shown in Aberdeen generally. Missionary associations, indeed, existed in all the Scottish universities—Glasgow having set the example by forming one in 1821. But, in Aberdeen at least, the association was confined to students; and it held only one meeting a year, at which the allocation of funds was made.

When the London Missionary Society was formed in 1795 it was called 'The Missionary Society,' and was a broadly Protestant institution supported by members of all the orthodox denominations in Britain. The impulse it gave extended to the extreme north of Scotland, and Aberdeen shared in the newly awakened zeal. The

Scottish Missionary Society, which was founded in 1796, had received but little support from the members of the State Church; and in 1833 it was waning to extinction. A deputation from the London Missionary Society annually visited Aberdeen. One from the Wesleyan Society did the same thing; so that the subject of missions was not entirely overlooked.

I need not go back to the melancholy time when the General Assembly declined to engage in missions. A better day had dawned when in 1824 the Assembly appointed a committee to devise a plan 'for the propagation of the Gospel in British India.' The Church moved slowly; and it was not till September 1829 that its first missionary was sent forth. This was Alexander Duff. The fervent man soon overtaxed his strength, and returned to Europe early in 1835. In May of that year he addressed the General Assembly, and produced an immense impression. A new day had dawned on missions and the Scottish Church.

To the same Assembly there was presented a petition from the Presbyterian missionaries and chaplains in Western India, praying that the mission in the Bombay Presidency, which had been begun by the Scottish Missionary Society, should be brought into direct connection with the Church of Scotland. The request was readily agreed to.

Dr. Duff by and by came to Aberdeen. I was introduced to him by Dr. Black, and he soon discovered that I hoped to be a missionary. He was full of heart, and expressed the wish that I might accompany him on his return journey to Calcutta. I went up to Edinburgh soon afterwards. The Mission Committee would have sent me to India at once, but readily agreed to my request, to be allowed to spend a winter in Edinburgh attending

classes. My only disappointment was that I was to be sent to Bombay instead of Calcutta. I had hoped to be associated with Dr. Duff in my life-work.

I went to Edinburgh in October 1837. I had resolved to make the best use of the means of improvement which the Scottish metropolis could supply. Theology, Church History, Physical Philosophy, Natural History, and Chemistry, both theoretical and practical: could I compass six subjects? Well, I would try; for, except perhaps Natural History, all were admirably taught. The professors were Chalmers, Welsh, Forbes, D. B. Reid (an extramural lecturer), and Jameson. I was getting on cheerily, when, in two or three weeks, Welsh announced that a gold medal would be given in his class to the best essay on 'Eusebius as an Ecclesiastical Historian.' I felt that to try for this prize would derange my plan of study, and resolved not to compete. But the professor sent for me, and begged me to do it. Well, to anticipate, I imprudently gave in. I gained the prize, and shattered my health. To an essay on such a subject much midnight oil and toil had to be given.

It was a high privilege to study under such teachers as we had. Chalmers especially attracted me; a purifying and elevating influence seemed to radiate from the man's very countenance. Welsh, too, was admirable—truly academic. Forbes, who was already acquiring a European reputation, was also excellent, and I did my best to follow the accomplished professor through his whole course.

Two young ladies, sisters, had come from Alness Manse in Ross-shire to attend school in Edinburgh. Their coming that particular winter was what is generally called accidental. I call it providential. One of them afterwards became my wife. It is difficult to conceive what my life

would have been without the continual radiance of her presence, and her never-failing sympathy and support.

Notwithstanding a fatiguing round of studies I was able to do a little in connection with missions. Captain St. Clair Jameson of the Bombay Army was at home 'on sick certificate.' He had set himself to plead the cause of Indian women with all the energy his health allowed. He travelled over a great part of Scotland; and his simple, straightforward appeals everywhere made a deep impression. He had formed an Association to aid Female Education in India. I was delighted to aid the excellent man with any suggestions I could give. I was also asked to draw up three tracts treating of the condition and character of Indian women, and the best means of raising them. I did so, and the papers were widely circulated at the time.

Another thing was obviously required. The Calcutta Mission had been in existence seven years, Bombay and Madras had been occupied as stations, but the Church generally knew nothing about them beyond what was contained in a meagre annual report given in to the Assembly, which few cared to read. James Hamilton (afterwards Edward Irving's successor) and I spoke to Drs. Gordon and Candlish on the subject, and these influential ministers heartily adopted our suggestion—that the Church should have a *Monthly Missionary Record*,—which accordingly was speedily established.

The interest taken by the theological students in missions was, perhaps, greater than in Aberdeen. But let it not be forgotten that from Aberdeen city and the neighbourhood a large number of missionaries has gone forth. Among my own class-fellows in Marischal College there were three such men—William Burns of China, John Hay of Vizagapatam, and James Ogilvie of Calcutta. In King's

College our contemporaries were James Kennedy of Benares, and James Legge of China—afterwards Professor of Chinese at Oxford. Kennedy, Hay, and Legge were sent out by the London Missionary Society, the others by the Presbyterians. Certainly Aberdeen had no reason to be ashamed of any of these *alumni*. And since then she has sent forth other excellent missionaries not a few.

In the Edinburgh Theological Hall, several of my contemporaries had their hearts set on being missionaries: Thomas Smith, Daniel Edward, Alexander Leitch, John Braidwood, and George Small. All of them did excellent service in India except Daniel Edward, who was a missionary to the Jews, and worked long and faithfully at Breslau. I do not attempt to give an exhaustive list; I mention only those with whom I was personally acquainted. I fear the only survivors are my friends Dr. Thomas Smith of Edinburgh, and Mr. George Small.

It was thought desirable that my ordination should be in Aberdeen. It took place in July—the Rev. Dr. Tweedie, a warm friend of missions, preaching and presiding. The next day, the Rev. James Kennedy was ordained in connection with the London Missionary Society, and the coincidence was noticed with much interest.

I proceeded to Edinburgh; but in the middle of August nearly all my friends were out of town. John Braidwood came to see me off. As I took my seat on the outside of the coach, the good man said—'My parting gift is the text, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."' I think there was no railway till we reached Warrington. London I had never seen before; but in the end of August even the great city was comparatively dull. Moreover, I was anxious to hasten on. I called at the office of Alderman (afterwards Sir John) Pirie, in which passages had hitherto been taken for our missionaries. 'Is your pass-

age arranged for?' said one of the partners. 'No; I am going overland.' 'Overland!' cried the worthy merchant with a start; 'who ever heard of a missionary going overland?' I said it was high time to set the example. The undertaking was not so formidable as the good man supposed. Bishop Spencer of Madras had proceeded overland, under the guidance of the indefatigable Waghorn, several months before; and vessels of the Indian navy were now plying every month between Suez and Bombay. The overland route was very different in 1838 from what it had been in 1834, when Bartle Frere, in company with four Indian officers whom he met in Egypt, sailed down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean in native vessels —an achievement that certainly demanded no common courage.

Some friends in London were concerned about the young man who was setting out on so long a journey alone. 'I shall at least start you on your way,' said one of them; 'I shall accompany you to Paris.' Of course I thanked him. We sailed from London Bridge down the Thames, and across the Channel to Boulogne. The sea was rough; and my friend was sick. Next morning he announced that he had had enough of the overland route, and would return by next steamer to London. He accompanied me to the *diligence*, and said good-bye. After some squabble about my passport (all foreign travellers needed passports then), I mounted into the *banquette*, rather downhearted perhaps. But two or three of my fellow-travellers were English and knew France well. On to Paris, which our rumbling, tumbling vehicle reached next morning. How get to Marseilles? I soon took my place on another *diligence* proceeding to Lyons, which we reached in three days and two nights. Two very interesting men were our fellow-travellers—the anatomist Jules Cloquet and

a medical friend of his. They were taking a vacation tour, and meant to go as far as Asia Minor.

I had hitherto seen little or nothing of educated Frenchmen. These two gentlemen made a most favourable impression on me. They were more than polite; they were anxious to oblige. Both were thoroughly trained men of science; and Cloquet, at least, was as witty as he was wise. I ought to add that neither of them uttered a syllable that was disrespectful to religion, or, in any way whatever, objectionable.

At Lyons we embarked on board a steamer, and were swept beautifully onwards down 'the arrowy Rhone' to Avignon. We landed, and next day took a post-chaise to Marseilles, and embarked on the *Dante*, a vessel of the Messageries Royales. There were a good many passengers, not a few of them English, most of whom were on their way to Italy by what was then the easiest route. At least three-fourths of them landed at Leghorn. Cloquet and his friend came on to Civita Vecchia, from which they intended to pay a flying visit to Rome. My chief companions were now the captain and the doctor. The doctor was fond of talking about the novels of 'Valter' Scott, which he had read in a translation. He praised them highly. I sought to repay the compliment paid to my countryman by lauding the *Meditations* of Lamartine. But the doctor would none of it. 'C'est un homme tout exagéré,' said he—an opinion which I believe few Frenchmen would assent to,—certainly not M. Heredia, who is himself a distinguished poet and a member of the French Academy.

I had much conversation with the captain. He called himself a 'Catholic'; but he strongly objected to the enforced celibacy of the clergy, and in several other respects decidedly preferred Protestantism.

'Why, then, not call yourself a Protestant?' I asked.

'I was born a Catholic,' said he. When we talked on international politics I was soon stopped by the captain's strong language. 'I like you English people very well; but as for your government, *c'est infernal.*' And this from so mild a man! Lord Palmerston was especially disliked and dreaded.

We had encountered a storm off Toulon; but for the most part the voyage was very pleasant. Transitions in the mood of the Mediterranean are often rapid. On to Malta. There was a Scots regiment there; and 'my heart warmed to the tartan.' We had now to change vessels and sail to Syra in the *Sesostris*, a French steamer. We had few passengers—one of them David Roberts, the well-known artist, who was on his way to the East; from which in a year or two he returned laden with pictorial spoil. But now we are about to

'Hail the bright clime of battle and of song';

and already travellers from the West perceive a change in the aspects of Nature. How beautifully glitters the evening star and all the stars in that pellucid atmosphere! We were rather too far off from the southern extremity of Greece to see it well; but I think I never beheld a more exquisite morning than that on which we began to thread our way among the multitudinous isles of the Ægean. All was wrapped in golden slumber, as the sun hastened to reveal himself over Delos—the birthplace of Phœbus Apollo, as said the Greeks of old.

On to Syra, which was becoming a place of call for many vessels. Here were rocks piled in confusion on rocks,—a straggling village by the sea; narrow streets; the houses almost meeting over our heads; men in baggy trousers and fez selling water out of skins; and the terrible heat! Is this really one of the glorious 'isles of Greece'?

Yet what cannot commerce do? Twenty years later I saw Syra again. The change was immense. Here now was a well-built town, with a piano sounding in almost every second house.

On to Egypt in the French steamer *Rameses*. How different was Alexandria from what it afterwards rapidly became! The landing-place wretched. A few tall houses on the opposite sides of what was called the Frank Square; beyond this little but heaps of rubbish; vast quantities of broken pottery all about.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Thurburn, a leading merchant of Alexandria. One day among a company of friends at his house I ventured to ask their opinion of the Pasha Mohammad Ali. All of them admitted that he was a man of great sagacity and energy who had introduced important improvements—such as the telegraph, steamboats, various manufactures, and schools; but he monopolised trade and oppressed the people as much as his predecessors. I also saw Colonel Campbell, her British Majesty's representative—Consul-General, I think. On the whole, his opinion of the Pasha was favourable. Among other things he mentioned that the Pasha had sent a considerable number of young men to Europe that they might learn various arts and sciences. Of these several had returned as professing Christians. The Mohammadan law requires that apostasy from Islam be visited with death; but this man of blood—so strangely mixed is often human character—would not allow the young men to be molested on account of their religion. Moreover, he had given no small measure of relief to the Copts, who had been crushed for more than a thousand years almost to extinction under the heel of the Moslem.

Roberts and I, along with two English friends, hired a native boat and sailed up the Mahmudiah Canal—which

was scooped out by the hands of peasants (fellaheen) without iron implements. The boatmen had little to do; the north wind was generally strong enough to bear us slowly onward.

On arriving at Atfé on the Nile, we changed into a larger vessel which was laden with coals and had a fuller crew. Still the wind generally sufficed to move us onward, although the current was against us. We landed at Boulac, and trotted on donkeys to Hill's Hotel, a large and bustling place. It was expensive, and in a few days I took lodgings with a respectable Greek family. I did not escape the ophthalmia which is so common in Egypt, and I had to keep the house for a week.

I had expected to see a great amount of Oriental splendour in Grand Al Cairo, 'the city of victory'; at least I looked for the bright forms and colours suggested by the *Thousand and One Nights*. I found abundance of rushing, crushing, crashing; pedestrians, camels, donkeys were all huddled together, with now and then a European-built carriage drawn by horses and perilously dashing through the narrow, winding streets. Then came admiration of the wonderful donkeys and donkey-boys—each boy shouting every instant to the pressing crowd in Arabic so like Hebrew that I seemed to understand every word. True, the donkey had been changed from a *hamōr* into a *hamār*, and the camel (*gimmel*) had been turned into a *jimmel*; but it seemed strange that the language one had so laboriously toiled at should become the jabber of such urchins.

A notable thing soon occurred. Riding along—of course on donkey-back—I met a venerable old man, mounted on a horse. A guide who was with me made a low obeisance to him, and the salutation was politely acknowledged. I found it was the one man who had escaped from the

massacre of the Mamelukes in 1811. The guide, an intelligent man, went over the story as still current in Cairo. On some important occasion, the Pasha invited five hundred Mamelukes to the citadel. By and by the gates were shut, and the entire number at once slaughtered with the exception of this one man, who leaped on horseback from the top of the battlements. The horse was killed; the rider survived the terrible shock. The exact number of the slain is generally said to have been four hundred and seventy. The Mamelukes had been tyrants; and no doubt the alternative was that the Pasha must crush them, or they would crush the Pasha; but this dreadful deed has left an indelible stain on the name of Mohammad Ali.

I read largely on recent discoveries as well as on the antiquities of Egypt; but, since the time I speak of, investigation has proceeded fast and far. Let me give one instance out of a thousand. Two friends and I spent two days at the Pyramids of Ghizeh, which it took five hours to reach on donkey-back. We explored every chamber, every hole in the interior of the Cheops Pyramid, though some of it was neck-break work. Of course, we mounted to the top; we did so twice, and saw the greater part of the land resembling a vast lake, as the Nile was still pretty high. We then went south to Sakkarah and Dashur. Such mouldering ruins, we thought, should not detain us; they could contain nothing of importance. Little did we think of the precious treasures entombed at Dashur. In one of the four erections there nearly six thousand most precious things have lately been discovered; among these, jewellery of many kinds, all beautiful—one might say exquisitely so—and carnation, emerald, lapis lazuli, gold, etc. etc., the whole elaborately wrought.

I was anxious to see the mission work carried on in

Egypt. For centuries the Roman Catholics have been busy and have detached a large number from the ancient church of the country, the Coptic; but though I heard of the Roman Catholic work I cannot say much about it from personal knowledge. In education, also, the Romanists have been busy; and France has profited by their efforts.

The 'Church Missionary Society' began work in Egypt in 1826. I found two of its agents labouring in Cairo—the Rev. Messrs. Lieder and Kruse—both Germans. They conducted divine service on Sundays in English. There was no public preaching to the native population. Evangelistic work among Mohammadans was not deemed possible; and, even among the Copts, it was far from easy. The mission had set up several schools; in the lower, Arabic was taught with a little English. The pupils were chiefly Copts, Syrians, Greeks, and partly Arabs. In the highest school they were nearly all Copts; they were boarders and supported by the mission. In the lower schools there were a few girls.

There was the representative of another mission, Miss Holliday, sent out by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East—'the only Society for both Zenana and school work existing at the Queen's accession.'[1] This lady conducted a school for girls, and for a considerable time had given lessons in the Pasha's family. It was deemed a great step in advance when a Christian could give lessons to the Mohammadan ladies of such high rank.

Two other missionaries of the 'Church Missionary Society' were then in Cairo—Messrs. Krapf and Isenberg, both Germans. They had been in Abyssinia, but had

[1] On the death of the excellent secretary, Miss Webb, in 1899, the work of this Society has been partitioned among several others.

been obliged to leave it. At that time they were preparing to go to Shoa, where they hoped they might be allowed to remain. But no. Isenberg then went to Bombay; Krapf proceeded to Eastern Africa. He and his associate, Rebmann, were the first to bring an account of snow-clad mountains in the equatorial regions.

I had now been more than three weeks in Egypt, and I was anxious to leave it. Apart from a strong desire to be at work in India, I could not feel happy in Egypt. Much of what I saw was exceedingly depressing; and much of what I heard of was even more so. Forced labour exceedingly common; the peasants dragged far from their homes to serve as soldiers; a terrible military conscription, which many tried to avoid by self-mutilation; iniquitous judges; corruption almost everywhere,—no man could doubt the existence of such dreadful things. The moral state of the people generally was also very distressing; at least, it was so if half of what I heard was true. As to the outward evils, they were only such as one might expect under the sway of such a man—'a barbarian of genius,' with the barbarian element preponderating. But besides this, when Mohammadanism has any people fairly in its grasp, it extinguishes, more even than Hinduism, the better qualities. For one thing, it destroys the family system, and so poisons society at its fountain-head.

Of the wonderful changes that have lately taken place in Egypt, I shall have to speak later on.

The steamer from Bombay was expected to arrive at Suez by the end of October, and I could not afford to be too late. How cross the eighty miles of desert? The passengers of the previous month had done so in vans drawn by horses; but the experiment had hardly been successful. I had hired an intelligent Maltese, Rosa, to act as guide and *cicerone*. As he was to accompany me

Rosa strongly recommended camels; donkeys, to a Maltese, did not seem a dignified means of conveyance. So camels were chosen. The singular swinging movement which the rider must adopt I learned without much difficulty; but my camel was evidently unhappy and made its rider so. Every few minutes it made a bolt forward. To hold up an umbrella—for the sun was blazing bright—and guide a restless camel required no small dexterity. When after a few hours we arrived at the first halting-place, the creature being still unhappy, we examined its mouth and found several leeches between the under-lip and jaw. They must have got in when the camel was drinking. We extracted them, and the poor beast was pacified. Soon afterwards, up tripped a gentleman on a donkey. He had come from Cairo more quickly than we, and with far more ease. Rosa was rather abashed for having preferred dignity to comfort.

At several resting-places we found tents erected. A number of gentlemen in Bombay had combined to pitch these; and in one or two places stone buildings were in course of erection. The desert air was very cold at night. No fear of being robbed or in any way molested. The stern justice of the Pasha had already taught the Arabs a salutary lesson.

A new and solemn feeling arose where, round and round, the whole expanse was bare desert; though the sense of absolute solitude was broken by meeting here and there an Arab on his way from Suez to Cairo. Pierre Loti, in *Le Desert*, thus expresses the feeling: 'Rien se passe; rien ne change; nous nous deplaçons dans le vide. . . . Tout est silencieux et mort.'

It gave me a shock of delight when, a good many miles out of Suez, I had my first sight of the Red Sea. It awoke thoughts still more thrilling than those associated even with the isles of the Ægean.

There was as yet no hotel in Suez. The consular agent gave the passengers accommodation as far as lay in his power. But here are the officers of the Bombay steamer come ashore, and the intending passengers have arrived from Cairo. They have nearly all come in vans. We are thirty-two in all. The vessel is a regular man-of-war, a vessel of the Indian Navy, and is in charge of regularly commissioned officers.

Will the steamer hold us all? Yes; the ladies will get the cabins, and the gentlemen will sleep on deck. There is an awning which will keep off the dews, and each passenger has come provided with his own bedding. I was quite prepared to 'rough it' a little, but I had no sooner gone on board than the first-lieutenant addressed me: 'I know your Bombay friends; you will, I hope, share my cabin.' This unexpected request came from Alexander Gordon, afterwards of Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire. I accepted the kind offer, and found Lieutenant Gordon a truly Christian man and a most pleasant companion.

I need not dwell on the details of the voyage. Nothing exceptional occurred. We were a very friendly company of military men, merchants, one or two civilians, and a few ladies. Great heat; some one said we were in the Red-hot Sea. A storm—the north and south winds having a battle-royal. But the Indian Ocean—as the monsoon was over—was beautifully calm. We did not stop at Aden; it was not ceded to the Indian Government till 1839. Divine service every Lord's day. The prayers of the English Church were read in the forenoon and a sermon preached. In the evening we had our simple Scottish form of worship, which I was asked to conduct. Nearly all the passengers attended both services.

It took us five-and-twenty days to reach Bombay from Suez, though now the passage is performed in eleven or even fewer. But here is India at last—with a line of mountains shooting up into fantastic pinnacles, about thirty miles off—and lo! a splendid capacious harbour. The first to come on board was Dr. Wilson. He had seen the flag rise which signalled the steamer's approach, and the kind man had immediately started. A most cheering welcome. On to the Scottish Mission House, where I find Dr. Wilson's two sisters-in-law, the Misses Bayne. We are soon joined by Mr. Nesbit and Dr. Stevenson, who had been later in noticing the signal rise.

CHAPTER II

BOMBAY—THE MARATHAS

As we were crossing the Esplanade—then a great, open expanse—Dr. Wilson had pointed to a large collection of tents. They were the temporary quarters of soldiers about to proceed to Sind, on their way to Afghanistan. Yes; we were actually at war. Hostilities had been declared about seven weeks before (1st October 1838) by the Government of India against Dost Mohammad, the ruler of Cabul. From each of the three Indian Presidencies troops were now on their way to the north. Dr. Wilson expressed no opinion as to the legitimacy of the war. But every one, I believe, is now convinced that it was an unhappy, needless war. Lord Auckland's manifesto was weak in argument, though strong in words. But primarily, indeed, it was not his policy, but that of the home authorities—particularly of Palmerston and Hobhouse.

The troops from Bombay to the number of five thousand were under Sir John Keane. After Karachi had been taken by a naval force they occupied Sind, treating the rulers—the Amirs—harshly. The army moved on. Ghazni was captured. Dost Mohammad fled; and weak Shah Shuja was again seated on the throne. The Dost submitted, and was sent to India as a pensioner. But the Afghans were not subdued; and Sir Alexander Burnes

was murdered in 1841. Before this the Court of Directors declared a general retirement from Afghanistan to be necessary, but the advice was overruled by the Governor-General and a majority of his Council. Afghanistan was soon in flames. Brave deeds, of course, were done by our forces; but nothing prospered. Sir W. Macnaghten, the envoy, was murdered. A large number of officers, women, and children were carried off into captivity. Shah Shuja was shot dead, and his body was thrown into a ditch. Then came the melancholy march back to India of 4500 troops with 12,000 followers. They were tried by deep snow and intense cold. Volleys of musketry and stones were poured down upon them by the mountain tribes. Finally, with the exception of a few who were taken prisoners, only one man—wounded and riding on a sorry pony—was able to reach Jellalabad. It is one of the saddest things in history. I have dwelt thus far upon it, 'lest we forget.' But, indeed, no one who was at the time in India can ever possibly forget the profoundly sad impression which the terrible news produced in Bombay and all over India. And all the horror might have been so easily avoided!

By and by came the war in Sind, and then the two great wars with the Sikhs. One began to think that wars and rumours of war would never cease.

Sir Robert Grant, from whose high character and accomplishments much had been expected, died shortly before I arrived. He had not had sufficient time to acquire a distinguished name in India, and is best known, I presume, as the author of a few very graceful hymns. But he planned a very important institution, the Medical College, which now bears his name. On Sir Robert's death, Mr. James Farish, as senior member of Council, became interim Governor. He was more than some one called

him, a *fairish* Governor; he was a man of honourable character, large experience, excellent sense, and deeply religious feeling.

Even in 1838 the importance of Bombay as the great western gate of India was clearly recognised, and one heard of many new mercantile houses springing up. The arrival of the monthly steamer from Suez was working a vast revolution.

Then, as now, the population of Bombay was remarkably mixed. Equal to the variety of races was the variety of religions. Hinduism (to use the term in all its vast and vague comprehensiveness); Mohammadanism in several forms; Jainism; Zoroastrianism; Judaism; and Christianity—the last, especially in its Roman Catholic form. Even in ancient Alexandria the races and the systems of belief could not have been more diversified.

There could not have been a more stimulating field of labour. All of these systems had to be studied, and, if possible (no easy task), *understood*. It was not difficult to refute, it was tempting to denounce, them; but that did little good. The question was, What gave these systems their terrible power over human hearts?

The Marathas—the inhabitants of Maharashtra, 'the great country'—had long been the leading race in Western India. They had begun to act a conspicuous part more than two hundred and fifty years before. Their first leader, Shivaji, was a man of remarkable skill and energy; and under him the sturdy Maratha was a match for the trained Moslem warrior. The Maratha horsemen soon swept victoriously over the land from Agra to Tanjore. Maratha dynasties were set up far beyond the limits of Maharashtra. But the Marathas were, at best, what Sir Thomas Munro called them, 'a

horde of imperial robbers.' Their work was plunder and devastation. Doubtless the Mohammadan yoke pressed sore on the vanquished Hindus. It did so especially in the time of Shivaji, under the bigoted Aurangzib. And Shivaji waged what may be called mainly a religious war. He had consecrated his sword to the destroying goddess Bhawani and called it by her name. He unfurled a sacred banner and summoned his countrymen to rally round it 'for the protection of Brahmans and cows.' Yes; and the wily chieftain knew his men; they flocked enthusiastically round him, at the call. Ere long the Peshwas, who were Brahmans, did with the descendants of Shivaji as the Mayors of the Palace had done with the early kings of France. And now everything was modelled according to the Shastras. The Brahman and his fellow-sufferer the cow were reinstated in divine honour.

So through the eighteenth century the Marathas fought on with varying success, but plunging India into greater and greater misery. Still worse were the Pendharis,—lawless freebooters, who were generally their allies. In their rapid movements they spread desolation on every side.

The strength of the Marathas had been broken at the great battle of Asai (Assaye) in 1803; and in 1818 the Peshwa was overthrown near Poona and stripped of his dominions. The shock was tremendous. But the fierce Maratha spirit was only curbed, not crushed; and it fretted with ill-concealed impatience under the British rein. The Brahmans felt the change still more deeply than the chieftains. Their lofty claims were ignored. They had to obey the law like ordinary men; and, if a Brahman committed murder, he must be put to death. Such a thing had been, for many generations, unheard of

in Maharashtra; and the vile foreigners were held to be at war with the gods. Moreover, the Government did nothing for them as Brahmans. Any labour not of a literary kind was utterly repulsive to them; but only a small portion of them could now find literary employment. Soon, therefore, over the Maratha country, there was a great amount of real suffering. No man of understanding could sympathise with Brahmanism; but no man who had a heart could help feeling for the Brahmans.

The people, as a whole, submitted quietly; they were glad that they could reap their fields in peace, the turmoil of generations having ceased. But the Government believed that there continued to be secret plots among the Brahmans; it was 'desperately afraid of them,' as an Indian official once said to us. I presume it was inevitable that, in the midst of the enforced quiet, the question should often occur to the Brahmans, the chieftains, and the more restless spirits of the land—Why do we not rise against the English, as our fathers rose against the Moslem?

God grant, for the sake of India even more than that of Britain, that the Pax Britannica may long endure! Let Britain be just and fear not; yet also, to the justice let her add a large measure of sympathy. She seldoms fails in the former; she often fails in the latter.

I am about to speak of attempts to Christianise the inhabitants of Western India. It is surely difficult to conceive of circumstances better fitted to fill the minds of the people with prejudice against the Gospel than those on which we have been dwelling. The foreigner had come to them with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. Need we wonder that to both of these the natives

—at least the higher classes—had shown a vehement dislike?

Moreover, previous attempts to convert them had filled the minds of the people with the strongest prejudice against the Gospel. These attempts may now be mentioned at some length.

CHAPTER III

THE PORTUGUESE MISSIONS IN INDIA

I NEED not describe the first entrance of Christianity into India. Among the interesting race in the south of India called Syrian Christians it has existed from the early centuries; it is not quite certain that it was not introduced by the Apostle Thomas. There were at one time Christian settlements near Bombay; and here as elsewhere there were striking cases of martyrdom. But for a long time the Syrian Christians have been found only in the south of India—in and around Cochin.

Modern Christian missions to India were begun by the Portuguese. After many hazardous attempts, Africa had been circumnavigated; the Portuguese had doubled the Cape, which, from being the Cape of Storms, had been hailed as the Cape of Good Hope. Vasco da Gama penetrated to the coast of Southern India in 1498; and this was the commencement of a new epoch in the history of the world. The energy displayed thereafter by the small kingdom of Portugal, in its naval and military expeditions to the East, commands our hearty admiration. The chief motive was the extension of Portuguese dominion and commerce; but at first, at least, a still nobler impulse was not unfelt. The poet Camoens chose the exploits of his countrymen in the East as the subject of his epic poem. He commences—having his eye on

Virgil's *arma virumque cano*—with a reference to arms and heroes; but he passes on to tell us that he is to sing of

'Aquelles Reis que forão dilatando
A fè e o imperio'—

'the kings who went on extending the faith and the empire,'—and, be it observed, the precedence is given to the faith. Undoubtedly there was, in the feelings of the early Portuguese warriors, a large infusion of the spirit of the old Crusaders—the men who followed the banner of Godfrey of Bouillon or Richard the lion-hearted. They had many of the same merits and the same demerits. They were splendid warriors; some of them, like the great Alfonso de Albuquerque, were sagacious statesmen. But, like the Latin knights who, at the conquest of Jerusalem, 'rode fetlock deep in Saracen gore,' they were cruel to their opponents; and 'the rage of the Feringhi' became a proverbial expression to denote all that was unrelenting and merciless in war.

But let us not forget that, among the Portuguese in earlier days, an enthusiasm prevailed for the exploration of unknown lands and seas. Nor was a scientific spirit wanting. They did not a little in the way of introducing into their Indian dominions the fruits, the flowers, and even the animals, of other lands.[1]

Every fleet that sailed from Lisbon to the East conveyed ecclesiastics—secular priests and monks. The numbers were sometimes large. In 1513 fifty Dominicans arrived. The Jesuits came a full generation later; Xavier

[1] When about to give a lecture on Portuguese India before the Mechanics' Institute in Bombay, I asked Dr. (now Sir George) Birdwood to favour me with a list of the plants introduced into the country by the Portuguese. Sir George kindly did so. The list is now before me. Sir George calls it 'a striking list.' Many of the plants must have come from Brazil.

landed at Goa in 1542. Though the fame of Xavier has eclipsed that of his associates, there were other zealous men who were largely successful in drawing over the heathen. A Franciscan, Antonio do Porto, was one of these. He laboured chiefly in Bassein and Chaul, built eleven churches, destroyed two hundred temples, and baptized more than ten thousand pagans. There must have been many among the missionaries who deplored the evil conduct of their countrymen and lived only to preach the Gospel according to their light. But it is painful to see that the best of them distrusted their spiritual weapons and turned for help to the secular arm. In this matter Xavier was no exception. Certainly he was not only a devoted Christian but a man of heroic build, ready to face any danger. But there was an impatience, a 'proud precipitance of soul' about him, that often led him astray. He was a disappointed man. His biographers tell us that he could work miracles and address the people in thirty different languages; though his own letters prove these assertions to be untrue. But there is no doubt that he was greatly dissatisfied with the results of his work. He had hoped to conquer the high places of Heathenism at a rush and to plant on their proudest summits the banner of the Cross. He had indeed baptized a large number of people on the Malabar coast; but they were of low caste, and even he must have seen that their motives and character were very questionable. In fact, they had sought deliverance from oppression by putting themselves under Portuguese protection. The higher castes, as a rule, kept scornfully aloof; and Xavier always mentions them in severe and bitter terms. He tell us that the Brahmans were 'as perverse and wicked a set as could anywhere be found,' 'liars and cheats to the backbone.' Unless the men whom

Xavier met were an exceptional set of miscreants, such language is indefensible; and it could have proceeded only from the irritation arising from bitter disappointment.

At all events, Xavier fully adopted the opinion of the other missionaries that the power of the State must be employed for the propagation of the Gospel. 'I can see,' wrote he, 'only one way of extending religion in India. The king should severely and by edict declare to all the governors that he trusts none so much as those who strive with all their might to extend the bounds of Christianity; that he commands them to take it in hand diligently to bring the island of Ceylon to the faith of Christ, and to increase the number of converts in the promontory of Comorin; and that if the governors be negligent in this matter they are to be punished by confiscation of goods and imprisonment. Thus,' says he, 'a very large number will become Christians: otherwise no great progress will be made.'[1] These are, in every way, saddening words. Up to a certain extent, the assistance of the civil power had already been extended to the missions.[2] The city of Goa had been taken by Albuquerque in 1510. From that centre Franciscan missionaries, and afterwards Theatins and Carmelites, were sent out over the surrounding districts under the direct patronage of the Government. Documents exist which prove this—such as treatises with the kings of Bijapur, Ahmadnagar, and Golkonda, in which the missionaries labouring in their dominions are commended to their protection and assistance. (Many of these mission stations were continued until 1835.) But this was only a commencement of State countenance. In 1545 John III. of Portugal sent out express orders that the idols of the

[1] See Father Coleridge's *Life of Xavier*, i. p. 157.

[2] See Letter to Samuel Rodriguez, 20th January 1548.

heathen should be destroyed in the Portuguese dominions. Up to that time the treatment of the natives by the Portuguese had varied; thereafter it became almost invariably intolerant and cruel. The next step was the frightful one of setting up the Inquisition. This was taken in 1560, under the influence of the Dominicans. It was an act of supreme folly. Primarily, it was professedly established for the punishment of lapsed Christians; but, even so, the native races of all religions were horrified. In their wildest fanaticism they had never thought of torturing and burning men for their religious opinions. The hideous tribunal lasted for two centuries and a half. Up to its abolition in 1774[1] it is said that fully seventy-one celebrations of the *auto-da-fe* had taken place. The number of its victims, male and female, amounted to many thousands. In twelve repetitions of the *auto-da-fe* it is said that 1250 persons were burned alive. Bassein, Damaun, Chaul, and Cochin annually sent victims to Goa.

It is difficult to write patiently of such horrors. Unhappy India! it was in this way that the professed followers of Jesus expected to commend Him to the faith of thy children!

The best account of the doings of the Inquisition is contained in the work of a French physician, Dellon, who was imprisoned for two years in its dungeons. The book is entitled *Relation de l'Inquisition de Goa.* A more accessible work, Dr. Claudius Buchanan's *Christian Researches,* contains also valuable information. Buchanan visited Goa in 1808. He saw a good deal of Josephus a Doloribus (surely a choice name for a chief Inquisitor!). Buchanan was eager for information; Josephus was equally eager to withhold it. Everything connected

[1] It was restored in 1779, and finally abolished in 1812.

with the 'Holy Office,' he said, was *sacrum et secretum.* But the Inquisitor admitted that Dellon was generally correct in his statements regarding the mode of trial, the dungeons, the torture, and the burnings.

This was not the worst. The Inquisition was at first for lapsed Christians, as we have said. The Jesuits, however, in 1594 introduced a 'Bill of Crusade' enacting that infidels should be brought over to the true faith by force of arms. This was going beyond even the followers of Mohammad. *They* gave a threefold choice to conquered communities—*dīn, zakāt,* or *maut; conversion, tribute,* or *death.* If they submitted and paid tribute, the vanquished were allowed to live. Under Jesuit teaching the Portuguese thought this too merciful, and accordingly limited the election to conversion or death. No wonder that by the year 1600 the Portuguese were held in universal detestation. No wonder that when the Dutch and English appeared on the coast of India, they were generally hailed as bringing deliverance from intolerable oppression.

The Portuguese in the height of their power possessed fully thirty factories, planted along 12,000 miles of coast extending from China to the Cape. For sovereignty inland they cared very little. In less than a century, however, their power was visibly declining. The Dutch seized the Moluccas; Persia captured Ormus; the Marathas, through their entire history, opposed them, and soon reconquered important cities like Bassein and Chaul. Now Portugal retains but three out of its thirty settlements. These three are all in Western India. They are of little value.

The fall of Portuguese dominion in the East was thus largely owing to the cruelty of the Inquisition and to the Bill of Crusade. But hardly less pregnant with evil was

the conduct of the clergy, particularly the monks. The monastic corporations soon became an *imperium in imperio.* When they thought their interests were at stake they had no hesitation in defying the civil authorities. Camoens, who resided ten years in India, was sorely dissatisfied with much of what he saw; and he foretold that ruin would be the inevitable consequence of this internecine strife.

We contemplate the earlier days of the Portuguese in the East with mingled feelings, into which there enters—as has been said—no small measure of admiration. But, if history speaks true, they steadily declined in character. Sir Bartle Frere speaks of 'the Portuguese blight' as resting on South Africa. It is a terrible indictment. I would not apply the word *blight* to Portuguese dominion in India. Yet, if one were asked what moral or religious good poor India has derived from Portugal during the last four centuries, it would be difficult to find an answer.

The following things succeeded one another like the links of an iron chain: power, wealth, luxury, corruption, moral and physical degradation. Sir Richard Burton speaks of the 'fatal measure of Albuquerque.' He refers to the great commander's encouragement of intermarriages between the European soldiers and native women. The scheme was so far successful. A large body of Indo-Portuguese arose who were identified with Portugal in all its interests. But little or nothing was done to secure the education and moral training of the women and their children; and the fatal mistake lay *there.*

All along, even from the days of Vasco da Gama, we observe an exceeding severity in dealing with the natives. Sometimes this arose from ignorance. Thus, Francisco d'Almeida had appointed a meeting with the Raja of

Quilon. D'Almeida arrived, punctual to the hour. The Raja sent a message saying that he could not come, as a black cat had crossed his path when he was setting out. D'Almeida flew into a rage, deposed the Raja, and laid the city in ashes. He thought himself insulted—doubly so, because of the reference to the black cat,—and yet that black cat had, no doubt, thrown the native prince into a paroxysm of terror.

But the harsh treatment of the natives was not always due to ignorance. The traveller Tavernier says: 'The natives of Goa are kept very much under; they have offered great sums of money to be allowed to wear shoes and stockings; but the Portuguese will not hear of it.' Nor were the natives allowed to hold any Government office except in connection with law,—as pleaders, scriveners, etc.

Since Da Gama's first visit more than forty years had elapsed before Xavier arrived. Evidently they had been years of serious moral decay. His earnest appeals seem to have made little impression. The poet Camoens came out later; and matters had only become worse if we believe, as we must largely believe, his vehement denunciations both of clergy and civilians. The case became hopeless when Philip II. of Spain usurped the throne of Portugal in 1580. Philip, with all his 'Mexican pistoles,' was greatly in want of money; the Invincible Armada and other schemes of his had cost much gold as well as much honour; and his great desire was to extract as large supplies as possible from India. Accordingly he ordered that every office there should be sold to the highest bidder. This was, of course, a deathblow to everything good and great; and Portuguese India was past recovery before the House of Braganza wrested Portugal from Spain in 1640. Moreover, Brazil was deemed more important than India; and

there never was a serious attempt to regain for Portugal the magnificent position she had once held in the Eastern world.

When I speak of moral degradation I refer to Government officials and the higher classes generally. The common people appear soon to have acquired the character they still retain. They are simple, inoffensive, dull: but we cannot call them depraved.

But let us come back to the Portuguese Missions. One notable thing is the part the missionaries took in the celebrated discussions on religion carried on at the court of the Emperor Akbar. Akbar had abandoned all faith in Mohammadanism. He was inquiring into other creeds —particularly those of the Hindus, Parsis, and Christians. A mission under Father Aquaviva was sent to his court in 1580 which remained with Akbar about three years. A second arrived in 1591, but was speedily withdrawn. A third, under the guidance of Hieronymo Xavier, the nephew of the celebrated Francisco, arrived in Lahor in 1595. Akbar listened to the men respectfully, but never accepted baptism. Under his son Jehangir the mission was continued with some success. Two nephews of the Emperor—some say four—were baptized; and Dara, the brother of Aurangzib, is reported to have died with the name of Jesus on his lips. On the accession of Shah Jehan the patronage of the Court entirely ceased; and of course the bigoted Aurangzib hated the Christian missionaries. The work languished. Finally, nearly all traces of it were swept away during the invasion of Nadir Shah in 1739.[1]

The younger Xavier was a man of no small culture, and was diligent with his pen. At the request, as he mentions,

[1] Mr. E. D. Maclagan, C.S., read a valuable paper on the Jesuits at Akbar's Court, before the Bengal Asiatic Society. It is reproduced in the *Indian Evangelical Review*, July and Aug. 1896.

of the Emperor, he prepared, with native assistance, in Persian, a Life of Christ, a Life of St. Peter, a work called the *Mirror of Truth*, an abridgment of the last-mentioned book, and several other publications that are less known. We must add a Persian translation of the Psalms of David. What a pity that, instead of his own work, the Life of Christ, he did not bring the inquiring Akbar into contact with one of the Gospels! His book is only a perverse mixture of fact and fable. It was very severely criticised by Louis le Dieu, professor of Oriental languages at Leyden.

We must by no means overlook the literary work that was performed by other Portuguese missionaries. A printing press was set up at Goa in 1562; and many publications were issued from it, chiefly catechisms and tracts. Apparently, in printing Oriental languages, except in the case of Persian, they used only the Roman character, giving the letters the same sounds as in Portuguese. This must have immensely limited the circulation of their books among the heathen. They wrote not only in prose, but in verse of a loosely-constructed kind.

With regard to the style of their compositions; one notable thing is the extraordinary extent to which they transliterated, instead of translating; that is, they simply carried bodily over into the Indian tongue the Latin or Portuguese term. In some cases this is done by Protestant missionaries; the term *baptism*, for example, is nearly always transliterated. But for one case in which Protestants have acted thus, the Portuguese missionaries did it twenty times. In a Catechism issued from the press of the Propaganda at Rome in 1778 I find the following terms given as Marathi: Trindade; Spirt Sant; encarnaçao; redemçao; missa; sacrament; comunhão; ordy (*i.e.* orders). Stranger still are these — matrimonio; extremuncão; tonsura clerical. Really, one cannot but think of the

inextinguishable laughter (like that of the Homeric gods) which such Marathi would excite among the ever-critical Brahmans.

I gave in a paper to the Bombay Asiatic Society on *Marathi works composed by the Portuguese*, in which I characterised the language used in these as a coarse and debased form of Marathi. An interesting work soon afterwards appeared in Goa, which maintained that the language which I had criticised as Marathi was in reality Konkani. Konkani and Marathi are related to each other very nearly as Portuguese and Spanish; and of course it would be unfair to try the former by the high standard of classical Marathi. Yet, in the books I criticised the language was called Marathi, and I had dealt with it as such. But even taking it as a separate dialect, entitled to its own forms and laws, there is no doubt that it is far cruder and rougher than Marathi properly so called.

In this dialect—call it by the one name or the other—the works of the Goa missionaries were written. They were not few. Those I have looked at are of little value. The *Purana*—it is commonly so called—of Francisco Vaz is full of childish things. One verse may suffice as a specimen :

> Maria, in the Latin tongue, is seas ;
> Therefore, says David to our Lady—
> Thou art formed of the first water
> By the grace of the Lord.

(What passage in the Psalms is here referred to I cannot conceive.) One careful and useful work, however, was a grammar of the 'Concani' language, composed by 'Padre Thomaz Estevão.' This was Thomas Stevens, an English Jesuit, from New College, Oxford. He became rector of a college near Goa. The second edition (enlarged), as issued from the Goa press in 1857, is now before me.

We may judge of the state of education among the Portuguese in India by the character of their libraries. There were a good many such. Sir James Mackintosh, who visited Goa when he was Recorder of Bombay, wrote thus of the Augustinian, the largest library in Goa: 'I did not know before that the world had produced ten thousand such useless and pernicious books. . . . On the survey of such a library how ungrateful do our murmurs appear at the poverty of the meanest circulating library!'

I confine my remarks to the literary labours of the Goa Missions. Space will not allow me to do more than simply name the so-called fifth Veda which Roberto de' Nobili tried to palm off on the Brahmans of Madura. It is an imitation not of the Veda, but the Puranas. Ellis examined it critically and called it 'a literary forgery without a parallel.' He meant in boldness, not in ability. Nor can I speak at any length of Father Beschi's *Tembavani*, a poetical work in Tamil, which is full of meretricious ornaments, in the later and lower style of Hindu poetry.

I had occasion, soon after reaching India, to attend with some care to the position and character of the Portuguese living in the island of Salsette near Bombay.[1] It contained fully twenty thousand Christians—converted from Hinduism long ago by Portuguese missionaries. I applied to the judge of the district for information. The people were generally cultivators or fishermen. The answer I received ran thus: 'There are twenty-five churches on Salsette; most of them in ruins. The people are generally a peaceable and industrious class. They do not suffer so much from poverty as their Hindu neighbours. In proportion to their numbers there are fewer of the Christians implicated in crime than others. Their most prominent fault is this: that the lower ranks are given to an excessive

[1] This is not to be confounded with the island of Salsette near Goa.

use of spirituous liquors.' I tried at the same time to test the religious knowledge of the people. Their ideas were far from clear. They knew the term *Trinity* and had some idea of *threeness*; but most of them were at a loss to say who the third person was. In a house I saw a conspicuous picture. 'What is that?' I asked. 'Hamārā deva hai' (*a god of ours*, or it might mean, *our* god). I went up to it and read the name San Pedro. A respectable cultivator was asked where Christ was crucified. He thought it had been in heaven. To the question how sin could be forgiven, he answered that the priest could forgive all kinds of sin. I am now speaking, be it remembered, of farmers and fishermen.

Soon after my arrival in Bombay I asked whether the Portuguese still carried on any missionary work. The answer was 'No.' 'If by any accident,' said a facetious friend, 'a Hindu does join them, they put him into trousers, clap a hat upon his head, and call him Peter.' The words were largely true. The Portuguese Christians simply form a caste; and the clergy are parish priests, not missionaries.

Dr. D'Acunha, an accomplished physician in Bombay, has said: 'The Christianity of Bassein and the neighbouring villages is but a mixture of Christian dogma and Hindu ritual; a Roman Catholic liturgy and a Pagan ceremonial.

One of the most terrible chapters in the history of the Portuguese is the persecution of the Syrian Christians by Archbishop Menezes of Goa. The cruel attempt was only partially successful. The Syrians who clung to their ancient church, or returned to it, considerably outnumber at this day the Romo-Syrians. The Church Missionary Society strives, and not wholly in vain, to wean from what errors still cleave to it this venerable relic of ancient Christianity.

At Bandora near Bombay there is a church conspicuously placed on the top of a hill, dedicated to 'our Lady of the Mount,' Nossa Senhora do Monte. A great festival is annually held there, which I sometimes attended, till they fixed it on a Sunday. Usually, there was service, and a sermon followed in Goanese Marathi. The audience comprehended not a few Hindus and Parsis—hardly any Mohammadans, I think. The people, many of them, presented votive offerings resembling those seen in Roman Catholic chapels on the Continent. The non-Christians, in several cases, were among those that offered. These told me they had come to pay the vows they had made in trouble to the *mothī māulī*, the Great Mother. A strange, not edifying, sight it was. The 'Great Mother' seemed to the non-Christians like one of their own goddesses.

But now service is over; yet the people linger outside the church. What next? Lo! two monstrous, tall figures appear. The people shout '*Daitya, Daitya,*' *i.e. Titans, Giants.* Wonderful creations they were:

> 'Hobgoblin-headed, trumpet-mouthed, grim-visaged, ugly-bearded.'

Down they swooped on the crowds; who were scattered before them like flying sheep, amid shrieks of laughter. This went on for fully half-an-hour; and very poor fun it seemed. Then the motley crowd slowly dispersed when the 'giants' had disappeared.

About this time I read in a Parsi newspaper a complaint that the priests at Bandora were leading the Parsis into idolatry. The Parsis do not worship images; and to the thoughtful among them the adoration of the 'Great Mother' was becoming offensive.

There is a second church on the plain at the foot of

the hill. Is that a parapet surrounding a well, near the church? how can a well be so near the sea? I go to examine. Oh horror! it was no well; it was a huge receptacle of skulls and arms and legs and fragments of bodies all intertwined together in hideous confusion. I retreated, and calling a villager, begged for an explanation. I learned that the corpse is first buried in the church, and, if the relatives can pay the proper price, near the high altar. But space is soon required; and the body is removed into a neighbouring building; and finally the bones are thrown into the dreadful pit that so shocked me. The custom, as I soon learned, is not confined to Bandora. I afterwards found it at Goa. Surely there is no need for anything of the kind. The Portuguese think much of 'consecrated' ground; but surely a 'consecrated' cemetery might suffice, and the dead, once buried, might be left to rest in peace.

The Portuguese, when I reached India, were in hot dispute with the followers of the Vicar-Apostolic in Bombay. The Pope had at first granted authority over all the Christians in India to the Archbishop of Goa. Other nationalities rebelled against this decision; and the claims of rival jurisdictions were long urged with much passion. The dispute lasted to 1898, but a *modus vivendi* has at last been reached. Into the details of the arrangement it is not necessary to enter. Let us hope that the unseemly strife has now finally ceased.[1]

[1] In 1717 the Archbishop of Goa lost his authority in Bombay on account of 'the treacherous conduct of his clergy.' He was 'ejected' and the Vicar-Apostolic in the dominions of the Great Mogul was invited to Bombay.

In 1789 the Carmelite Friars became very unpopular; and the Court of Directors ruled that all the Churches should be restored to the Archbishop of Goa. Many Portuguese objected.

Finally the Vicar-Apostolic received two churches, and the Archbishop other two.—See *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, 1st March 1853.

CHAPTER IV

COMMENCEMENT OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN WESTERN INDIA

ENOUGH has been said to show that, when Protestant Missions began in Western India, they were planted in a singularly unpromising soil. From the causes that have been stated, the prejudice against the foreigner and the foreign faith was stronger in Bombay than in Calcutta or Madras. Moreover, the missions in Western India were much later in their commencement than in the other Presidencies. They began in Madras more than a century earlier; and in Bengal (with Kiernander) more than half a century.

From its foundation in 1795 the London Missionary Society had marked out the city of Surat as a station to be occupied as soon as possible. Two missionaries were appointed to it in 1804. One of them was detained in Madras. The other, a medical man, Dr. John Taylor, accepted an office under Government, and remained in Bombay.

The next movement was from America. In February 1812 five missionaries from the American Board sailed for Calcutta. When they reached India they were informed that they must leave it in the ship that had brought them out. By this time the Indian Government and the Court of Directors at home had unhappily assumed an attitude of hostility to missionaries; and some had been

driven to settle at Serampore, then a Danish possession. In 1812 stringent resolutions had been passed by the Supreme Government restricting the freedom of all missionaries in India and intended to prevent the arrival of new ones.

It was with difficulty the Americans received a mitigation of their sentence. Newell proceeded to the Isle of France; Judson and Rice to Burma. Hall and Nott were about to sail for the Isle of France, when they were led to believe they might be allowed to settle in Bombay. But a message from Calcutta anticipated their arrival there; and though Sir Evan Nepean, the Governor, was personally friendly, he could not allow them to stay. They sent in petition after petition; but until Lord Minto, the Governor-General, was succeeded by Lord Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings) their case looked hopeless. Sir Evan then again referred the question to Calcutta, and Calcutta to the Home authorities. These were on the point of forwarding a despatch couched in severer terms than ever, when Charles Grant interposed and was able to persuade the Court to leave the question to the discretion of the Bombay Government. Thereupon Sir Evan gladly permitted the harassed missionaries to remain. This is a very brief account of a long and painful struggle. With hearts overflowing with thankfulness the two missionaries settled down to their work in 1815. Mr. Newell soon joined them from the Isle of France; but he had there buried his young wife with her new-born babe; his heart was in his Harriet's grave, and he was hardly able to lift up his head again.

In 1820 the Rev. R. Kenney arrived as an agent of the Church Missionary Society.

The Scottish Missionary Society turned its attention to India in 1822. The Report for that year mentions that

in the whole of Western India there were then only six missionaries. Donald Mitchell, their first missionary—who had been an officer in the Indian army—reached Bombay in January 1823. He died in ten months; but, before this, three new missionaries had arrived, and a fourth soon followed. Their names were Crawford, Cooper, Mitchell, and Stevenson. When the Scottish Mission began its work there had been no conversions in Bombay. Prejudice was strong. Caste remained omnipotent. But soon after the arrival of the Scotsmen they were gladdened by the announcement that there was to be a baptism. But what followed? 'I well remember,' said Mr. Cooper, 'the sensation produced when the first Hindu professed his faith in Christ. Some time after his baptism the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed. Mr. Hall was about to dispense the elements, when the professed convert suddenly rose up, and exclaiming, "No, I will not break caste yet," rushed out of the chapel.' It is painful, even at this distance of time, to think of the bitterness of the disappointment. Such was the only visible result of at least eight years of faithful labour; and of course all Bombay heard of it immediately; and the scoffers scoffed.

It was the intention of the Scottish Mission to settle in the very Brahmanical city of Poona. The Bombay Government was by no means now unfriendly to missionaries, but it would not consent to let Poona be occupied as a mission station; it believed that such a thing would immensely irritate the Brahmans. The Dakhan (Deccan) being thus closed against them, and Bombay being occupied both by the Americans and English, the Scotsmen settled in the Konkan—a low-lying tract between the Ghauts (a mountain range) and the sea. They occupied two posts: one, sixty miles south of Bombay, the other seventy-four.

The Bombay Government threw no obstacle in their way. On the contrary, the Governor in council made the Mission a valuable present of books. The Governor was the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, one of the very greatest names in Indian history. Personally he was very friendly to the missionaries, and annually subscribed Rs.400 (say £40) to the mission funds. Considering the feeling that still existed in the Court of Directors, the position thus assumed by the enlightened Elphinstone was somewhat remarkable. Nor did he stand alone. One of the members of council became President of the Auxiliary Missionary Association. Sir John Malcolm, the worthy successor of Elphinstone, was equally favourable to the Mission, and subscribed liberally towards its support. After all, however, these were exceptional cases; and evangelistic work received but little sympathy from the general European public.

The three missions did not sensibly differ from each other in their manner of work. They all regarded the oral proclamation of the Gospel as their highest duty. Having mastered the Marathi language the missionaries preached 'in the house, by the wayside, in the market-place, and—when permitted—in the temple.' They went on tours, sometimes going a hundred miles from their own station. In large towns they remained for several days—it might be weeks. They naturally desired to press to the 'regions beyond,' and proclaim the great message to those who had never heard it. Yet it was speedily seen that it was also very desirable to revisit places already visited, and repeat the message. There was no difficulty in finding hearers. In a place not visited before, the people generally flocked around them. It was a new thing to be addressed by Europeans save in tones of command. And what wonderful things the

foreigners had to tell! Such was, at first, the general feeling. Unhappily, as the Gospel message became better understood, the common Hindus often seemed to listen with indifference; and the feeling of the Brahmans and Mohammadans ran more and more into dislike, and bitter alarm or contempt.

Christian education was another important part of the work. There were then no Government schools. Some native schools there were—about one in every tenth village. Writing was taught; not reading. Mental improvement was never thought of; qualification for business was the sole end in view. As the character used in business differs from that used in books as much as English current hand differs from print, hardly any but Brahmans learned to read the printed character. Arithmetic was taught, sometimes fairly well. History or geography was not thought of. All books were in manuscript. They generally contained legends of gods or goddesses. Each pupil formed a class of himself. In preparing their lessons all shouted simultaneously at the top of their voices. Finally, the wretched schoolmaster —in nearly every case self-appointed—was making desperate efforts to find a more lucrative and honourable occupation. The profession was recruited mainly from the disabled members of society.

So much for Hindu schools. There were also a very few Mohammadan schools. The pupils learned the Hindustani character, chiefly in its Persian form; and if they could spell through a verse or two of the Koran, their education was held to be complete.

Such being the state of things, Christian education naturally appeared to the missionaries a work unspeakably important. It was easy to multiply schools. Native schoolmasters were anxious to be taken under the patron-

age of the mission, promising to use only Christian books, and to conduct their schools as the missionaries desired. Where schools did not already exist, they were eagerly asked for. To catechise and exhort multitudes of youth as freely as in Britain was delightful; and the missions threw themselves heartily into the work of education.

Among the pupils of the Scottish Mission there were ultimately more than three hundred girls. The Society at home had strongly enjoined on the missionaries the exceeding desirableness of educating the women. When they mentioned this on their arrival in Bombay they were told the thing was hopeless; not a girl would attend their schools. They persevered, however; and by the 13th March 1824 had several girls in attendance along with the boys, and were preparing to erect a schoolroom for the separate education of girls.

By 1827 the Scottish Mission had eighty schools under its care, containing fully three thousand pupils. All castes attended—from the Brahman downwards. Ere long, however, the Mission perceived it had over-estimated the good the schools were likely to effect. The boys left school early, the girls still earlier.

Only heathen teachers were procurable. Without very close superintendence matters did not move satisfactorily; but how could four men properly superintend eighty schools scattered over a considerable extent of country, when they had still higher duties to discharge? After about three years' experience two of the missionaries devoted themselves entirely to preaching. The other two, along with the home society, still maintained that Christian education was an important part of missionary work, while yet they fully admitted that schools were of little use unless they were adequately superintended.

It was the success of mission schools that by and by

led the Government to attend to the education of the masses. The Bombay Native Education Society had been formed in 1815; but it was established mainly for the supply of school-books. It was not under Government, though it received a Government grant. Sir John Strachey thinks that primary education was neglected by missions as much as Government between 1835 and 1850. This remark certainly does not apply to Western India. All the missions diligently prosecuted vernacular education.

In those days the desire to learn English, which has now grown into a passion, did not extend to the Konkan; but it had begun to appear in Bombay. Mr. Hall of the American Mission wrote in Marathi an English Grammar. Mr. Kenney of the Church Missionary Society taught English to a class of Hindus at his own house. The missionaries recognised the importance of the English language and literature for the displacing of heathen ideas. To the native who could read an English book with any measure of intelligence an entire world of new thought had been opened up.

Very slow was the spread of the truth,—at least its influence on the hearts of the heathen was very slow. In November 1825, about eleven years after the Americans had begun their faithful labours, Gordon Hall preached a sermon which expresses in touching words the experience and sorrow of himself and his companions: 'Has not the very office which in infinite condescension we are permitted to bear procured us the contempt of the scorner? Nor have the pagans been chief in this matter; but those who are our kindred and of our blood. These have been the first to call us babblers and mad fellows. . . . We have, as we trust, compassionately laboured for the salvation of the heathen. Sometimes they have heard us with attention and respect; but often they have

rendered us evil for our good and hatred for our love. We have laboured for years. The Gospel has sounded forth. But ah! who hath believed our report? And how often have sickness and death, from time to time, cut down our slender ranks and ravaged our little camp!'

The journals and papers of the missionaries written about this time are pervaded by a tone of exceeding sadness. All of them had a full conviction that the Gospel would finally triumph; but when, oh when? why this deplorable delay? And when no visible blessing rested on his labours, the faithful missionary was tortured by the question—Is not the fault mine? does not my lack of consecration retard the blessing?

All the while the friends of Missions at home were eager to hear of conversions. 'No baptisms yet?' was a question put from home with painful iteration. In so far as it arose from a thirst for the salvation of souls, we must refer to it with much respect; but in so far as it may have sprung from an impatient desire of people to have their money's worth, it was sordid and unlovely.

One devoted man whose papers I have carefully examined, the Rev. Robert Nesbit, sorrowed most deeply over the unbelief of the heathen. But he was by and by cheered by a remarkable spiritual movement among the European soldiers who attended the services of the missionaries. These ministered to them, as there was no Scottish Chaplain in the Konkan. For two weeks together he was occupied for five or six hours a day in the examination of candidates for the Lord's Supper. When the truth he preached produced so deep an impression on the minds of Europeans, he could no longer think that his Divine Master was frowning on him because of his lack of consecration. His sorrow

on account of heathen unbelief was as great as before; but he saw that the reason why Christianity advanced so slowly among the natives of India was larger and more complex than he had once supposed.

The work of the missionaries was very comprehensive. In addition to preaching and teaching they translated the Holy Scriptures and wrote Christian tracts. One of the first things done by the pioneer missionaries, the Americans, was to revise the New Testament in Marathi, which Carey, as a part of his nobly comprehensive scheme, had published in 1807. The New Testament was issued in a complete form in 1826; but as a matter of course the revision had to be revised,—and in this work all the Missions took part. Tracts were also composed in the Marathi language, some laymen assisting. A Tract and Book Society was established in 1827.

Robert Nesbit joined the Scottish Mission in 1827; John Wilson in 1828. On the other hand serious losses had been sustained. Messrs. Crawford and Cooper had gone home completely broken in health.

Mr. Stevenson had proceeded to Poona, which was originally intended to be the headquarters of the Mission; but after some years he accepted a chaplaincy, and his place in Poona was taken by Mr. James Mitchell.

When I reached Bombay in 1838 there were two Scottish missionaries in Bombay and one in Poona.

All or nearly all the Scotsmen that have been mentioned were men of mark. Stevenson, though now a chaplain, remained a true missionary at heart. He had held much intercourse with the Brahmans in Poona, and with immense difficulty had obtained copies of their sacred books. He published a selection (twenty-five in number) of the Hymns of the Rig Veda—with translations into Marathi and English. No other scholar in

India or Europe had attempted such a work. Stevenson stopped in this important labour when he heard that Rosen was engaged in London in a similar undertaking. He then attacked the Sama Veda, and both the text and translation furnished by him were published in London. He also composed an excellent Marathi grammar; studied the Jaina religion and translated from the Magadhi dialect the Kalpa Sutra, a very important book; he wrote several Marathi tracts and a large number of valuable papers on Oriental subjects.

Nesbit studied Sanskrit and Hindustani; but his forte was Marathi. In the pronunciation of the language he was marvellously accurate. He was equally scrupulous as to accuracy of idiom. No wonder then that, when he preached, he held the ears and eyes of his hearers captive. It was impossible, even for the most bigoted Brahman, not to admire the carefully prepared ideas, couched in the most perfect and appropriate language.

Wilson took a wider range. He studied Gujarati as well as Marathi and Sanskrit, and paid attention to Hindustani and Persian. Having obtained a Gujarati version of the Zendavesta, the sacred book of the Parsis, he worked carefully at the Vendidad, the law-book of Parsiism; and by and by he published his work entitled, *The Parsi Religion unfolded and refuted.* The investigation of the Avesta has now advanced very far beyond the point to which Wilson was able to carry it; but in the Appendix at least there are tractates which will retain their value—such as those supplied by Lieut. E. B. Eastwick and an Armenian gentleman, Mr. Aganoor.

The remaining member of the mission had not enjoyed an academic training; but he was a true-hearted, good man, who laboured long and faithfully and was held in much respect both by Europeans and natives.

There were also remarkable men connected with the other Missions. If I mention the names of one or two, let me not be understood to imply that they were the only men of note. C. P. Farrar, of the Church Missionary Society at Nasik (the father of Dean Farrar), was undoubtedly a superior man. In the American Mission there was E. B. Burgess. He published a valuable Marathi grammar. On returning to America he prepared a translation of an exceedingly difficult and important treatise on Astronomy, the Sûrya Siddhânta. This book will remain a monument of patient and exact research. Henry Ballantine did much for Marathi hymnology.

If space permitted I would fain speak at some length of two Scottish ladies, the Misses Bayne. They had come out after the death of their sister, the first Mrs. Wilson. They were not officially connected with the Mission; but they were most anxious to be useful. They found it—as Bishop Heber had done—very difficult to acquire an Indian language in middle life (though the honoured Empress of India, if report speak true, has conquered Hindustani); and therefore they could do little in speaking to the natives generally. English, however, was becoming pretty widely known; and their influence was far from insignificant.

On reaching Bombay one of my first duties was to attack the Marathi language. My friends had chosen a stately man, Krishna Shastri, for my pundit. He knew exceedingly little English beyond the words *Yes* and *No*. The study of Marathi charmed me. How clear in form was every letter (the same as in Sanskrit), and how perfectly uniform in sound! I had already seen Indian boys gravelled by our dreadful English spelling—by the change of the sound of *o*, for instance, in *do so*. My

dignified teacher had been told to be exact and exacting; and certainly he turned his knowledge of *No* to pretty frequent account. Every now and then the remorselessly accurate Nesbit adjudicated on my progress. So I got on fairly well, I believe. The Misses Bayne complained that in a Marathi sentence everything seemed turned topsy-turvy. So it did; but the novelty, the very oddity, formed an attraction. Hardly so the genders,—which are as capricious as in German.

CHAPTER V

HIGHER EDUCATION—PARSI CONVERSIONS

IT may be well to take a brief retrospect of the progress of higher education in Western India up to 1838.

If we say that Britain was beginning to recognise the greatness of the task which Divine Providence assigned her, as one province of India after another submitted to her sway, it must be confessed it was only in the sense in which Imperial Rome had done so. Her aim was to maintain peace, administer justice, and promote the material well-being of the people. This was something;—when we think of what had been India's unhappy past, it was much. But thoughtful men had begun to ask whether the mind of India was to be left in the stagnation into which it had been sunk for ages. Still the change was slow. The efforts of the Marquis of Hastings when Governor-General to advance true education had received no encouragement from the Court of Directors. It can hardly be said that the first attempts of Government to promote Indian education were of an exalted character. A knowledge of Hindu and Mohammadan law was necessary in the civil and criminal courts; and, with a view to securing such knowledge in part, Warren Hastings established in 1782 a Mohammadan college at Calcutta. Arabic and Persian were studied in it. In 1791 a Sanskrit College was founded at Benares. It was intended for 'the cultivation of the laws, literature, and

religion of the Hindus, and especially to supply qualified Hindu assistants to European judges.' The college was reserved for Brahmans. The Poona Sanskrit College which was set up in 1821 was equally exclusive. It was hoped that its establishment might help to pacify the discontented Brahmans. Perhaps it did so in some small measure, but the Commissioner of the Dakhan (Deccan)—the very man who founded it—confessed that the prescribed course of study was 'in many respects probably worse than useless.' The reader will naturally ask how such folly was possible. The explanation is this. The Maratha rulers had given annually the sum of five lakhs of rupees—say £50,000—to Brahmans, simply as Brahmans. The British Government reduced the sum to £20,000. A fourth part of this sum was assigned to the Poona Sanskrit College. So stood matters till 1836. There were one hundred scholars (only Brahmans, as we have said), each receiving five rupees a month. The course of study extended to seven years. The Rig Veda and Yajurveda were taught, *i.e.* committed to memory, but not explained nor understood. There were also classes of grammar, logic, rhetoric, law, astronomy (*i.e.* Ptolemaic astronomy and astrology), Hindu medicine, and Hindu philosophy.

The study, *i.e.* the committing to memory, of the Vedas was dropped in 1836. Not long after, the astronomy and medicine were also dismissed.

This is an astounding record truly. Nothing short of what they deemed necessity—compelling reasons of State—could have induced Englishmen to defend, or tolerate, such a fatuous arrangement. The Government itself, after the experience of several years, declared that the college had served 'to perpetuate prejudices and false systems of opinions.'

Yet as far back as the year 1813, on the renewal of the Charter Act, there had seemed to be the dawn of a happier day. The Government of India was then empowered to expend a lakh of rupees (say £10,000) annually, for 'the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences.' But how was this object to be accomplished? Whatever use might be made of existing books, certainly new ones must be prepared, if 'sciences,' in the European sense, were to be introduced. Immediately a great controversy arose. One party contended that European thought should be introduced into India through the medium of the Oriental languages—Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian. Another party maintained that English ought to be taught, so that there might be direct access to the science of the west. There was able argumentation on both sides. Trevelyan (afterwards Sir Charles), Duff, and others fought manfully for the latter course; and the battle between the Orientalists and Anglicists was finally won by a Minute of Macaulay's, written with all his characteristic picturesqueness and force of language. The Minute has been charged with 'one-sidedness and rhetorical exaggeration.'[1] Those who sided with him have been called 'Anglo-maniacs.' Some of them perhaps deserved the name; but certainly not all. We have carefully studied Duff's *New era of the English language and English literature in India.* Assuredly he had no desire to 'exterminate Oriental literature,' which was the accusation hurled against the Anglicists. He wrote thus: 'Government, in order to cherish and gratify the spirit of literary research, may supply the means of publishing correct editions of standard classical works; it may encourage translations of these into the English language; it may,

[1] See, among others, Sir R. West in *Transactions of Ninth Oriental Congress.*

by honorary titles or pecuniary rewards, stimulate researches into the philosophy, the religion and the antiquities of Hindustan. All this the Government may do and much more.'

Moreover, the Anglicists—many of them, if not all—clearly saw that the vernacular dialects must be cultivated and made fitting vehicles for conveying true knowledge to the mass of the people. On this question they were at one with that distinguished Oriental scholar, Brian Hodgson.

As we have said, the Anglicists won. On March 7th, 1835, the Governor-General in Council decreed that all available funds should thenceforward be 'employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the English language.' Simple words; but involving a stupendous revolution.

Before this time Government had set up an English school in Bombay; it had done so in 1824. The school was fairly successful. Native youth attended to qualify themselves for clerkships in offices. But in 1832 a number of gentlemen in Bombay, who were greatly dissatisfied with the school, as excluding all religious teaching, requested the Scottish Missionary Society to send out a man who should devote his whole time to the work of conveying instruction, religious as well as secular, through the medium of English. A 'Special Mission Fund' was raised to aid in the execution of this plan. As the Scottish Missionary Society was steadily declining in its income, the execution of the scheme had to be delayed. In the Society's records we read thus: 'The English School in the Mission premises was established by some pious gentlemen who were desirous of promoting the improvement of the natives, and who, with this view, resolved to establish an English school to be conducted according to the

best European system, and to embrace the different subjects of instruction which are commonly taught in schools in Britain. Such an institution is considered of great importance as a means of conveying religious instruction to the children of the more respectable and influential class of natives.'[1]

Missionaries are still sometimes accused of turning aside from their proper work and becoming mere teachers. Here, at all events, is an instance in which the work of higher education was pressed on missionaries by earnest and devout laymen who had subscribed funds for the execution of that special object.

The same report mentions that Mr. Wilson 'undertook to organise and superintend the school.' Mr. Wilson's hands were already full; but he clearly recognised the importance of the new movement. It is interesting to note that Mr. Stevenson, who had removed to Poona about a year before, had established an English school in that important city, which Hindus of all classes prized highly. Government was now desirous of having an English school of its own in Poona as well as in Bombay; and Mr. Stevenson consented to hand over the school he had set up. At the special request, however, of the Governor, Lord Clare, he still continued to teach in it; and, till his connection with it ceased, religious instruction was still communicated to the pupils.

Let it not be supposed that, while thus fostering English education, the missionaries at any time overlooked the exceeding importance of vernacular, primary schools. If the Scottish Mission reduced their number from what it had originally been, it was because the necessity of close superintendence was better appreciated than it had been at first.

[1] *Report* for 1833, p. 17.

When Mountstuart Elphinstone retired from the post of Governor in 1827, a number of gentlemen, chiefly natives, subscribed the sum of £21,600 in order to provide some fitting memorial of a man deservedly held in universal esteem. Hence arose in 1835 the Elphinstone College in Bombay; with which, after several years, was united the English school of the Native Education Society.

The next great movement on the part of the Indian Government in connection with education took place in 1854, when a despatch was sent out by Sir Charles Wood (afterwards Lord Halifax). This has been styled the Charter of Indian Education.[1]

[1] The plan of Sir C. Wood, as slightly modified afterwards, contemplated a graduated series of institutions from the university down to the lowest village school. Each province was to have a Department of Public Instruction. The two most outstanding points in the scheme were these:—

1. Higher education was to be maintained, if possible, mainly through grants in aid, to supplement the contributions made by private individuals.
2. The State looked forward to the time when higher education might be supported by such aided institutions, and so leave Government free to devote its efforts mainly to primary instruction—the education of the masses.

The expectation that the princes, chiefs, and richer natives might come forward in aid of higher education was well grounded. In connection with the universities there have been many splendid benefactions. Independent institutions have also been founded; of which, perhaps, the most remarkable instance is the Aligarh College, established for the higher education of Mohammadans.

Government, therefore, has been slowly withdrawing from the direct support of colleges and secondary schools. But the education of the masses is still in a deplorably backward state. The education of boys is so; that of girls is ten times worse.

Every consideration of philanthropy should make the Government move in the direction of more education. An intelligent native lately said that 'primary education is being starved.' Nor should Government forget that 'the condition of popular ignorance is the condition of political danger.' Designing men acquainted with the native languages may work irreparable mischief among the unenlightened masses.

The remarkable success of the educational institution in Calcutta which was established by Dr. Duff in 1830 had attracted much notice both in India and at home. Institutions fashioned as far as possible on the same model began to spring up. In Bombay, in addition to the English School of the Scottish Mission, there arose in connection with the Church Missionary Society the Robert Money Institution in 1838. I found the Rev. G. Valentine in charge; and he was expecting the speedy arrival of a colleague, the Rev. J. S. S. Robertson.

Mr. (now Dr.) Wilson had, for nearly nine years, been the only Scottish missionary in Bombay; but early in 1838 he was joined by Mr. Nesbit. When I arrived in November of the same year, it was possible to carry on the work on a wider basis than before. I was delighted to find that we were all three quite agreed as to the way of conducting it. Vernacular preaching was deemed of pre-eminent importance. But my two colleagues were also thoroughly persuaded of the necessity of Christian education, whether conducted in English or the vernacular. For myself, I felt myself bound to prosecute it all the more earnestly because I had been sent out by the aid of the 'Special Mission Fund.' Neither of the two elder brethren had gone to India with the expectation of having to do more in education than exercising a general superintendence over vernacular schools. Yet both of them could now conscientiously and heartily become, to a certain extent, educational missionaries. 'Some of our friends,' wrote Mr. Nesbit, 'are disposed to say that we are professors, not missionaries. But this great work must be done, and our mission is evidently one of those that have to grapple with it.' I think I have seen it said that educational missionaries distrusted the power of the simple Gospel, and therefore betook themselves to the aid

of literature and science. This is entirely a mistake. They certainly deemed education a most valuable means of freeing the mind from heathen superstitions; but they also held that, in their classes, they could both teach and *preach* more regularly and effectively than elsewhere.

As to higher education—the demand, though not equal to the passion for it that had arisen in Calcutta, was yet considerable and increasing. Government was anxious to supply the demand, if possible; but the instruction given in its seminaries was exclusively secular, and the professors in the Government College were pledged by covenant to give nothing more. A purely secular system of education appeared to all the missionaries most defective, most perilous. Some cases of early death that occurred among the students of the Elphinstone College saddened us exceedingly. We knew the young men well—knew that their belief in Hinduism was shattered, and that nothing had been put in its place. We therefore sought to have intercourse with the Government College students out of school hours. We sought to press home on heart and conscience the great truths of Christianity, both in public lectures and in private intercourse. The young men came about us in considerable numbers. To all we said they listened respectfully, sometimes earnestly. We were full of hope as to what might be the issue. For fully five months after my arrival this state of things continued; but then something occurred which made them fly from us like frightened sheep.

Our own English Institution—so called, but really Anglo-vernacular—now numbered nearly three hundred pupils. Wonderful was the variety of countenances and costumes. More than a third of the pupils were Parsis. Hindus of all castes made up a rather smaller number. There was a

fair representation of the Bene-Israel, with features clearly Abrahamic. A good many Indo-Portuguese. A very few English boys, and two or three Armenians. Indian boys—at least up to the age when they can be called young men—have sparkling eyes and animated faces; and it did one's heart good to walk through the classes and see the frank, confiding looks of all the pupils.

There was no Indian University in those days; and we regulated the course of study as we thought best. The Institution was divided into an upper and a lower department—the former called (too ambitiously, perhaps) the College Division. The theory was that every subject from which religious lessons could not easily be drawn should be taught by laymen; but its practical application was difficult, for layman after layman left us for some better-paid appointment. Moreover, qualified Europeans were not easily obtainable at the price we could afford. The great characteristic of the seminary was the Bible teaching. Into this the missionaries rejoiced to throw themselves, heart and soul. I need hardly say that we all watched—'more than they that watch for the morning'—for indications of the truth having been apprehended and felt. I find repeated references to this subject in my journal. Let one quotation suffice: '17 March 1839. Our more advanced pupils profess to stand on the ground of pure Theism. They are persuaded of the falsehood of idolatry, and are ashamed to defend it. Yet I fear they conform to idolatrous observances when their relatives insist. I tremble when I look forward. Can they continue to resist the truth without being hardened? I fear they try to stifle conviction. What is to become of S——' and P——?'

No doubt every faithful minister of Christ knows the bitterness of

'Still travailing in second birth
Of souls that will not be redeemed';

but, in the earlier stages of nearly all missions, the trial is especially sore and long continued.

In our Bombay Mission the heavy burden was about to be lightened in no small degree.

Three young Parsis in our Institution had become convinced of the truth of Christianity, and of the duty of professing their faith. Two of them, when their relations sought to confine them, found refuge in the Mission House. The third was seized and sent off to a distance under the strictest surveillance. The excitement among the Parsis was immense. They were a small, but rich and influential community, clannish in a high degree. They deemed the falling away of two of their number from Zoroastrianism to be an indelible stain on their race and religion. The Hindus and Mohammadans were naturally less moved, but they sided with the Parsis. Abuse was heaped in the native newspapers on missionaries and converts—'apostates' the latter were called. The reader will naturally ask why there was such a storm: had there been no converts before? There had been some baptisms; but these had been of Hindus and Mohammadans, and had attracted little notice, being all from amongst the poorer classes. But these young men were Parsis; and they were students in a college. What if all their class-fellows were affected like them? And clearly, there must be magic in it. All the higher classes were terror-stricken.

Legal proceedings were instituted for the recovery of the two young men—Hormazdji Pestonji and Dhanjibhai Nauroji. At the time of the trial a riot was apprehended, and the military were in readiness to act. Only the case of the younger convert was tried. The decision of the

judge was that, as he was aged sixteen years and a half, he could choose his own place of abode. The decision raised the feeling of the Parsis to fever heat. A petition was addressed to the Governor in Council, with the request that it should be forwarded to the Government of India, praying that the severest restrictions should be placed on the missionaries, and penalties exacted of the converts. The document received more than two thousand signatures —including those of all the leading native gentlemen in Bombay. The Government answered mildly, but, of course, declined to interfere.

All our schools were greatly affected. The English Institution was almost annihilated. Every Parsi pupil was instantly withdrawn. The Parsi Panchayet (Council of Elders) decreed that any parent or guardian who allowed a son or ward to attend the school would be expelled from the Parsi community. In a day or two hardly fifty pupils remained out of the three hundred. There were only two Brahmans, and one or two Mohammadans; the school was now composed of Israelites and Christians, the latter chiefly Portuguese. Thus the success of the school appeared to involve its destruction. 'Are you missionaries fools?' said a European medical man; 'just go on teaching.' Of course, we naturally answered, 'And if a pupil ask baptism, what?' But to that question there was no reply.

It was a very great trial now to walk through the empty class-rooms and miss the well-known faces.

And what was almost as grievous a trial was this,—that the very pleasant intercourse which we had enjoyed with pupils of the Government institutions now almost entirely ceased. For a long time very few would venture to come out even to an historical or scientific lecture.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR—NORTHERN KONKAN—GUJARAT —KHANDESH—RETURN TO BOMBAY

THE educational work of the mission having considerably diminished, it was resolved that more time than ever should be devoted to other kinds of labour. As the cold season approached, long missionary tours were planned, that the Gospel might be preached in 'the regions beyond.' Mr. Nesbit chose the southern part of the Dakhan (Deccan); Dr. Wilson proposed to take a tour northwards through Gujarat as far as Rajputana. He asked me to accompany him; which, for many reasons, I gladly consented to do.

We waited for the arrival of Dr. Duff from Europe, and did not start till the end of February (1840), when the warm season had begun. Friends warned us of danger from the great heat; but all our arrangements had been made, and we could not easily postpone the journey.

So we started, travelling on horseback northward along the coast. It was, in those days, a trying route. There were no coasting steamers, and no railway. Our most serious difficulty lay in the multitude of inlets (*khādīs*). We had often to wait till the tide ran out—the sun all the while flaming overhead.

There are many places in Gujarat that are famous in history; but I can give only a hurried glance at a few of the most important of these. Here, for example, is

Bassein, which was, next to Goa, the most important settlement of the Portuguese, and full of stately dwellings, churches, monasteries, and schools. Now desolation reigns. We understood that only one well-to-do Portuguese remained within its walls.

Nausari is almost a sacred city to the Parsis: we found it a squalid place, full of dogs and dust.

Surat was once a place of great trade. The chief evidence of its former greatness was the multitude of tombs—Dutch, Portuguese, English, and Armenian. The two brothers Fyvie were at work as missionaries. They had shortly before been joined by Messrs. Clarkson and Flower. There were very few converts; but the Scriptures had been translated into Gujarati, and many Christian tracts had been written and largely circulated by these excellent men.

Broach (Badoch), anciently called Barygaza, was once a place of great commerce. One noted thing in its history is that the Buddhist ascetic who committed suicide at Athens in the days of Augustus Cæsar had come from it. This suicide attracted immense notice. 'The tomb of the Indian' was well known for generations afterwards.

From Broach we went inland to Baroda—a Maratha principality, though in Gujarat. The warlike Marathas burst into this region in the middle of last century, and gradually sought to subdue the whole. But their sovereignty was little more than nominal. North of Baroda, for more than a hundred miles, the tribes were wild and unsettled; and, under the Marathas, tribute had been extorted at the sword's point. The 'soldier-statesman Outram' had been in charge of the wildest part—then under British dominion—for nearly three years (1835-38), and he had been largely successful in restoring tranquillity.

As we passed northward from Baroda, we found the country generally level and well cultivated. Much of Gujarat is like a garden; most of Maharashtra is comparatively rocky and barren.

On to Ahmadabad, the chief city in Gujarat. The Mohammadans had broken into this province about 1305, and founded Ahmadabad in 1412. The architecture is very striking—Saracenic forms modified by Indian, chiefly Jain. Mosques, tombs, tanks, gateways—all of them of high architectural merit. In 1839 we thought the great city was rather dull; but since then it has greatly advanced both in trade and intellectual life.

On to Deesa, comparatively an unimportant place. I cannot forget one thing that happened here. Our horses were saddled, and we were about to mount, when a man appeared selling hats made of *numda*, a sort of thick blanket. No sunbeam could penetrate such helmets. We had already found our hats gave insufficient protection from the great and increasing heat. The arrival of this man was providential, and we thankfully furnished ourselves with proper headgear.

The chief religions of Gujarat were Hinduism in various forms, Mohammadanism, also in various forms, Jainism and Zoroastrianism.

A considerable number of Hindus in Gujarat were, in times comparatively recent, converted to Mohammadanism —converted in a sense. These were such as the Khojas, Memons, and Bohoras. Their faith is really a singular mixture of Hinduism and Mohammadanism. They come chiefly from Kutch, which lay out of our line of march. These people are traders—many of them enterprising enough to go to Africa. The Khojas are allied to the Hindu Bhatias, but are much less under the trammels of caste.

Among the Hindus, the Brahmans did not seem to be nearly so influential as in the Maratha country. Eighty-four divisions of them were recognised. Brahmans can discover infinites in infinitesimals, as well as make mountains out of molehills.

The Vaishnavas (followers of Vishnu) were numerous. The moral character of most of these was far inferior to that of the Vaishnavas in the Maratha country. The mercantile classes of Banyans and Bhatias generally call themselves Vaishnavas. Most of them are followers of Vallabha Acharya. The atrocious doctrine that *tan, man, dhan* (body, soul, property) are all to be devoted to the *guru* (spiritual guide) is by this sect carried out to the fullest extent, and openly and unblushingly even in the case of females. I know nothing else so dreadful in Hinduism. The orgies of the Shakts are shocking, but *they* are performed, from a feeling of shame, in secret.

We found the Jains far more numerous than in Maharashtra. They are closely allied to the Buddhists. They do not believe in God, but in self-evolving nature, and also in a series of sages (*tirthankaras*) who have arisen in successive ages to illuminate the world. One great tenet of the Jains is the sacredness of all life: they hold that 'non-killing is supreme religion.'

When different creeds are in juxtaposition they unavoidably affect each other, as conterminous languages do. Mohammadanism, especially in the country districts of India, has been permeated by Hinduism; and Hinduism itself may well be called omnivorous. Only caste remains, all but impenetrable and unchangeable. This mingling of creeds (syncretism) goes on unconsciously; but further, multitudes have been led to ask whether, at bottom, all religions may not be the same. One often hears it affirmed that Ram and Rahim are one—Ram being a Hindu deity,

and Rahim ('the Compassionate') one of the attributes or names of Allah. The most notable attempt at such fusion, or confusion, came from the lips of a religious mendicant whom we met near Deesa. It began thus:—

The followers of Shiva acknowledge twenty-four 'descents' (*avatars*),
The Turks know twenty-four pīrs (*saints*),
And the Jains twenty-four sages (*tirthankars*);
Keep all together; the house is big enough.

We thought it, in the midst of endless strife, a pathetic cry for peace.

The most remarkable religious buildings that we saw in the whole course of the journey were the Jain temples on Mount Arbudha, or Abu.[1] We were allowed full access to them, there being at that time very few visitors to the great mountain which is so sacred in the eyes of the Jains. I shall quote some lines which I wrote after seeing the Dilwara temples. They may appear, perhaps, a little extravagant in their admiration of the buildings; but at that time I had seen no erection at all comparable to them. Mr. James Fergusson and Dr. Burgess use language almost as warm as mine:

Are these Dilwara's temples? these the shrines
Storied of old and peerless in their grace?
These puny battlements and blackened walls!—
But I forget; the glory dwells within.
Fling wide the gates, and be the splendour seen!
I gaze and gaze. No giant column here
Seizes the eye—no vast o'erspanning dome;
Nor, 'mid stupendous, overpowering forms,
Doth silence muse in awful reverie.
'Tis airy lightness all, as if the hand

[1] This celebrated mountain, which stands apart and is conspicuous from afar, is fully 5650 feet high. It is celebrated in Hindu legends, and was so before the Jains had crowned it with the splendid temples of Dilwara. It is now a sanatorium. A 'Lawrence Asylum' is built on it.

Of Grecian artist, in felicitous mood,
Had reared it for the graces; Beauty's self
Might choose it for her dearest earthly shrine.
Round thee the polished alabaster sheds
A dazzling brightness; the far-reaching floor
Shows like a sea of milk; the pillars stand
Symmetrical, its fellow answering each,
Alike embossed, alike with quaint device
Endlessly blazoned, or with bestial shape,
Or human, in fantastic attitude
And drapery—flute and song and merry dance
In sweet confusion blending. But see there,
That fretwork, that low pendent ornament—
As weighed with its own load of riches down—
That fairy maze, voluminous, orb on orb,
Whence every moment on thy charmèd eyë
New lurking graces laughingly gleam out!
The stars, the flowers are imaged there; all bright
And beauteous things commingle; ay, and there
Are countless shapes that Nature never knew—
Nature might turn disciple here, and store
Her realm with unknown marvels. Yet one mind
Has planned it, and has linked with wizard skill
A thousand forms in one transcendent whole,
From multitudinous things one spirit breathes,
And the deep under-tone of harmony
Steals on the trancèd ear. And higher yet,
As with supernal brightness glows the whole
Till the brain swims, dizzied and 'wildered all
'Mid the swift flashings of its loveliness.

I dare say I had better spare the reader the remaining lines. They are *quasi* prophetic, anticipating the day when a very different worship shall be performed in Dilwara's temples from what has been ever witnessed there.

Let me still mention that the oldest Jain temple on Mount Abu dates from 1031. The temples are not large, nor are they at all striking externally. But the interior is elaborately elegant: everything is finished with 'art

equal to that of the goldsmith.' Mr. James Fergusson speaks of the 'lace-like delicacy of the fairy forms into which the marble has been chiselled.' Regarding the pendent ornament, he says, 'its forms have a lightness and elegance never even imagined in Gothic art.'

From the great mountain (Abu) we proceeded northward as far as the small Rajput principality of Sirohi. We felt it was time to turn back, lest the rainy season should overtake us before we reached Bombay. We chose a route somewhat to the east of the one by which we had come. We soon got into wild and mountainous tracts, the inhabitants of which were then kept comparatively quiet under the firm but gentle hand of Captain William Lang. We met this officer both on our journey northward and on our return. On our return, as we were about to plunge into the fastnesses of eastern Gujarat, he insisted on our accepting a guard of three armed horsemen, which, he assured us, was absolutely necessary.

We passed through the Rajput state of Danta, Idar (Edur), and Ahmadnagar, and saw the chiefs of the two latter, as we had seen the chief of Sirohi. Captain Lang had probably written about us; for we were known to be friends of his, and we were received with all politeness in the native *durbars*.

We came, soon after leaving Sirohi, to the temple of Amba Bhawani, situated at the south-west extremity of the Aravalli range. It is a celebrated shrine: small bands of worshippers seemed arriving every day. Great caravans come thrice a year. The temple is small and in no way striking. It is said to be very ancient; and one inscription dates from 1359. Brahmans officiate; they farm the pilgrim tax from the Raja of Danta. Animals are sacrificed, and spirituous liquors are offered, to the goddess. She is clearly one of the many aboriginal divinities

whom the Brahmans have annexed to their system. The goddess herself was nearly hidden under jewellery and drapery. What is the attraction that brings crowds of pilgrims to this wild region? Apparently, the difficulty of access to it. The paths around it are all steep and rugged; but they must not be made easier. The laboriousness of the journey enhances the merit of the pilgrimage. It is one of innumerable proofs that asceticism has a very deep root in human nature; it is a sadly perverted form of self-sacrifice.

We witnessed a characteristic sight at Idar. One morning a procession of horsemen had just quitted the gate. We were in front, and had climbed an elevation the better to see the spectacle. Suddenly the procession halted, seemed to waver for a few minutes, wheeled round and marched back into the city. What could have happened? We hastened back to inquire. We were told that some ill-omened creature had crossed the route in front of the cavalcade, and the bravest was not brave enough to despise the warning. I believe they had better luck next day.

By and by, in the Baria jungles,[1] we came across Captain Meadows Taylor,[2] who with a detachment of Sepoys was in pursuit of robbers. He had caught a number of prisoners belonging to tribes and sub-tribes of which I had hardly heard before—Nayakras and others. We spoke to them and tried to convince them that thieving was wrong. Poor things, they could hardly see it. So had their fathers done, they said; and they did to others only as others did to them. They had a hard life, they said; and

[1] In these jungles we found the tallest grasses I had ever seen. They were sometimes eighteen feet high.

[2] Meadows Taylor is a well-known and honoured Indian name. He wrote several valuable works illustrative of Indian life and history.

I doubt not they spoke the truth. The Government of India has, as one part of its high calling, to reclaim a multitude of such lawless people. To crush, to exterminate—which was too much the way of former Governments—is of course a policy which a Christian State cannot have recourse to; but more systematic efforts are still required to raise the lawless and the fallen.

We crossed the Nirmada (Nerbudda) about seventy miles from its mouth, easily fording it on horseback. It was now the end of the hot season, and the great river was not two feet deep. We moved on and crossed the Tapti, which was smaller still. Still on, through hilly tracts, till we entered the north-west corner of the province of Khandesh.

I had been reading about the Maratha wars, and could not forget that the chieftain Holkar had desolated this once fertile region in 1802. Much of it remained desolate still, after an interval of nearly forty years. We moved on to Dhulia, Malegaum, and Nasik. In the last-named place—which is intensely Brahmanical—there were several missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. Two of them we had much pleasure in meeting: the senior missionary, Mr. C. P. Farrar, happened to be absent. Of this important station I shall speak hereafter.

Near Nasik we turned aside to pay a visit to Captain (now Colonel) Sir David Davidson, who was engaged in the work of the Revenue Survey. This is one of the greatest things which the British have done on behalf of India. The assessment of the land, which had been in existence since the days of the Moghul emperors and scarcely ever interfered with, was found to be far from satisfactory, and the Bombay Government had begun a new survey. The first attempt failed, the able civilian who superintended it having been in many cases misled by

his native subordinates. The scheme lay in abeyance till it was again pressed on Sir Robert Grant by the accomplished and energetic Goldsmid. The work was assigned to his care, and he availed himself of the assistance of very efficient men, such as Bartle Frere, Wingate, Davidson, and others. Thorough work was done, and the Kunbis (cultivators) were most thankful when irregularities were corrected and all their fields accurately surveyed. An assessment was then made for thirty years. But when after that time the assessments were made afresh, were they not in many cases too high? 'It is a matter of deep regret that, on the expiration of the first lease of thirty years, which led to such an increase in the land revenue, the Government of the day, not satisfied with this, imposed a much higher demand.' So writes Sir David Davidson,[1] and on this important question we could not quote a higher authority. Of course, Government had no wish to oppress the people; but the 'want of pence that vexes public men' presses on rulers in India still more heavily than on those in Britain. It is a great evil and a very considerable danger. Taxation cannot be indefinitely increased.

We were now in the beginning of June. Could we reach Bombay before the setting in of the monsoon? We pushed on; but one afternoon, when we were far from shelter —not a house and hardly a tree being in sight—the tempest—one of the *avant-couriers* of the rains—burst upon us in full fury, raged for an hour, and left us in a very miserable plight.

So our long journey of 1700 miles was over, and we had been preserved through these months of very trying heat. We felt that the friends who had remonstrated against our travelling at such a season had not spoken unadvisedly. We could hope, however, that good had been

[1] See *Memories of a Long Life*, 2nd edition. (Edinburgh.)

done. Many places had been visited in which missionaries had not, so far as we knew, been seen before. The Gospel had been extensively preached. Our intercourse with the people had been very friendly. Only at one place—Tanna, near Bombay—had we met with rude treatment; and we believed that something, ay, much, is gained when a missionary and his hearers part on kindly terms. Of course, we also sorrowfully felt that all the knowledge we had been able to impart was only like a handful of seed scattered here and there over a vast wilderness; and the sad question was: When will those villagers, whom we found so accessible, so gentle, have any opportunity of hearing the truth again?

CHAPTER VII

BARTLE FRERE—TRANSLATION OF SCRIPTURES—GERMAN MISSION TO GONDS—SECOND MISSIONARY TOUR—THE DECCAN

THE work in Bombay was nearly as engrossing as ever. The English Institution had recovered to some extent. There were a good many Hindus—even a few Brahmans—in it. Not yet, however, a single Parsi.

I now began to take part regularly in conducting public worship in Marathi along with Dr. Wilson and Mr. Nesbit. Arrangements were made to preach publicly in the streets at least two evenings a week.

Under the efficient superintendence of Dr. Stevenson I commenced the study of Sanskrit.

The vernacular schools both for boys and girls, which were kept separate, were scattered over the city; and, if they were to be of real value, they required a large amount of attention. There was by this time no difficulty in getting boy-pupils in these, and not much in getting girls; but it was of no use to collect numbers of children unless the Christian superintendence were thorough. We were always struggling to make the schools better, and seldom quite coming up to our wishes and expectations.

Though Dr. Wilson and I had apparently not suffered more than temporary inconvenience from our long journey to and from Rajputana, it had no doubt impaired the health of both of us. My medical adviser ordered me to

go to Mahabaleshwar Hills early in 1841. I did so, in company with a much-loved friend, G. S. King (a brother-in-law of the late Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle), who, to my exceeding sorrow, was early removed by death.

At the hills I made the acquaintance of a young civilian, afterwards well known as Sir Bartle Frere. I was much impressed by the qualities of Frere. He was mild and unassuming—almost hesitating in manner; a man of large reading and clear thought—evidently of pure, high principle, and deeply interested in the welfare of the natives of India; and I felt certain that his would be a distinguished and honourable career. And so it was, though overshadowed by trials at its close. I am quite aware that the wisdom of Sir Bartle's policy has, on several points, been called in question. I cannot enter into debated matters of Indian or African statesmanship; but a long acquaintance with Sir Bartle enables me to say that he was incapable of a thought that was unworthy of a high-minded, Christian gentleman. I see that Lord Blachford held that 'Indian administrators do not understand the conditions under which colonial government has to be carried on.'[1] Is there truth in that dictum?

By this time I had begun to take part in a very important work—the revision of the Holy Scriptures in Marathi. As has been mentioned, Carey first, and then the American missionaries, had rendered the New Testament into that language. But I presume there never yet was a version of the Bible that did not require to be revised and re-revised. I found this work exceedingly laborious. First, to get the exact sense—neither more nor less—and secondly, to convey that exact

[1] See his *Letters*, p. 394.

sense exactly—neither more nor less—into the vernacular language was a most difficult, and often an impossible task. Some of the most characteristic expressions resisted all attempts to render them literally. If you ventured to do so, the natives exclaimed with a sneer, 'Nonsense!' or more sneeringly still, 'Missionary Marathi.' On the other hand, if you deviated by a hair's-breadth from the literal sense, some missionaries were ready to cry out, 'You are paraphrasing, not translating.' I thought wistfully of Henry Martyn's experience. He tells us that, when he was engaged in translating the word of God, his soul seemed to be feeding in green pastures. Surely that could have been only when the saintly man was meditating on the precious meaning, not when he was striving to convey it without loss or change into a refractory language. At all events, I could not say that his experience was mine. I found the translation of the Holy Scriptures the most delicate and perplexing of all undertakings. My conviction at the time was—and I do not know that it is different now—that, if possible, at the outset, we should have two renderings—the one as literal as the idiom of the language will allow, and the other considerably more free. Call the former the translation, and the second a commentary, if you will; but circulate the latter as explanatory of the former.

I hope the reader will sympathise with the translators in the difficulties we so acutely felt. How, for example, would he translate the important word *lamb* into the language of Greenland? The Esquimaux never saw a lamb. I rather think that, in their helplessness, the translators rendered it *little seal*. How would he translate *wild asses* into the languages of Polynesia? Bishop Selwyn somewhere tells us that one rendering is *pigs that eat you*. Pigs the people know; but an ass, wild or tame,

they never saw. And yet, as *pig* cannot stand for *lion, horse, camel, bear,* and so on, it might be better simply to transliterate, instead of mistranslating. A word that conveys no meaning is better than one that conveys a false meaning.[1]

At that time the Bible Society in Bombay was not provided with any *apparatus criticus* to assist translators; but now we drew up a tolerably large list of critical and exegetical aids, which the Committee of the Bible Society accepted. Friends readily subscribed for the purchase of these; and the 'Translation Library' became the property of the Society, and accessible to translators.

The revision of the Marathi Scriptures has been continued ever since; and every possible care is taken to render it as perfect as the highest scholarship in India, both Native and European, can make it perfect.

I may anticipate and mention here an interesting work which I took part in some years later—a revision of the Marathi version of the Book of Common Prayer. The responsible editor was the Rev. J. S. S. Robertson, of the Church Missionary Society, with the co-operation of several other Marathi scholars. I forget how much I was responsible for; but I distinctly remember translating afresh the Te Deum, the Veni Creator Spiritus (into verse), and, I think, the Litany.

Mr. Donald Macleod—afterwards, as Sir Donald, the Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab—was chief Government officer in the wild districts near the sources of the Nerbudda (Nirmada) in 1835. He took the deepest

[1] The most extraordinary translation I have heard of is one mentioned by the Rev. Howard Malcom, who visited India about the year 1840. He says that in some version the phrase 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,' became the notable assertion, 'a little crocodile crocodileth the whole lump.' I cannot vouch for the existence of this monstrosity: if it existed, it was probably a misprint.

interest in the aboriginal inhabitants of the region, the Gonds. They were only half civilised. Their religion was mainly spirit-worship, generally demon-worship. Mr. Macleod applied in succession in several quarters for missionaries to teach the people, but the well-known Gossner of Berlin was the first that responded to his call.

Sir Donald held that the freedom of the Gonds from 'the trammels of a crafty priesthood' made them more hopeful subjects of evangelisation than the Hindus. He also thought that access to such simple races could best be obtained by 'the establishment of agricultural settlements among them, somewhat after the manner of the Moravians.'

Accordingly a party of missionary agriculturists and artisans was selected and sent out by Gossner. They arrived in the cold season of 1841. They were six in number, including a doctor or apothecary, and were headed by Loesch, an ordained missionary formerly connected with the Basle Society. They received a kind welcome in Bombay. I thought it would be heartless to allow the party to travel the long journey by themselves, and undertook to accompany them a considerable distance. Loesch and I rode on ponies: the artisans travelled in carts, when they did not prefer to walk. Their appearance puzzled the natives. Who could they be? soldiers? or a new kind of missionaries?

We had no tent with us; and to stay in the rest-houses (Government bungalows we call them in Bombay) would have been oppressively expensive; so we put up in the village *chavadis* (halls), which, in the larger villages, were tolerably well kept.

I parted from my friends, after travelling with them for four weeks. Simple-hearted, sincere men—I loved their companionship; and I formed quite a friendship

with Loesch. I shall never forget the day I left them. The previous evening had been spent chiefly in singing hymns. I recollect one in particular that was a great favourite with them—particularly the lines

> 'Geht nun ihr Boten des Friedens und kündigt
> Das Heil in Emmanuels Namen dort an.'

How well I can recall the ringing, gladsome voices of the young evangelists, and the earnest prayers that followed! Next morning we parted. As usual, they playfully formed themselves into a *quasi*-military troop, with one of themselves as captain. *Escadron, marsch!* (Squadron, march!) cried he; and they moved away on their journey towards the north. I proceeded south. The greater part of the company I never saw again. Loesch wrote to me repeatedly, and always hopefully. Sir Donald paid them a visit in April (1842), and was much pleased with the men and their work. They had at once begun to build houses, insisting on doing everything with their own hands; but, before the doors or windows could be prepared, the monsoon burst upon them with full fury, the rain and chilling winds swept through the unfinished dwelling, and in a short time five of the seven were dead. The remaining two, very ill and unable to bury their companions, were conveyed by friends to Jabalpur (Jubbulpore), and then Sir William Hill received them at Kamthi, near Nagpur. The trial to all the friends of missions, and especially to the truly excellent Sir Donald, was exceedingly great; but assuredly he had done everything in his power to provide for their comfort.

Before returning south I paid a visit to Asai (Assaye), a village near which, in 1803, General Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) gained, against fearful odds, one of his most splendid victories. It shattered—

almost annihilated—the power of the Marathas. I wished to see how tradition deals with such things. I said to a villager—'A great battle was fought close to this: who were the combatants?' The answer was—'How should I know?' I went on and found the Patil (the headman). He *did* know that the Maratha chief Sindia had been overthrown by the English. We went together over the battlefield. We saw no other relic of the fight than one or two splinters of broken cannon. 'And here,' said the Patil, pointing to a mound of earth, 'an Englishman was buried.' It was evident that in a few years all traces of the grave would disappear. All over the battlefield luxuriant crops of wheat and pulse were waving. Nature had claimed her own; as she will do when man has done his best or worst.

I asked if any of my countrymen ever came to behold the scene of Wellesley's daring exploit and magnificent triumph. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'perhaps three or four come every year.' 'And what do they do?' 'They scold and beat us.' 'Now, good fellow, tell me the exact truth,' I said. 'It is not the Sahibs,' cried another voice, 'but their servants that scold and beat us.' Which I thought might probably be true.

I returned south to Jalna. I had found that if I continued to put up in village *chavadis* I should always have rats, and frequently snakes, as my companions. I was about to go into a region where there were no Government rest-houses; and, even if there had been, I could not have used them, as I had to pay my own travelling expenses. So I purchased a small tent (*bechoba*) ten feet square and seven feet high, which when packed up could easily be carried by a bullock. Oh the luxury when I slept in it the first night! No fear of intruding rats and snakes now. Robbers, thieves,

there might be; but it was easy to get watchmen for the night; and I did so almost invariably.

I went south-east to Paithan, a place of pilgrimage on the Godavari river, of considerable importance.. I had much intercourse with the people; but the town had been from time to time visited by missionaries, and the Brahmans were scarcely civil. I proceeded eastward along the north bank of the stream till I was fully two hundred miles inland. I could not discover that any missionaries had preceded me. Except at Paithan, I could trace no knowledge of the Gospel. I preached at every place where I stopped. The people—even the Brahmans—were perfectly respectful, though disposed to argue against my message—at least as addressed to *them*. It was delightful, yet painful, to preach in such places: delightful to proclaim the Gospel to those who had never heard it, painful to think that many of them would probably never hear it again.

I was also distressed to hear frequent complaints against the officials of the Haidarabad government. Those were the days when Chundoo Lall was prime minister at Haidarabad, and the state of things was far from satisfactory. One's heart was quite drawn out towards the simple, suffering villagers.

I struck southward in the direction of the large town of Bid (Bheer), and then westward across a range of hills towards Indapur. I spent two or three days at Kurmulla (Karmala). Years afterwards I read in a missionary report —I think of the American Mission—that the people quite remembered that a missionary had been preaching there. I ventured to hope that I had been the man.

So on to Indapur and Poona. The state of things at Indapur was lamentably like what I found it a good many years afterwards, and I shall at present pass it over.

But during the whole of this tour I was making an earnest effort to understand the working of the Hindu mind on religion. In particular, how has it become so enslaved to idolatry, which does not appear at all, or, if at all, only in the slightest possible form, in the most ancient Hindu books? I find the following statement at the end of the notes I took.

The arguments which I have heard in support of idolatry during this journey may be summed up as follows:—

1. God is invisible. We cannot fix our minds upon Him without an image. Without an image, no worship.

2. A great man has many servants. We poor people do not go direct to the great man; we apply to one of his servants. So, when we worship God. The image is His servant.

3. Our forefathers established this worship. They were far wiser than we. How dare we set the worship aside?

4. Many men, many minds; many nations, many customs. God has given every nation its own religion. Cleave you to yours, and let us cleave to ours.

5. God is in everything. Therefore we may worship anything—that is, the deity that is in it.

6. All depends on faith. Believe anything to be God, and it is God.

If you pressed on the notice of the people the absurdity of the last proposition, they sometimes stated it thus—'Well, it is God to you.' Which they held as equivalent to the other proposition.

The summary given above, though made at an early period of my missionary life, seems to me fairly correct. But with regard to the fifth argument. There is a ceremony by which the divinity must be brought into the image before it is worshipped. By another ceremony the divinity is withdrawn, and then the image cannot rightly

be worshipped. So that the argument in favour of image-worship which is sometimes drawn from the divine omnipresence is illegitimate, and ought never to be used by an intelligent Hindu.

During the tour I was greatly struck with the almost universal belief of the people that the human soul is a part of God. Even the common people held it. This was pantheism of a sort. The high pantheism of the Vedanta philosophy maintains that there is only one Being, one true Self, in existence, and that our bodies and the objects around us *seem* but *are* not. The common people, however, do believe in the existence of their bodies and an external world.

In my notes of this tour I find no reference to self-torture. I often saw it afterwards. Even from early days asceticism of a very decided character has existed in India. In later times it assumes sometimes a most extravagant character. Bishop Lightfoot says that there are two kinds of asceticism—that of dualism (conscious or unconscious), and that of self-discipline.[1] Indian asceticism cannot, I think, be classed under either of these heads. In every case with which I have come in contact the object of the ascetic was to 'make righteousness,' *i.e.* gain merit. Europeans naturally suppose that the torture is undergone from a torturing sense of sin. I trust it is so sometimes; but such a case never came under my notice. Every ascetic I ever conversed with was proud as the proudest Pharisee, and proud chiefly because of his self-torture. I was driven to believe that asceticism leads irresistibly to self-righteousness. It might be a very subtle form of the feeling; but it was there. And was not this Tennyson's idea of Simeon Stylites?

One often heard the startling assertion that God does

[1] Lightfoot on Colossians, p. 108.

or causes to be done, everything. Point out the logical sequence of this proposition, viz. that God is the author of sin, and a Brahman will at once admit it, though he will maintain that what is wrong in man is not wrong in God.

It has been often asserted that, among the heathen, conscience is non-existent, and requires to be generated. That is a hard and harsh saying. For a man will see and condemn in others the act which he excuses in himself. Instead of holding that conscience is non-existent, let us say that it is often asleep and sometimes drugged with opiates. What said the great Apostle of the Gentiles? He said two things: first, that the Gentiles are 'a law unto themselves'; and secondly, that, in some, the conscience is 'seared with a hot iron.'

In preaching to Mohammadans, any reference to the blessed Trinity or to Christ as the Son of God was certain to arouse violent opposition. Not so in the case of the Hindus. These believe in incarnations—they call them *avatars*, or descents—of the deity Vishnu; and they generally listened attentively as the speaker tried to point out the matchless glory of that descent which was intended 'to seek and save the lost.' The highest conception which the Hindu mind ever reached in regard to the avatars is that which the Bhagavad Gita puts into the mouth of the deity,—

> 'When fades the true and flourishes the false,
> To save the good, the wicked to destroy,
> And for the firm establishing of right,
> Myself I reproduce from age to age.'

This is a far inferior conception to that of a descent from heaven 'to seek and save the lost'; and yet we need not be surprised that the mind of India could rise no higher. Salvation, in the Christian sense, is a divine conception.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BENE ISRAEL

BACK to the work in Bombay. In the month of May came the school vacation. I spent it in visiting the villages in which the Israelites are settled on the neighbouring coast, and especially in examining our Israelite schools.

It is calculated that in all India the descendants of Abraham amount to more than seventeen thousand. Three-fourths of the entire number are found in the cities of Bombay and Poona and the neighbouring villages. At a later time I had occasion to visit the city of Cochin, in Southern India. The Jewish colony there consists of White Jews and Black Jews. Perplexing questions at once arise as to the relations of these two separate, and by no means friendly, bodies. It has often been said that the Black Jews owe their dark complexion to their long residence in the tropics. It is far more probable that it is due to a large admixture of Indian blood.

But I have no time to speak of Southern India. In the city of Bombay we have several divisions of the Abrahamic race. There are white Jews from Europe. There are Arabic-speaking Jews, nearly white, that have come from the Persian Gulf. When I first attended the synagogue of these Jews, I was struck by the fine appearance of the men, conspicuous among whom was David Sassoon, the father of wealthy sons now well known in Europe. He had come from the Gulf to settle as a merchant in Bombay, in 1832.

But the most numerous division of the descendants of Abraham in India is the community which calls itself Bene Israel (children of Israel). They number nearly ten thousand. These people are grudgingly acknowledged as brethren by the European and Arabic-speaking Jews. I once introduced a Rabbi who had come from Europe to a class of Israelites in our Institution which I was teaching Hebrew. 'You know who these friends are?' I said. 'Shomronim! Shomronim!' (Samaritans! Samaritans!) exclaimed the Rabbi, and turned away in disgust. Who can they be? They were disposed to call themselves descendants of the Ten Tribes, and at first the missionaries seem generally to have adopted the opinion. Some of the Israelites still maintain that their ancestors came direct from Palestine, before the Christian era. But one more naturally inclines to believe that they came from Yemen (Southern Arabia), in which there were flourishing Jewish communities before the rise of Mohammadanism, and in which a very considerable Jewish population still exists. The general belief among them seems to be that, twelve centuries ago, their ancestors were shipwrecked on the coast of India, about twenty miles to the south of Bombay. About twelve persons are said to have escaped, or, as it is sometimes put, seven men and seven women. Everything, they say, but life was lost; and, among the rest, their religious books. They may have come for commercial purposes; or, more probably, they fled from Mohammadan persecution.

At all events, they settled near Bombay. They took mostly to the work of expressing oil, and on this account they were generally called *Teli*, or oilmen. This particular work is disliked by the Hindus because it is not cleanly, but still more because insects which have settled on the plant are crushed to death in the mill—belief in the sacredness of life, which is so prominent a part of the

doctrine of the Jains, being also pretty widely diffused among the Hindus. When they first attracted the notice of strangers, they retained scarcely any vestige of the Jewish liturgy. 'In my boyhood,' said an intelligent Israelite, 'we knew only three things in our religion—the Sabbath, circumcision, and door-shutting day.' The last-mentioned thing meant the Great Day of Atonement, or rather all that remained of that deeply solemn observance. On that day no Israelite dared to go out of his house; every one was subdued by a vague terror, and sat trembling within-doors. Israel had indeed fallen very low. 'The adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises,'—all had been forgotten. And that was not the worst. Many—doubtless most—of the Bene Israel had sunk into idolatry—worshipping, in particular, the serpent. But the combined influence of missionary teaching, the reading of the Scriptures in their vernacular language, Marathi, and, perhaps I may add, the influence of the Cochin Jews, had convinced them that idolatry was wicked. One man, however, still clung to his gods. The other Israelites on this entered his house, seized the idols, broke them in pieces, and stamped them under foot. He complained to Government, which was then a Native one. 'Are you an Israelite?' asked the official. 'Yes.' 'And do your people worship idols?' 'Not now.' 'Well, you must do as your brethren do: if you worship idols, you must be punished.' This notable judgment had been given about twenty years before the date we have arrived at. Since that time idol-worship had, I believe, entirely disappeared among the Bene Israel.

All the Bombay missions had taken a deep interest in this remarkable people. The first Protestant mission in Bombay was, as we have seen, the American. By 1818 there were schools of this mission, not exclusively for

Israelites, but attended by a considerable number of the race. When one of those retrenchments which are so trying to missions became necessary, these schools were in large measure abandoned; and the Scottish Mission then established schools in the Konkan for Israelites exclusively. A cherished part of my work was annually to examine these schools. There had been a distinct and steady rise, in every sense, of the entire community. Even the outward appearance of the people had changed. I was passing the door of one of their village synagogues with a respectable Hindu one Friday evening when the congregation was assembling for worship. 'You know these people,' I said; 'what do you think of them?' 'I think they are all becoming gentlemen,' said my companion; 'they used to be so filthy, you could have cut the dirt off their clothes with a hatchet; but look at them now! they are as clean as I am.' 'What do you call them?' I asked. 'We used to call them Teli; now they insist on being called Israel.'

It was always a great pleasure to visit the Israelite schools. The boys and girls gathered round us with all friendliness. They had all good Bible names: the boys were David, Reuben, Joseph, and so on; the girls were Miriam, Rebekah, Hannah, etc.

I attended the village synagogues pretty frequently. It was a great joy, and yet a great sorrow, to do so. The Israelites, I found, had adopted the liturgy of the Cochin Jews. How well I remember the feelings with which I heard them in Revadanda uniting in the supplication—

'Elijah the prophet,
Elijah the prophet,
Elijah the prophet,
Let him come speedily,
Let him come speedily,
With Messiah, the Son of David!'

Poor remnant of God's ancient people! It is sad to hear that plaintive call in any place, and it was doubly saddening when it rose from the lips of exiles in a sequestered Indian village.

We regularly taught the Israelites Hebrew in our Institution.[1] One of our pupils, Mr. Joseph Ezekiel, has long been Hebrew Examiner in the University of Bombay, of which he is a Fellow.[2] More than twenty valuable publications have proceeded from his pen.

It seemed desirable that promising pupils in the village schools should be brought to Bombay to enjoy the advantages of higher education. A letter of mine on this subject in the *Missionary Record* (1842) attracted the notice of a friend at home; and the assistance we received enabled us to establish small scholarships for several years. Of these the village pupils readily availed themselves.

So far as the purging out of idolatry is concerned, we have seen that the work among the Bene Israel has been largely blessed. It has also raised the moral character of the people, which is relatively high. There have not been many cases of conversion to Christianity; still, there have been some. The most notable case of conversion in our Bombay Mission was not of one of our Israelites, but that of a Jew from Northern Persia, M. B. Cohen. This man had come to my assistance in the translation of a Hebrew will which was before the Supreme Court. I found him not only very intelligent, but a sincere, truth-

[1] Mr. James Aitken began this class in 1839, I think. He had soon to go to Poona, and the class was thereafter continued under my care. The Israelites loved the study of Hebrew.

[2] 'The Bene Israel held a special meeting in their synagogue in connection with the plague, March 1898. Mr. Joseph Ezekiel read a prayer which he had composed in Hebrew, English, and Marathi. He also delivered an impressive sermon in Marathi. There was a large attendance of male and female worshippers.'—*Overland Times of India*, 12th March 1898.

loving man. He became a Christian, and wrote a treatise of sixty-eight pages called 'The Watchman's Voice,' which was full of solid thought and earnest pleading. The Israelites were 'much aroused' by this treatise when rendered into Marathi, and no little discussion arose in consequence. 'Controversial books on the Jewish side were procured from England and translated into Marathi. . . . It can hardly be said that this movement of thought has wholly died away.' So wrote the Rev. Mr. Lord, a very competent witness, in 1894.

In connection with our Poona Mission there are several families of baptized Israelites. All the members of these have shown a truly Christian example. Of one of them the native pastor writes—'He is an elder in the church, and my right-hand man.'

In later days several of the Israelite young men have obtained University degrees.[1] In all, I think, twelve have done so.

The study of Hebrew is now encouraged by the endowment of a David Sassoon scholarship in the University. A school for the Bene Israel was opened in 1881, which enjoys the liberal support of the Anglo-Jewish Association of London. This is not a missionary school.

[1] Dr. Wilson published, in 1854, 'The Bene Israel of Bombay; an Appeal for their Christian Education.' The Rev. J. Henry Lord, of 'St. John's Native Mission,' has given us two valuable publications—one on the Bene Israel, the other on the Jewish mission-field in Bombay. Mr. Lord quotes pretty largely a pamphlet by Mr. Haeem Samuel, Kehimkar, entitled, 'A Sketch of the History of the Bene Israel, and an Appeal for their Education.' Mr. Haeem Samuel denies that any close connection ever existed between the Bene Israel and the Jews of Southern Arabia.

CHAPTER IX

MARRIAGE—SOCIETY IN WESTERN INDIA—MAR ATHANASIUS

TOWARDS the end of 1842 a very important event occurred in my history: my *fiancée* arrived from Europe. We were married on 22nd December. We spent our brief honeymoon, or rather honeyweek, at Bandora, near Bombay, and then hastened home, as Dr. Wilson was to go to Europe immediately. He left India 2nd January 1843.

We lived in a hired cottage. Mission-houses had not then been built.[1] We had all felt that, to do any justice to the work, the mission required to have three men—which implied that, to meet cases of sickness and absence on furlough, the number should be four. We begged the Committee at home to send out another missionary. They admitted the truth of our plea, but they had neither a man nor the money to send one. We could not blame the Committee. Anxiety prevailed in the Church at home; and the question was—Would she be able to maintain the missions already existing?

The Institution had very considerably revived during the three years that had elapsed since the Parsi baptisms.

[1] My wife wrote: 'This house consisted of a dear little cottage of four rooms and a verandah, standing in a thick grove of cocoa-nut palms. A short road from a corner where four roads met, covered with white sea-shell sand, led up to the modest green door. It was flanked by large manilla-lettuce plants in tubs, which gave a bowery look to the pretty little home in which we began our united missionary life.'

Mr. Nesbit did not care to have anything to do with the general management of the school; he confined his attention to his own special classes, which he taught admirably. When Dr. Duff was in Bombay he had given me some very useful suggestions as to teaching gathered from his own experience in Calcutta; and I attended the Institution four or sometimes five hours a day.

My young wife felt it dull work to remain all alone so long every day, all the more so because she had been transplanted out of a large and loving family circle. But she made no complaint: were not all her countrywomen in India in the same position? In addition to the superintendence of her household, she was busy in the study of Marathi. She had the advantage of youth, and her pundit, the grave and stately Krishna Shastri, was well satisfied with her progress. The pundit and his pupil became fast friends.

One of the things which my wife most admired on her arrival in Bombay was a weekly meeting for prayer and the study of the Scriptures, which was held in the house of one of the leading civilians of Bombay. Meetings of a like kind for Christian fellowship were held at nearly every station in Western India. When we were honoured with the presence of a bishop—as was sometimes the case—he, of course, was asked to preside. Very pleasant and profitable those meetings were. Acrimonious discussion was unknown. There was a large measure of evangelical feeling, in the best sense of the word, in Bombay and elsewhere at this time. A great change to the better had taken place since Henry Martyn had been in Bombay. I think the change began to be visible in the early twenties; and soon both the English and the native papers got hold of the word 'new light,' and keen shafts of ridicule were shot against the people who seemed

more earnest than their fellows. The 'High Church' movement had just begun to affect India in 1838. I am fully aware that many who are classed as 'High Church' are earnest, devout, laborious men. But, as a rule, they draw off from all who are not of their own way of thinking. They deplore 'our unhappy divisions'; but this drawing off only renders these divisions more patent to the heathen.

Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, came on visitation to Bombay in the beginning of 1843. In his 'Charge' he was severe on the 'Plymouth Brethren,' but he put forth his utmost strength in an attack on the followers of Pusey. He argued and denounced in strong, Saxon English—much as Bishop Ryle would do, only still more unsparingly. The bishop lauded the Church of England as 'the main bulwark of the Reformation'; and Bishop Jewell (whom Hurrell Froude, I think, denounced as 'an irreverent dissenter') was referred to in terms of the highest admiration. But the bishop was more than a powerful controversialist. As Dr. Duff once expressed it, there was 'an amazing fervour' about Daniel Wilson.

The American missionaries and I (Mr. Nesbit happened not to be in Bombay) went to hear the bishop's Charge, and were invited to meet him at Government House at dinner, along with the Anglican clergy. I had no private conversation with him, but he took occasion to say across the table—'Mr. Mitchell, next to my own beloved Church, I honour the Church of Scotland.' The bishop presided and spoke well at the annual meeting of the Bible Society, and laid the foundation of the Grant Medical College.

A notable man appeared at this time in Bombay. He called himself Mar Athanasius, and showed documents

appointing him the head of the Syrian Church in Malabar. His proper name was Matthew. He had been educated in a Church Missionary Society school in Madras, but had proceeded to Mardin in Mesopotamia, and had been ordained by the Patriarch of the Jacobite Syrians. It seemed strange; but there in his hand were the Syriac documents, all in order. The two bishops—those of Calcutta and Bombay—associated him with themselves in ordinations. I saw a good deal of Mar Athanasius, and he addressed a meeting in the Scottish Mission-house. He was tolerably educated, and had accepted the evangelical teaching of the Church Missionary Society. He went to Malabar, and was received as chief bishop by a considerable number. But disputes arose; and, by and by, the Syrian Patriarch came in person to Southern India, and all whom he could influence forsook Mar Athanasius. I fear that little came of the reforms the latter tried to introduce. But the Church Missionary Society has a mission and a college close at hand, and light seems slowly spreading among the Syrians of Malabar.

I visited the region in later days, and thought very highly of the C.M.S. missionaries and their work. My old acquaintance, Mar Athanasius, had just passed away after a troubled life.

CHAPTER X

RECOVERY OF A PARSI CHILD—VARIED WORK OF THE MISSION—STUDY OF SANSKRIT—THE DISRUPTION

THE first event of importance in the history of the mission in 1843 was the recovery of the infant daughter of the Parsi convert, Hormazdji. His friend Dhanjibhai had accompanied Dr. Wilson to Europe, but Hormazdji had preferred to remain in India, and was going on with his theological studies. His Parsi countrymen had treated him very unkindly because of his Christianity. Among other things, they had taken the cruel and entirely illegal step of marrying his wife to another man. For four years his child had been withheld from him; he had not been permitted even to see her; all his wishes regarding her had been treated with contempt. They were about to give the child away in marriage without the least intimation being conveyed to him. There was no time to lose. The father therefore made application for a writ of Habeas Corpus; and the Supreme Court, without hesitation, ruled that the child should be restored to him. The excitement among the Parsis was very great. The following is an extract from an article in a leading paper: it will show what strange bewilderment existed, so late as 1843, in the native mind as to the rights of Christian converts and the claims of conscience.

'We do not understand what advantage Hormazdji Pestonji expects by getting back his infant daughter. We see only that the missionaries want to heat the cool blood of the Parsis; and beyond this there appears no advantage —not so much as a piece of tile or a grain of sand. The question is a great and most serious one. Since the person who wants his infant daughter is an APOSTATE, will it not be injuring peace and violating right to give her to him? . . . We are not now putting sulphur on fire; we rather wish to quench the fire by doing what we can to relieve the suffering which nowadays befalls the Parsis. All our counsels, however, prove of no avail before English law, the power of the missionaries, and the lukewarmness of the Parsis. . . . Many a grievous event that has happened to the Parsi community since it left its original land for the preservation of its religion, may be forgotten; but the one that happened in the Supreme Court of Bombay on Wednesday the 28th of February [1843], must not be forgotten till the end of time.'

Some of the more excited Parsis declared that the law which had restored the child to the father must be changed, and they demanded that an appeal should be made to the Queen in Council. Wiser thoughts, however, prevailed in the end.

The little girl, Bachubai by name, was handed over to my wife's care, who accepted the charge as a sacred one. She lived with us for years, accompanied my wife to Scotland, and returned with her. The restoration of his child was a healing balm to the father's lacerated heart; and every member of the Mission rejoiced over 'our little recovered jewel,' as Mr. Nesbit affectionately called her.

I may mention that she still survives. She became the wife of the Rev. Lal Behari Day, one of the most dis-

tinguished converts of our Calcutta Mission. She is now a widow.[1]

The operations of the mission were of a comprehensive character. Before the departure of Dr. Wilson all the three missionaries were working to the full extent of their powers; but, when the three became two, the need of help being supplied from Europe was keenly felt. I find a letter of Mr. Nesbit's in which he earnestly pleads for an additional labourer, in order that no branch of the work might be omitted. After referring to the importance of the English Institution, which had by this time considerably revived, he goes on to say, 'But this is not nearly the half of our work. We have preaching to the natives in their own language, both indoors and out of doors, both on the Lord's day and on other days of the week; we write and revise tracts for them, and distribute them; we cannot avoid taking our part in the translation of the Scriptures; we superintend [vernacular] schools for children of both sexes, some Gentile and others Jewish; we have lectures and lessons at our own houses for the more advanced pupils of our Institution, and others who may accompany them; we conduct the studies of candidates for missionary labour; we keep the press in active operation for the instruction of the natives and the good

[1] In speaking of the Parsis, I may mention that early in 1843, Professor Westergaard of Copenhagen, who had lived some time in the Scottish mission-house, went into Persia. Two letters which I received from him gave a most melancholy account of the condition of the Parsis in that country. The contrast was simply infinite between the position of the Gabrs (so called by the Mohammadans) and that of the thriving, progressive Parsis of Bombay. The refugees from Persia have flourished greatly, and many of them have become merchant princes; while those who clung to their fatherland—the land of Cyrus and Darius—have been trodden under foot.

Though the intolerance of our Indian Parsis has long since passed away, not so the oppression to which their brethren in Persia are subjected by the Mohammadans.

of our own countrymen. Without a larger number of missionaries and a greater division of labour, every missionary in Bombay feels constrained to make himself acquainted with Hinduism, Mohammadanism, and Parsiism, and to learn Marathi, Hindustani, and Gujarati. With these multiplied engagements we have but little time or strength for each. We therefore long for an increase of labourers.'

So wrote Mr. Nesbit. His list is pretty full, and yet is not complete. As the Brahmans were so numerous and influential, eager to magnify their ancient lore, Mr. Nesbit had turned his knowledge of Sanskrit to excellent account in several publications, and I also now worked steadily at this difficult language as far as other engagements would allow. I did so under the very efficient guidance of Dr. Stevenson. The native mode of learning Sanskrit was to go through a course of study extending to twelve years, during which the *sutras* of Pānini, generally 'dark as the darkest oracle' (as has been truly said), had to be committed to memory. Then the student emerged a thorough-paced grammarian, and nothing more. But with my good teacher's aid I greatly shortened the process, and by and by could read ordinary Sanskrit prose with considerable ease. Afterwards I attacked the poetry, beginning—too ambitiously, I confess—with the great Kālidāsa. I was well aware that Goethe had spoken of this poet's drama, Śakuntala, in the strongest terms of commendation, and I began the study of his heroic poem the Raghavanśa with high expectations. I confess I was disappointed. The poet seemed anxious to exhibit his dexterity in manipulating the language, sometimes filling a whole line with one compound word. When I had worked my way through one *savga* (canto) I was satisfied, and betook myself to the well-known Hitopadésa, which

contains both prose and verse, and is a very striking book. Yet let me do Kālidāsa justice. Though too elaborate and ornate, he is often very pretty, and he is at all times full of imagery. Here is a brief specimen: King Dilipa and his Queen were on a journey—

'Softly swept the breezes with them, ominous of good success,
Nor was face nor raiment blemished by the dust that curled around:
Sweet the fragrance of the lotus, sweet as their own breath was sweet,
Wafted from the lakelet's bosom where the cooling ripples ran;
Radiant in their snow-white vesture, rode the monarch and his spouse,
Like the Moon near Chitra[1] beaming in a heaven of stainless blue.'

I quote these lines from a metrical translation of the first canto which I published along with introductory remarks in the Journal of the Bombay Asiatic Society.

By and by I turned to the Bhagavad Gita (the 'Song of the Divinity'), a work which has exercised immense influence on later Hindu thought. The author certainly was a man of genius—at once a poet and a philosopher. He moves with the stately tread of a Lucretius, and, like Lucretius, *contingens cuncta lepere*. His versification is at once majestic and melodious; his sentiments, though forming no coherent whole, and widely divergent from the teachings of the New Testament, yet indicate the highest reach of philosophic thought which the Hindu mind has ever attained. The resemblance between the teachings of the Song and those of the Christian scriptures is occasionally so striking that some writers have believed in a transference of thought from the latter to the former. It could not possibly have been from the former to the latter. I cannot discuss the question here, though I

[1] Chitra is the star *Spica Virginis*.

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have examined it elsewhere.[1] Professor Weber and others have clearly shown that, at all events, the later development of the Krishna legend has been powerfully influenced by Christian thought, but chiefly as it is contained in such apocryphal books as the Gospel of the Infancy.

I did my best also to understand Zoroastrianism, the religion of the Parsis. Among other things, I translated, from the French, Anquetil du Perron's *Précis Raisonné* of the system. Some time later I gave an abstract of Roth's brilliant papers on the connection of Hinduism and Zoroastrianism. All these papers, along with references to Spiegel's meritorious researches, were printed in the Journal of the Bombay Asiatic Society.

That event, so important in the history of Scotland, which is called the Disruption of the Scottish Church, was now close at hand. It did not come unexpectedly. It had been preceded by a 'ten years' conflict.'

I content myself with a bare statement of the relation in which the missionaries stood to this important movement. It is now entirely needless to enter into details in the way either of explanation or of vindication.

When I arrived in Bombay in 1838, I found both Dr. Wilson and Mr. Nesbit fully acquainted with the progress of the controversy, and heartily in sympathy with the majority of the Church as headed by Chalmers. Assuredly it was no pleasure to any of us to see the Church of Scotland cleft asunder. We were all deeply attached to it; we were all proud of it. We traced to 'the strong hand of her purity' (to use Wordsworth's phrase) all that was best in Scottish character. Its revived and reviving evangelism had awakened high hopes as to its future usefulness. And when the dis-

[1] See *Hinduism Past and Present* (Religious Tract Society).

ruption came we could quite understand the feelings of a much-respected minister who declared he had 'died a thousand deaths' before he could walk out of it. But to us there was no alternative. Others whose convictions were different might conscientiously accept the terms of union between Church and State which the latter *now* prescribed;—we could not.

But what of the prospects of the mission? Could it be maintained? Many of the ministers at home thought they would have to expatriate themselves; *could* our friends at home, however anxious to do so, help us to carry on our work? It seemed very improbable. It looked as if we must join some other mission. Which should it be? But I must not forget to mention that the elders of the Scottish congregation in Bombay—four in number—and four-fifths of the congregation, were of the same mind as the missionaries. So we had a disruption in Bombay—much to the amazement of a personal friend, Dr. Buist, the able editor of the *Bombay Times*. He alternately scolded and laughed at us, and the other papers followed suit. One or two members of the Scottish congregation wished that we should make a loud public protest against the principles of the 'residuaries.' Neither Mr. Nesbit nor I could consent to this. We thought deeds were better than words. For one thing, the cause of the Gospel would have greatly suffered if the heathen had seen anything like a quarrel among the Christians. More than this—as Mr. Nesbit wrote at the time—'it was exceedingly painful to leave Mr. Cook, the Scots Chaplain, to his desolate situation.' Mere divisions among Christians do not affect the heathen as they are often said to do; but quarrels among Christians are an unmitigated and immeasurable evil. It is a great cause of thankfulness, therefore, that the two Scottish

Churches in Bombay have always stood in very friendly relations to each other, and that, for many years past, they have united in maintaining the 'Scottish schools,' which are intended for European and Eurasian children. In Poona the connection between the two missions is especially close; for the members are under one pastor, and worship in one building.

When our Bombay 'disruption' took place, the American missionaries most kindly allowed us the use of their chapel for two services every Lord's day, and this not without inconvenience to themselves. Mr. Nesbit and I were requested to act as ministers until a pastor could be obtained from home. Money to pay the pastor's passage was sent at once, with an earnest request that he should be appointed without delay. But we could not go on for ever occupying the chapel of our kind American friends; a church must be built. 'Let us content ourselves with a mere barn,' said some. But owing mainly to the noble liberality of a Bombay merchant, Mr. David M'Culloch[1] (a connection of Sir Walter Scott's), a very suitable building was speedily erected.

[1] Son of Mr. David M'Culloch of Ardwell.

CHAPTER XI

CASE OF NARAYAN SHESHADRI—RELIGIOUS DISCUSSIONS—SECULAR EDUCATION—PROFESSOR HENDERSON—SIR G. ARTHUR—TECHNICAL EDUCATION—RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

In September 1843, Narayan Sheshadri, a Brahman youth, was baptized. This was the first time an educated Brahman had been received into the Christian Church in Bombay; consequently the excitement in connection with the baptism was very great.

The Institution, which by this time had nearly recovered the numbers it had before the Parsi baptisms of 1839 (although no Parsi yet attended), sank to a very low ebb. Every Brahman pupil was instantly withdrawn, and indeed every Hindu pupil of respectable caste. The vernacular schools also, both for boys and girls, were all but destroyed. The convulsion was as great as that connected with the Parsi baptisms in 1839; and again, as had happened then, much of the toilsome work of years was overthrown in a moment.

Narayan had been in the Institution for about five years, and was above eigheetn years of age. For some time he had acted as a teacher, and had done so most efficiently.

When the Parsi baptisms took place in 1839, the people of his caste had earnestly counselled Narayan to leave the Institution, lest he too should be perverted. He

refused. 'I like the school,' said he; 'and there is no danger of my becoming a Christian. I know all that the missionaries can say. I am determined to live and die a Hindu.' It was very slowly that the mind of this young man opened up to the truth; but, when his determination was made at last, he earnestly pressed for baptism.

Narayan came to live in the mission-house, as he knew that the men of his caste would insist on his being put in confinement, in order to prevent his baptism. He had a younger brother, Shripat, also a pupil in the Institution. I never saw a more attractive boy. Of a most sweet disposition, his whole face beaming with animation and intelligence. He had a pet name—Dada; and he was himself the pet of the whole school.

When Narayan sought refuge in the mission-house Dada was closely shut up at home, as it was known he wished to follow his brother. He escaped, however, and fled to the mission-house. This was perplexing to us. It was certain the natives would say that the missionaries had tempted him away from his parents; moreover, it was all but certain that he would not be allowed to remain. We had no desire that he should break his caste, and we begged him not to eat the food of Christians, as that would be deemed an inexpiable offence. The little fellow, however, hoped that, by using forbidden food, he would make it impossible for his people to take him back. So, secretly, he shared his brother's meal, and thus made himself an outcast.

On hearing of Narayan's baptism, the father came from some distance to Bombay, and immediately saw his sons. He was sorrowful, but not in any way violent or unreasonable. He seemed reconciled to what he called his 'destiny'; and he heard, not without emotion, the affectionate words his children addressed to him. He hoped

that Narayan would continue to contribute to the family's support as he had been doing, and this Narayan at once assured him would be done. He was even willing to let Dada remain under Narayan's care; and if he, too, should become a Christian, well, it could not be helped. This interview was so peaceful, it filled the hearts of the brothers and the missionaries with the greatest hope. But there were not a few men in Bombay and Poona who were determined to contest every inch of ground with advancing Christianity. They insisted that the father should appeal to a court of law, undertaking to pay all expenses. He did so. We consulted a lawyer of standing, who encouraged us to hope that the intelligent boy might be allowed to choose his own place of abode. But we were anxious, for in no case had the 'glorious uncertainty of law' been more conspicuous than in regard to questions of this kind. Alas! the Bombay judges without hesitation agreed that the boy must go to his father; the Puisne judge, Sir Erskine Perry, somewhat cynically asking, 'What is the value of the opinion of a child of twelve years?' and then answering the question, 'Not a farthing.' When judgment was pronounced, poor Dada started up, and with tears flowing from his eyes exclaimed, 'Am I to be obliged to worship idols?' Sir Henry Roper, the senior judge, seemed moved by this appeal, as certainly every one that heard it was deeply touched by the boy's earnestness and grief; but he contented himself with saying, 'If any cruelty is exercised on the child, the Court can interfere.' So the dear boy was dragged away, weeping aloud and bitterly.

He was immediately put into close confinement. No message of any kind was allowed to pass between the two brothers. Every means, fair and foul, was had recourse to, in order to shake Dada's attachment to Christianity;

but, as the native papers confessed, the effort was for a long time fruitless. One native paper expressed itself thus: 'You cannot straighten a dog's tail by confining it in an iron tube; the moment it is set free, it resumes its original twist. Just so, the dog's tail of this boy's understanding refuses to be rectified by any means at our command.' We had no doubt he was threatened and beaten, and we had reason to think he was half-starved. We hoped nothing worse had been done to him, for very terrible things were reputed as too common in Hindu families in the case of members inclined to Christianity.

It was wonderful how little Dada's case agitated the Brahmanical community all over India. By his own confession he had broken caste; could he be purified and restored? On that question violent discussions immediately arose. Meetings without number were held. A vast majority of Brahmans in Bombay held his restoration to caste to be impossible. But an active minority took an opposite view, and these did their best to obtain the concurrence of the Brahmans of Poona, Nasik, Benares, and other holy cities. This party was anxious to bring Hinduism and Hindu practice into something of a reasonable shape. On the contrary, the great majority were determined to preserve Hinduism in all its traditional narrowness, or, as they would have said, in all its ancient purity and power.

The orthodox party excommunicated the other. The controversy raged for nearly two years. Finally the conservatives were triumphant. Their opponents had hoped that the Brahmans of Benares might be more pliable than those of Western India, and that perhaps even the most violent of the orthodox would hesitate to affirm that all the sacred waters of the Ganges, as it flows past the holiest of all holy places, were powerless to cleanse away

the pollution the boy had incurred. Shripat and his father were therefore sent away on a long and weary pilgrimage to Northern India; money and dinners in profusion were offered to leading men, provided they would receive the prodigal into caste. By this time it was said he had repented of his grievous offence, and implored forgiveness. But no; the Benares pundits were of the same mind as the majority of those in Bombay and Poona; the guilt of the boy's tasting forbidden food was an offence which nothing on earth could expiate. Dada therefore remained an outcast; living, indeed, in his father's house, but under restrictions, and never allowed to share the meals of the family. He continued an outcast for life. Afterwards he became an apothecary in the service of Government; married, lived a very respectable life, but never became a Christian. He seemed unwilling to say why his views had changed, and how his earlier impressions had passed away. He lived on the most affectionate terms with Narayan; and, on his deathbed, intrusted his two children to his brother's care. One of them has been baptized. So far well; but the contrast between the radiant little Dada of 1843 and the grave, reticent Shripat of later years was always the occasion of much sorrow to us all.

But to return to the great dispute. The victorious orthodox party compelled their opponents to submit to most humiliating penances. The priest who had actually commenced the services of purification was very roughly handled; besmearings, ablutions, potions of the 'five products of the cow,' many and disgusting, were prescribed as needful for his cleansing. The bulk of the liberal party got off more easily: they confessed their fault in public, and drank water in which an idol had been washed, and one or two Brahmans had dipped their right feet, or rather the great toes of their right feet. Much severer

penalties had been originally prescribed, but, to the great alarm of the orthodox, it was discovered that contamination had befallen themselves. How? It was found that some of the orthodox had eaten with at least one who had eaten with another, who had eaten with somebody else, who had eaten with the erring party. So a compromise was essential, if a terrible scandal was not to come to light; and finally, the breach between the conservatives and radicals was, in a measure, healed.

Yet the Hindus generally have by no means learned the lesson of toleration. Of the rights of conscience, not one in a thousand has the slightest conception. On the contrary, it is only fair to the Parsis to mention that the bitter persecuting spirit of which we have had occasion to speak has completely, or at least in a great measure, now passed away.

The case of the two brothers attracted much notice, especially in Western India. Narayan had been a great favourite with all who knew him; he had a wonderful charm of manner; but now as he passed along the street the Brahmans at least usually spat *towards* him, if not *on* him, and greeted him with the name *bātyā, bātyā—i.e.* polluted apostate. He did not mind it much; he had laid his account with such treatment. But he came to us one day, most sorrowful in heart, and said, 'I thought I was prepared to suffer all things for Christ's sake; but there is something now told me that I cannot bear. My poor mother weeps day and night and complains that my heart is hardened towards her and all our family. I cannot bear it.' Poor fellow! by and by he was able to convince his mother that his love was purer and stronger than it had ever been; and, as time went on, he became the stay and support of his parents and of the other members of the family.

Very different from the feeling of the Hindus was that of a young Scottish merchant, Mr. William Graham, the head of one of the chief mercantile houses in Bombay, and afterwards Member of Parliament for Glasgow. Some time before Narayan's baptism, William Graham, who had been at least a thoughtless young man, had come under deep religious impressions. The change was somewhat sudden, but it was true and lasting. He became at once earnest in doing good. His influence, his words, brought several young merchants to attend our services regularly; and at least two of these, ere long, gave every evidence of a change of heart. William Graham came to us one day and exclaimed, with much emotion, 'Oh, how I envy Narayan!' We asked what he meant. 'Narayan,' he replied, 'suffers much for Christ, and suffers gladly. I now call Christ my Saviour; but what do I suffer for Him? Nothing.' This good man—a dear and lifelong friend of ours—passed away years ago, after a most consistent and useful Christian life.

Our educational efforts had been greatly impeded by the wide excitement connected with Narayan's baptism; but other portions of the work were little affected. Missionary tours had all along seemed to us most useful. Towards the end of 1844 Mr. Nesbit took a journey overland to Surat. Immediately on his departure, the watchful Brahmans sounded the alarm. Their words deserve quoting: 'Padri Nesbit has gone on a tour with eight or ten boxes of missionary books. We wish the gentleman himself no harm; but may Heaven grant that all his books be stolen! Whoever are able to argue with him, we beg them to treat him to the same fare as the Supreme Court lately did. If we act properly, Government is on our side; so let his books be reduced to dust! Think nothing of his white skin; fear him not! Treat him as one of the

vulgar, and upset all his doings.' This singular prayer was not answered: Mr. Nesbit's boxes remained intact.

There had now arisen a great degree of interest among both Hindus and Parsis in connection with religion. It arose chiefly from fear. Christianity was making way; in addition to occasional baptisms, it was seen that a secret, subtle influence, issuing from it, was diffusing itself especially over the minds of educated young men. Many of these, if not drawn towards Christianity, were alienated from Hinduism. Nor was this the case in Bombay alone. The Church Missionary Society at Nasik and the American Mission at Ahmednagar were making progress; and from Surat and Kathiawad[1] tidings reassuring to Christians were arriving from time to time. New publications, full of controversial matter, were started. Hitherto the natives had seldom sought to attack Christianity; but now the works of the coarser European infidels were ransacked for arguments. Several of them were republished. In all this, the experience of Bombay seemed simply to be a repetition of what had occurred in Calcutta about ten or fifteen years before.

We did what we could in publications and in our weekly lectures to stem the flood. The Hindus then redoubled their exertions. The agitation did not abate—it seemed rather to increase—for several years. A course of lectures was commenced on the relative claims of Hinduism and Christianity in 1844, by Krishna Shastri, who has been referred to as a pundit much employed by ourselves. He was as formidable a champion as the Hindus could have chosen. Tall, dignified in manner—

[1] The Irish Presbyterian Church established a mission in this province in 1842. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) James Glasgow and Mr. Kerr were its first agents. Mr. Kerr died very soon; but other missionaries were sent out without delay. The work has been all along carried on energetically and successfully.

'his prominent feature like an eagle's beak'—fluent and impressive in delivery, learned, and possessed of no small mental acumen, he could defend the indefensible better than any other man in Bombay. We asked permission to attend his lectures, which were delivered in the house of a Hindu gentleman of position. Leave was civilly, if not cheerfully, accorded. Well, there sat our stately pundit enthroned on a divan, with a large retinue of well-dressed men around him. He went on and on, pouring forth a stream of beautiful Marathi. But what was it all about? It was not easy to say. He seemed like a bee, wandering from flower to flower in devious paths, but gathering, we thought, very little honey. He looked embarrassed when he saw us, but held on, bringing illustrations from every quarter under heaven, but not clearly proving anything. It was perhaps out of regard to the feelings of the missionaries present that he almost entirely abstained from attacking Christianity, confining himself to the defence of Hinduism. Hinduism is a term of exceedingly wide import: systems of thought are included under the name which are flatly contradictory of each other. He defended the popular system, which is a strange blending of polytheism and pantheism. We answered, and were heard respectfully. Of the coarse ribaldry which was seldom wanting on the part of the heathen when we preached in the streets, there was no trace; and we came away from successive meetings with a measure of admiration of the patience and politeness of Krishna Shastri and his friends. Good, I think, was done by our attendance at these reunions. At all events, nothing is lost—it seems to me, much is gained—when Christians and heathen can discuss religious questions in a spirit altogether friendly. Yet let me guard myself from being misunderstood. To this day those who

represented Eastern religions in the 'Parliament of Religions' at Chicago, are boasting loudly that they completely vanquished in debate the defenders of Christianity. And Asia believes them!

The members of the two other missions in Bombay—he Church Missionary Society and the American—were lso doing all in their power to make known and vindicate he truth. The Americans built a large room close to their hapel, well lighted and commodious, into which natives vere invited to come and converse on religion. Preaching n the streets is useful, of course; but it is often very rying. 'Rude fellows of the baser sort' are certain to be coarse, probably insolent. I remember a Parsi who had a wonderful knack of turning up wherever we went and persistently interrupting the speakers. 'Say your say, and then we will say ours,' was our request. 'No,' answered he, 'I come here for the express purpose of *crass-questioning*' (sic). Very crass indeed was the man's ignorance, and very crass his speech; his presence was a serious hindrance to the preaching. Now, in a building of their own, missionaries are set entirely free from such unpleasant company. It is easy in such a case to lay down the law that no speaker, Christian or non-Christian, is to be interrupted. With any person disposed to interrupt I usually made a stipulation that we should speak by turns—each as long as he saw to be needful. This was agreed to. I then begged the other person to begin and speak as long as he pleased, promising to listen patiently. He began, but usually ran dry in a minute. I then replied. Interruptions soon began, but I appealed to the bystanders that each was to speak at any length, and went on. This arrangement answered for a little time. Preaching in the streets requires much tact, inexhaustible patience, and perfect temper.

A favourite expedient of mine was this. Large numbers of people assembled on the shore, at Backbay, in the morning. I spoke from the back of my pony. People collected. I preached as long as they listened quietly. If they became noisy, I galloped off to a distance and started my address afresh. One or two 'cross-questioners' might follow; but if they again became troublesome, my pony bore me off to another spot.

The question naturally often presented itself—What was the effect of English education on the minds and hearts of the pupils? First, in regard to mission-schools. Few of the pupils—at least in Western India—asked for baptism; what of the rest? Were they, as some contended, worse than before? and, if there were no baptisms, was our labour useless? The question was a solemn one; it led to great searchings of heart.

I had started with pretty strong feelings and painful convictions on this subject. Something had occurred, however, on my first visit to Ahmadnagar, which gave me pause. A young Brahman who had been a pupil in the Church Missionary Society's mission-school at Nasik, called one evening at the house of the Rev. H. Ballantine, of the American Mission, in which I was residing. I found him a very intelligent and pleasing person. I felt it my duty to speak to him solemnly on the subject of religion, and warn him of the fearful consequences of sinning against light. I said his condition was worse than that of the poor heathen, who were in darkness. I believe that, in the same circumstances, I would say the same things again, though in a gentler tone and with more yearning of heart. The young man seemed pained, but said little. On his departure, Mr. Ballantine broke out—'I could hardly listen to you; I wished to stop those remarks of yours.' 'Were they not true?' I asked.

'True in a sense,' said my friend; 'but observe. That young man is in a Government office, surrounded by heathen men who tell lies and take bribes to any extent. He never does either; every one admits that he is truthful and incorruptible. What has made him so? His Christian education; every one knows it. His presence in the office is a pleading for the Gospel.' So far my friend, with an earnestness which silenced me, if his reasoning did not entirely prove that I had committed a mistake.

On this important question I find Mr. Nesbit making the following statement: 'In conversing with, and addressing, the natives generally, it is interesting to observe the difference between them and the pupils of our Institution [and other Christian seminaries]. In the case of the former, you seem to speak to men who have no perception of sin, none of the finer moral feelings, nothing of the moral principle. In the case of the latter, you find moral perception awake, the conscience quickened, and the finer feelings in exercise. . . . Their education gives them a conscience, a fear of God as Judge, and a dread of the issues of death—feelings unknown to their countrymen.'

Some of my readers may think Mr. Nesbit's remarks in regard to the moral sense of the heathen too unqualified. Possibly they are so, for conscience is not wholly extinct in any human breast. And yet, every one who has come into close contact with the heathen will say that, with a very few exceptions, the conscience has seemed drugged with opiates, and sleeping a death-like sleep. No doubt, in a land like India, in which the influence of Christianity radiates far beyond the circle of the baptized, and the thick darkness is slowly passing into twilight, many who do not remember the source from which their ideas have

come, now think of God and truth and duty as their fathers never did. The moral lessons of the Gospel are much more readily received than its more distinctive doctrines.

Several of our pupils who had not indicated much interest in religion while in health, became greatly distressed when death seemed drawing nigh. At that solemn time they had no hesitation in sending for us, and declaring even before relatives and friends that they were Christians in heart, and that they deplored their unfaithfulness in having concealed this. Several solicited baptism on their deathbed. We were perplexed whether to give it or not. The relatives were almost always greatly opposed to our doing so, and it would have been almost impossible to force it on against their will.

The most remarkable case I remember of deathbed repentance may be mentioned now, though it occurred several years later. I had been much pleased both with the attendance and the attention of a young man, Kesava Sakharam, in one of my Bible-classes. One day I missed him. 'Where is Kesava?' I asked. I was told he had got a situation up country, and had been obliged to go away suddenly. I wondered what would become of him. Would the promising lad forget the Bible in which he had seemed to take so much pleasure? Several months elapsed, and then I learned that on his deathbed he had gathered around him his relatives and friends, told them he was a Christian in heart, and had sinned in not asking baptism, but that he must still be baptized. But how? There was no Christian minister near. He therefore directed his young wife to bring a basin of water; he taught her to repeat the baptismal formula correctly. The young heathen woman did and said all that her dying husband desired. Was this true baptism?

At all events, it is deeply affecting to think of the dying youth making his sorrowful confession and doing all that was in his power still to obey the command of Christ. 'A deathbed's a detector of the heart,' says the poet. We fear it is by no means universally so, but it was so in several cases connected with our mission. Cases of secret belief, like that of Kesava Sakharam, are every year multiplying, and probably for one baptized there are ten convinced. In a Christian land such men would openly avow their faith and become members of the Church. It should also be kept in mind that, although the number of men baptized while at college is very small, there is a larger number who become Christians after leaving college. The stress of University study is very great. It is difficult even for sincere inquirers to attend to the study of religion while at College.

Regarding the results of the purely secular instruction supplied in Government seminaries, all the missionaries had from the first been deeply anxious. We had expressed our convictions and fears in a way that had led to very severe language in reference to missions from two or three of the professors in the Government College. Our fears in reference to secular teaching were laughed to scorn. But more startling than anything we had said was a statement made towards the end of the year by Professor Henderson, of the Elphinstone College. This gentleman resigned his appointment because he could no longer conscientiously take part in conducting such a system as had been prescribed. He wrote thus:—'Young men educated in Government schools grow up in disregard and contempt of all religion whatever. . . . In minds so constituted the fear of God can find no place. . . . It appears to me that the Government system of education is opening the way to enormous evils.' Professor

Henderson was a man of high attainments and character, and the resignation of a good appointment by such a man attracted no small notice.

Many other voices have been raised in reprobation of an education purely secular. Soon after Professor Henderson had spoken, Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay, attended the annual examination of our Poona schools, and took occasion pointedly to condemn the Government system of excluding all Christian teaching from its seminaries. It was at that time remarkable for a Governor to use such language. After the great Mutiny in 1857, Lord Lawrence, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and not a few other distinguished men, spoke out very strongly on the same subject, pleading for the introduction of Christian teaching into the schools and colleges of Government. What they contended for was the introduction of Bible-classes. Clearly, however, a Bible-class standing in the same relation to Government as the other classes is not to be thought of. The natives would bitterly resent it as a direct attack on their religion, and would vehemently oppose it. The class must be entirely optional. Government might *permit* missionaries to teach it, but must *prescribe* neither teaching nor attendance. We believe that the result of such a class would be quite insignificant. But deliverance from the evil may be sought in another quarter. Some years ago Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy in Council, addressed a despatch to the local administrations which stated that Government education had 'in some measure resulted in the growth of tendencies unfavourable to discipline and favourable to irreverence.' The Viceroy went on to say he would be 'sincerely glad if the number of aided schools and colleges in which religion is taught were greatly multiplied.' 'It is in this direction,' said this important

state-paper, 'that the best solution of this difficult problem' can be obtained.'[1]

Very weighty also is the recently expressed opinion of Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Madras: 'No system of education is sound or complete unless religious teaching form part of it; but the difficulties of giving effect to this principle [in Government schools] in India are insuperable.'[2]

Briefly, then, the case stands thus. India *will* have higher education. Chaos is before us if that education be wholly secular. Government cannot give religious education. What remains? The Church of Christ is bound to come to the rescue. Christian schools and colleges ought to be multiplied all over the land.

Let it be noted that missionaries were quite consistent when they condemned the purely secular instruction given in Government colleges, and yet pleaded for a great extension of primary education. In primary schools, the pupils learn reading, writing, and arithmetic; but their religion remains as it was. In higher schools and colleges religious belief is destroyed,—it cannot stand the fierce light of European thought; but nothing is supplied in its place.

There has all along been another defect in Government instruction, which, though of less importance than that which has been mentioned, is by no means unimportant. For a long time, hardly anything was done to give technical and industrial training. Lord Reay, who was Governor of Bombay from 1886 to 1890, first paid much attention to this matter. A sense of the necessity of practical training has been steadily growing; and towards the end of 1898 has led Mr. Tata, a Parsi,

[1] Resolution of Government of India, 31st Dec. 1887.
[2] See *Overland Times of India*, 24th Dec. 1898.

to make the magnificent offer of thirty lakhs of rupees for the endowment of a technical college. Nor has Mr. Tata stood alone in his generosity.

Of late the whole system of public instruction in India has been, in many quarters, very severely criticised. It has been declared to be rotten from top to bottom. Undoubtedly it stands in need of revision and reform; but this unqualified condemnation is unjust. I need say no more on the subject at present, as it is understood that the whole question is now under the earnest consideration of the Supreme Government.

In regard to the teaching of religion in Government schools, it may still be mentioned that all that Lord Lawrence contended for was a voluntary Bible class taught by Christians.

CHAPTER XII

NAGPUR MISSION—RETURN TO BOMBAY

THE next matter which may be referred to is the establishment of a mission at Nagpur, in Central India. Something had been already attempted on behalf of this region by a pious officer, Colonel Moxon, and the Serampore Mission; but for many years there had been no missionaries there. In 1842, Captain William Hill (afterwards Sir William—well known in England as an earnest friend of missions) had expressed, through Dr. Wilson, his desire that a mission should be established at Nagpur, the wish being grounded on the dying request of his wife. Captain Hill generously offered the sum of £2600 in support of the work. (With interest it rose to £2674.) The Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church gratefully accepted the gift, and towards the end of 1844 Mr. Stephen Hislop arrived in Bombay as missionary-designate for Nagpur. Mr. Hislop was no ordinary man. He had studied theology under Chalmers and Welsh—being indeed a favourite pupil of the latter. He had also a great love of natural science, in several branches of which he rose, ere long, to high distinction.[1]

[1] See Dr. George Smith's *Life of Stephen Hislop*. Professor Duns of New College, Edinburgh, writes as follows: 'When I mention Botany, Zoology, Geology, and Anthropology, you may see how wide his knowledge was. It was not only wide, but thorough and accurate. He was an accomplished man of science. That this was the opinion held by the experts in the several departments of natural science of his day, is proved by the testimony of Owen, Falconer, Oldham, and Hooker.'

His wife was worthy of such a husband. She was from Olney; and James Hamilton called her an 'Olney hymn.'

My colleagues thought it would be unkind if Mr. and Mrs. Hislop were sent away to their station in Central India, nearly six hundred miles distant, without a friend accompanying them; and they asked me to perform the needful service. I should have preferred remaining in Bombay. For one thing, my wife was far from well, and seemed gradually becoming worse. To reach Nagpur, help Mr. Hislop to begin the work, and return to Bombay would probably require three months at least. Letters would reach us on our march very irregularly, and I should feel much anxiety about the health of my poor invalid. We had hardly been apart a day since our marriage; and in her feeble state, she was agitated at the thought of our being separated so far and so long. Still, feeling must bend to duty: some one must go, and the Presbytery thought I was the proper person. So we three started for Nagpur. From Poona to Nagpur Mr. Hislop and I rode on horseback; Mrs. Hislop travelled in a palankeen. We generally took two marches a day, which, when the stages were long, as they often were, made pretty hard work—hard for the horse as well as the rider. We got up at three o'clock in the morning, and had a cup of tea after a brief prayer. Mr. Hislop and I then rode slowly on until it was full daylight—which was rather a trying experience on cold winter mornings,—for in the Dakhan it can be very cold. We then cantered on to our camping-ground, which was exhilarating work if our horses were not jaded. Mrs. Hislop, in her palankeen, came in about two hours later.

We had very pleasing intercourse with our own Scottish missionaries at Poona and with the American missionaries at Ahmadnagar. From Ahmadnagar to the far-distant

Ganges I think no mission yet existed, if we except the two Germans at Nagpur, who were in shattered health and spirits. We passed through innumerable villages in which both the work and name of Christ seemed absolutely unknown; though of course the Mohammadans—most, if not all, of them—had heard the name of Isa Pughambar —Jesus the Prophet. The moral desolation was deeply affecting to the hearts of my companions and myself. The feeling found some expression in the following lines:—

Compassion filled Thy heart and moved Thy speech,
O loving Lord! what time Thou didst behold
The multitudes of 'wildered men of old'
In error sunk, with none the truth to teach,—
Like sheep within the fell destroyer's reach
Strayed from the Shepherd far and the sheepfold.
Give me Thy heart, O Christ, Thy love untold,
That I like Thee may pity, like Thee may preach!

Lo! round me spreads on every side a waste
Drearer than that which moved Thy soul to sadness;
No ray has pierced this immemorial gloom;
Nor may these sons of hapless India taste
Even a few drops of fleeting earthly gladness
As they move on slow, silent, to the tomb.

I preached at every village at which we rested; the language was the one with which I was most familiar—Marathi. Mr. Hislop, new to India and its languages, did not of course take part in this work, but he generally accompanied me into the villages and took note of everything he saw. We did not travel on Sunday, and that day was always full of work. We hardly met with any bitter opposition during the whole journey.

The province of Berar was in those days under the Nizam, the Mohammadan ruler of Haidarabad. His evil

genius—I mean, his prime minister—was still Chundoo Lall (see page 83), and things were in as unsatisfactory a state as ever. When we entered the territory of the Raja of Nagpur, who was of the Bhonsla family, well known in Maratha history, we found no considerable improvement.

Not far from Nagpur we came in contact with some of the Gonds, an aboriginal race occupying a very large district in Central India, which I had not seen before. We were deeply interested in them—all the more so because the German missionaries already spoken of had intended to work among them. 'Have you any temple?' we asked. 'No.' 'Where does your god reside?' 'In the ground.' 'Has he any image?' 'No.' The religion of these people was mainly spirit-worship, now generally called Animism. Unhappily the spirits are, for the most part, malevolent; and the spirit-worship becomes demon-worship—propitiation prompted by fear. Of all heathen creeds this is, alas! the most widely extended. It may be said to underlie Hinduism, Buddhism, and even Confucianism—always ready to crop out. But even in the lowest forms of this deplorable cult there almost always remains a vague belief in one great Being who is above all the spirits, and who is, at least, harmless.[1]

The Gonds are of Turanian (Mongolian) extraction. They probably entered India long before the Aryans or Hindus proper. They are now confined chiefly to the wilder and more hilly regions. They are sadly given to intoxication. It has frequently been said that they do not worship images; but they do set up in the jungles stones; pieces of wood, or iron rods as objects of reverence. The

[1] On this question Mr. Andrew Lang seems to me much nearer the truth than his opponents. See also Mr. F. B. Jevons' *Introduction to the History of Religion.*

names of fifteen gods are known; and in addition to these the conception of a supreme divinity is widely spread. The Gonds call him Bhagawān — a name evidently borrowed from the Hindus. Human sacrifice continued among the Gonds until about sixty years ago, or so.

The most remarkable production, in connection with Gond religion or mythology, is the Song of Lingo—a pretty long poem, most fantastic and wild, but not on that account the less interesting. Mr. Hislop by and by got a translation of it made, and after his lamented death it was published by his friend Sir Richard Temple, along with other papers of Mr. Hislop's.

I may mention that on our long northward journey we were able to visit the very remarkable excavations—cave temples, they are generally called—both at Elora (Verula) and Ajanta. Little in the way of preaching could be done at these once famous, now forsaken, places of pilgrimage; but to a missionary—indeed to any one desirous of entering into the working of the Indian mind on religion—every shrine was full of instruction. Mr. Hislop, who had quite a passion for the natural sciences, could enter into questions of archæology with almost equal zest. We often talked of the religious changes which India had witnessed. Gazing on the frescoes of Ajanta, for example, one naturally inquired—Why is it that Buddhism, which once appeared likely to be the dominant faith of India, has so completely passed away? and why is it so tenacious of life in Burma and elsewhere?

When we reached Nagpur we received the kindest welcome from Captain Hill, Dr. Eyre, and other friends. I lived with Captain Hill at Kamthi, a British military station ten miles north of the city of Nagpur; Mr. and Mrs. Hislop were kindly received by Dr. Eyre.

No serious difficulty occurred in deciding where the chief seat of the mission should be. Sitabaldi, a civil station close to Nagpur, was fixed on; and neither the Raja nor the British Resident made any objection. Mr. Hislop had seen the mission-work carried on at Bombay, Poona, and Ahmadnagar; and all of us agreed that the mission at Nagpur should largely assume the same character. At all these stations the chief language was Marathi, and that had to be mastered as soon as possible that he might qualify himself to preach the Gospel to the native population. But as there was at Kamthi a regiment of Scots Fusiliers, mainly composed of Presbyterians, who expressed an eager desire to be ministered to in their own simple forms, it was agreed that, on all accounts, their request should be granted.

I remained upwards of a fortnight, preaching to the Hindus and the Scotsmen, and in daily, almost hourly, communication with Mr. Hislop. I would gladly have remained still longer, but my accounts from Bombay indicated that my wife was steadily declining in health. So I had to bid adieu to my valued friends at Kamthi and Nagpur as soon as possible. I could do so with the confident expectation that Mr. Hislop would prove a faithful, wise, and energetic labourer.[1]

We had taken six weeks to reach Nagpur: could I reach Bombay in a fortnight? At first the idea seemed absurd; but the thing was most desirable, and as I pondered it it seemed to be just possible. It would require me to ride thirty miles a day for about a week. That would be pretty hard work, in the height of the hot season,

[1] His missionary life extended to twenty years. It was full of high service performed often in the midst of sore trials. The Raja was a man of low character. Nagpur became British territory in 1853; still, serious evils remained unredressed. But a new day dawned on Central India when Sir Richard Temple became Chief Commissioner in 1862.

for rider and horse alike. But could my horsekeeper and my cook accomplish so much? The chief difficulty would certainly be with them. They said they could go on for some days at that rate, and then follow more slowly. Well, let us make the experiment.

Accordingly I sent my people on seventy miles in advance, and travelled in a palankeen so far. Then I mounted my fresh and willing steed, and for some days got on very pleasantly. Next I had to pass through a far-extending forest; but, as I had chosen the route used by the mounted post, I did not think I could go far astray.

The route was shorter than the one by which we had travelled to Nagpur. My poor horse broke down after three or four days, but I applied to the men in charge of the post. Could they lend me horses? I said I would pay when I reached Bombay. They made no difficulty as to the payment; but they hesitated about lending horses. 'For,' said they, 'it is impossible, if *Istumber* be on the road.' 'Istumber?—who in all the world is he?' I questioned the man closely; but all I could learn was that Istumber was Istumber, and that when he was on the road he required all the horses for two or three days. Then it flashed upon me that Istumber was the *steamer*; for, of course, the letters and packages arriving or departing overland would require all the cattle the men had at their disposal. Happily, I could assure them that my plans did not clash with those of the great Istumber; and with a simple promise to pay when asked, I mounted one of the post-horses, having set the headman of the palki-bearers on another—leaving the rest of my people to follow slowly. Three days of riding thirty miles a day, much of it under a burning sun, was hard enough. We generally rested and slept in the stables.

On the Saturday afternoon we arrived at a station where I found the palankeen I had ordered; and, travelling all night, I reached Jalna by daybreak on Sunday morning. The rest of the journey was comparatively easy, especially after a full Sunday rest.

One or two incidents that had occurred were worthy of note. One afternoon I had sent off the people as soon as the heat began to decrease, and remained a full hour behind them. I then hastened off by the road I believed them to have taken. After an hour or so the road seemed swerving to one side. I paused, looking about for some one to consult about my bearings. No human being visible; all around me thick jungle. I galloped on, but the road was going further and further wrong. What was I to do? I stopped; happily a man at last appeared, and I eagerly inquired about the road. I was all astray. 'What can I do?' said I. The man replied very sensibly, 'Your road lies yonder, but there is a mile of impenetrable jungle between it and you; you won't try to cross it, will you?' I looked; the thing was perfectly hopeless. 'Well, then,' said the man, 'you must just go back to the village and take the right road.' The outlook was not cheering. The sun was near the horizon; night was rushing on. I thanked the man, galloped back, and started afresh. I hurried on as fast as my horse could move, and reached a small village just as the sun had set. I rushed to the quarter where the guide would be found, and shouted for him. Half a dozen women were there, but no man. 'A guide! a guide!' I exclaimed in the most authoritative tone I could command. 'We are all womenfolk,' was the plaintive response. Clearly the men were shirking duty and hiding. Twilight in India is short; it was almost dark; and a dense gloomy wood was in front of me. Another appeal met with the same reply.

'Then,' I exclaimed, 'two women must conduct me, or I shall have you all punished by Government.' Out at that moment rushed a man, staff in hand, and equipped for a journey. 'Come along, sir,' cried he, 'I am ready to guide you.' It was an unspeakable relief.

I entered at once into conversation with him. 'What is the matter with your people? I was never treated so before.' 'They are afraid,' said he; 'there is a tiger in the wood, and he is very mischievous.' 'Is he near this?' 'He may be.' At that moment there was a crashing in the wood a few paces off. 'Is that the tiger, think you?' I said. 'It may be,' was the answer. I shouted, in the hope of frightening the creature, whatever it was. But next moment I thought of a better resource. 'You believe in the Supreme God?' I said to my trembling companion. 'Yes,' he replied, 'in Bhagawān.' 'Then,' I said, 'let us both pray to Him for protection.' I then prayed aloud in Marathi as earnest a prayer as perhaps I ever offered, my companion earnestly listening and evidently assenting—trying indeed to join in. 'We are in God's hands,' I said; 'He can protect us; let us now go on without fear.' My poor guide was evidently relieved. 'Yes,' was his reply, 'Bhagawān will protect us.' It was a strange position, but I believe that the prayer jointly offered in that thick, dark jungle by the Christian and the Hindu was accepted by the great Father of all.

Another incident. Next afternoon I was cantering along, when suddenly the road parted into two;—which one should I take? I had told the servants to strew leaves and flowers in the path they took, but they had forgotten to do it. I hastened on and overtook the *muqaddam* (headman) of the palki-bearers, who had somehow been detained and was puzzled about the road as much as I. We posted on in the deepening darkness, till

the voices of children relieved us; but we found we had taken the wrong road. We procured a guide, who was eager to tell us what havoc a tiger had wrought yesterday on a spot he pointed out. I observed that, while the guide was in front, the *muqaḍḍam* kept steadily behind me. I asked the reason. The man was slow to answer; at last he said: 'If the tiger comes, he will seize the last of the company, and he had better take me than you.' Here was true magnanimity; but I could not allow the man to run more risk than myself, and I insisted on his walking by the side of my horse. Happily no tiger was seen or heard.

Neither on the journey to Nagpur nor on the way back had I seen any striking scenery. Between Poona and Nagpur the country is mostly flat and tame.

The trees attracted some attention. No palms. No pines. The banyan (*Ficus Indica*), celebrated by Milton; the mango; the tamarind; above all, the *Bābul* or *Acacia Arabica*. In the jungle, comparatively few tall trees, but a thick undergrowth. Notable, however, was the *Aśoka*, which the poet Kālidāsa specially admired. He says—

'Lo! there stood the dear aśoka, loveliest of the good green wood,
Gemm'd all o'er with brilliant blossoms, musical with song of birds.'

And what struck me most of all was the *Butea frondosa*, the corolla of which was of two violently contrasted colours —the brightest crimson and the blackest jet.

CHAPTER XIII

POONA—EGYPT—CAIRO—COPTIC CHURCH, ETC.

I ACCOMPLISHED what I earnestly desired. I reached Bombay by forced marches in a fortnight. I found my wife very far from well; and, as April had begun, the oppressive heat told upon her weakened frame very seriously. May was largely a month of vacation in our schools, and I was thankful to convey my suffering wife to Khandala, on the summit of the western ghauts, about two thousand feet above sea-level, and half-way on to Poona. This gave her some relief.

When a shower or two had fallen, and the burning heat of the Dakhan was mitigated, we moved on towards Poona. But when we were about half-way on, at the village of Wadgaum, the atmosphere was more oppressive than we had ever felt it before. I looked up and was awed, I may say terrified, by the appearance of the heavens. If the reader can conceive a *mad* sky, I would say that sky was mad; *wild* is too feeble a term. The whole heaven was covered with clouds; but such clouds! All conceivable shapes were there, some of them the strangest and most fantastic I had ever seen. Every conceivable colour was there, from the brightest to the blackest. The vast masses were all tossed and huddled together in the most hideous confusion. As soon as we reached the rest-house a young officer appeared. He was in great anxiety. He was there in command of a party

of Sepoys. There was cholera in the village, he said, and people were dying fast. He was ill himself: could we give him any cholera-mixture or brandy? We supplied him with half of our cholera-mixture, which he most thankfully accepted.

The atmosphere remained dreadfully electric; sleep was barely possible. My wife became seriously ill. About midnight I got my conveyance ready, for it seemed certain death to continue in Wadgaum. We moved on to another bungalow about ten miles off. Here there was no stifling atmosphere, and we breathed more freely. My wife slowly revived, and we ventured to proceed to Poona in the evening. We despatched medicines at once to the young officer at Wadgaum, but fearing they might arrive too late. So they did for some of his troop; but he himself survived. Sixteen people died at Wadgaum that night. The monsoon commenced in right earnest three days later, and the infinitely oppressive feeling of the atmosphere passed away from that unhappy village. On our return journey to Bombay we spent a night at Wadgaum. What a change had taken place! The sky was cloudless, and the air was cool and pleasant.

I spent the rainy season in Poona, helping both in preaching to Europeans and general mission work. Poona was, and is, more superstitious even than Bombay. The Brahmans are numerous and influential, and I had as much intercourse with them as possible.

The mission-house was small and inconvenient; and though Mr. James Mitchell begged us to share it with him and his family, we accepted the very kind offer of a military friend, Captain Benson, to be his guests. His house was both airy and ample. Still the invalid made little progress, and the medical men began to speak of her having to go to Europe. This was a sorrowful prospect: were we to

be separated so soon? I need not speak of my feelings: if the reader has watched for months over the sick-bed of one dearer to him than life, he will understand them; otherwise, he will not. The discipline was sore, but doubtless needful; and He who 'afflicteth not willingly nor grieveth the children of men,' did not assign one pang or one anxiety too much.

The days went on, and the medical men began to say that, although Mrs. Mitchell must leave India, it would be well if she could linger on the way home and not rush into cold regions. They begged that I should go with her to Egypt, and remain there till she recovered strength in some degree. Finally it was settled so, my missionary friends giving their hearty consent.

It was a very sore trial that my wife's health had broken down so soon and so completely. To my poor invalid the sorrow was, if possible, greater still. To leave India, and ere long be separated from her husband and her work was, to a keenly sensitive nature, almost overwhelming; but she sought to bear the grief meekly and submissively. If I found her in tears it was only when she thought she was unobserved; before me she tried to speak bravely and hopefully.

A beam of consolation somewhat relieved the sadness. A young girl whom she had carefully instructed for many months earnestly begged to be baptized. She gave every evidence of having received the truth in the love of it, and I administered the sacred rite—my wife being able to be present—immediately before we sailed for Suez. Of Maina—that was her name—I shall have occasion to speak further on. She became an invaluable worker. A young friend and companion of Maina's was baptized at the same time. She soon left Bombay, being married to a convert of the London Mission in Gujarat.

I need not dwell on the details of the voyage; nothing very particular occurred. When we reached Suez I became anxious about the transit across the desert to Cairo, for we had to travel in rough vans drawn by restive horses —a journey of sixteen hours. This was trying; but the great cold of the desert at night—for it was now the third week of November—was even more so. When we arrived in Cairo, good, kind Mrs. Lieder (formerly Miss Holliday) sought us out and insisted on our living in her house. This was all the kinder because Mr. and Mrs. Lieder were expecting the arrival in Cairo of Bishop Alexander of Jerusalem, accompanied by his wife and daughter; and her time would necessarily be much occupied by these friends.

A day or two afterwards we learned that the Bishop had died before he reached Cairo. His dead body had to be brought in, and then conveyed to Jerusalem. We had much pleasing Christian fellowship with Mrs. and Miss Alexander, and the Bishop's chaplain, Mr. Veitch, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Lieder. The bereaved wife and daughter were very sad, but they did not sorrow 'as those who have no hope.'

The missionaries were still, as in 1838, only Mr. Lieder and Mr. Krusé. The school had assumed a higher status; it might now be called a High School for Coptic young men. There was faithful teaching and superintendence; and, though no one had professedly abandoned the errors of the Coptic Church, there is no doubt that salutary impressions had been made on the minds of several pupils. Light was slowly spreading among the members of that ancient church. I remember, too, that Mr. Lieder was full of hope that the Abuna—the head of the Abyssinian Church—who had been one of his pupils, had shared in the enlightenment, and might be able to introduce im-

portant reforms in Abyssinia. That country has, from of old, received its ecclesiastical head from the Egyptian Church. But the Abyssinian religion still remains much as it was—strangely composite, and far from pure, with no desire on the part of its professors that it should be otherwise than it is.

I took lessons in Arabic from an Egyptian who had studied the language systematically under De Sacy in Paris,[1] and by reading the works of Rosellini and others I made some small progress in the vast field of Egyptian antiquities. But the main object of interest was the Coptic Church itself. I took careful notes of what I saw, and some of these I may now transcribe.

I was desirous of seeing the public service of the Coptic Christians. I therefore arranged with Abd-al-Malāk ('the servant of the angel'), who was one of Mr. Lieder's pupils and a deacon in the Coptic Church, to go to the Cathedral on November 30th. The service began an hour before sunrise. I was ready by half-past six, and found my young friend waiting. We passed the entrance of the Patriarch's house, which is lofty, but externally of mean appearance and in a narrow lane. Immediately adjoining was the entrance of the church. We found a few persons seated in the outer part, and we passed into the second division, in which a considerable number was assembled. A reading-desk was in the centre of the room, and two or three readers were standing beside it. When we entered there was already abundance of chanting.

My first impressions were not favourable. I was struck with a sad want of reverence. Several of the people from time to time chatted together; I could not see that more than two or three were paying attention to the service. My young companion sought to address me now and then,

[1] This man could speak French. I remember that he said of the great scholar De Sacy that he had in him '*quelque chose de divin.*'

doubtless to give me an explanation of what was going on. I vainly begged him not to do so till we went out.

Lights were burning. They were necessary when the service began; but, as the daylight increased, I was surprised to see the candles multiplied. This was evidently in preparation for the coming of the Patriarch. The people now were arranging a seat for him. The Patriarch then appeared, coming from the inner part of the church, which communicated, as I understood, with his own house. He moved slowly, appeared infirm, was dressed in a cloak of richer materials than other people. The hood was over his head. He held in his hand a long staff or crosier. A burst of music greeted his arrival. He then slowly took his seat, holding in his hand a small cross, apparently golden, a bishop on his left now holding the crosier. For a long time the people continued to prostrate themselves before him one by one, until every one present had done it. They touched the ground with their foreheads, then rose, and kissed the golden cross which the Patriarch extended a little way towards them. Some made a movement as if to kiss his hand, but scarcely any one seemed actually to kiss it.

All the while the service was going on—the language Coptic—all chanted. On three occasions Arabic was also read, being evidently a translation of the Coptic, which is quite a dead language.

The congregation gradually increased until it numbered about three hundred—men, lads, and boys. The women were not visible; they were screened off, on the outside. The congregation sometimes sat, less frequently stood. Towards the end they stood, and bowing towards the altar, they pronounced the words *Kyrie eleëson* (Lord, have mercy) very rapidly for a few minutes, all the congregation joining in the invocation.

The Patriarch read three times. A manuscript was held before him; he had a small taper in his right hand. He spoke in a feeble voice. The people sat quietly listening; but few of them could have heard him.

I had a good view of the Patriarch's face and demeanour. I was near him. My young conductor afterwards informed me that when he saw me standing, 'he cursed the people and commanded them to bring a chair for the gentleman.' *Cursed* is, no doubt, an Orientalism for *scolded*; though in the East, scolding too readily assumes the form of cursing. The chair was brought, and I sat down—shoes off, hat on, which was the case with all around me.

The most important of the readers was a little man, the teacher of Coptic in the mission-school. He was a busy, consequential personage. He frequently corrected the young deacons who read the Coptic somewhat blunderingly; he did so in a sharp, quick tone. At one time his displeasure rose to a climax: 'You pig, that's wrong!' he cried, in exasperation.

After the repetition of the *Kyrie eleëson*, the attention of the congregation seemed to turn mainly to the inner part of the building. From the outside I had as yet seen only a table with something on it covered, and several pictures, each with a glory round the head. Towards this inner part the Patriarch now moved, and the table was uncovered amid a loud, shrill burst of music. 'They are about to give the body and blood of Jesus Christ,' said my young companion. I thought the Patriarch had gone away, for I could not see him; and, on receiving permission from the priests around me, I entered the inner portion of the building. The old man was still sitting there. I felt I ought to withdraw, but the Patriarch looked placid and even pleased. So I remained.

By this time they had mingled the sacred elements.

The bread, and I think the wine also, had been brought to the Patriarch and blessed. Most of the bread remained unused. It was in small round loaves, or rather biscuits. An infant was now brought to the door of the inner recess; its mouth was opened by a man, apparently the father, and a small portion of the mingled elements was dropped in. The whole celebration was performed rather hurriedly. Those who partook were chiefly boys; of the grown men scarcely two or three did so.[1] The Patriarch himself had done it, I presume, before I entered the inner part of the church.

The Patriarch now rose, and standing at the entrance of the recess, gave the people his hand to kiss—the palm of the hand. Nearly all seemed to kiss it: I supposed I was expected to do the same thing; but, some water having been poured into his hands, the old man advanced a step towards me, and motioned that I should receive some of the water. I did so, and stood for a moment wondering what would come next. A burst of Arabic on all sides told me—or was meant to tell me—to apply it to my forehead. By this time the Patriarch had thrown the water from his two joined hands, in the air, over the heads of those around him. He then took a piece of bread, and, after apparently blessing it, presented it to me. He broke the remaining pieces and distributed them among the people. Then the old man withdrew by a passage leading into his own house.

The service was over. I remained some time to examine the objects around. The walls of the inner part were covered with pictures. In the niche directly opposite the door was a likeness of the Saviour, almost as large as life. Round on either side, were the Apostles. The execution of all these pictures was exceedingly poor.

[1] So, too, in Abyssinia. See Gobat's *Journal*, p. 344.

I went out and saw the women retiring from the place in which they had been sitting secluded from the men. On one side was the baptistery. A long chest had in the middle a board which could be lifted up, and under this was a round stone font. Into this the infant is plunged. A small cross lay beside, which I was told was used in baptism.

Truly, of what Wordsworth calls 'the beauty of holiness and ordered pomp' of public worship, I had not seen a trace. Simplicity, even severe simplicity, I could have welcomed; but meanness and squalor are not simplicity.

My young companion was seized by one of the retiring women and kissed with much affection. 'Who is that?' I asked. 'My sister,' was the answer. This was the most pleasing thing I saw. Here, at all events, was true, natural feeling.

A group of people were collected a little way in advance. I joined them, and found them gazing on a picture. It presented a mixture of the horrible and the grotesque. It was evidently more recent than the other pictures, and placed in a less honourable position; but still it was within the precincts of the church. The central figure was a human being standing with a face betokening alarm and supplication. Close to him was a pair of balances, with something in the scales—it was difficult to say what. A hideous figure had thrust his foot into one scale, and with his head downwards, seemed striving to pull it after him. On the other side stood a form—was it human or angelic?—holding a long cross, which at the extremity assumed the form of a spear, and with the spear he had transpierced the fiend. Immediately above the central figure was a Being seated with an intended air of majesty, who could be recognised as the Judge. On his right the eleven Apostles were visible. Out of things like boxes

with open lids men were rising, with hideous serpents clinging to them. A tall, black, misshapen figure on the left, with another in his arms, represented the devil; and the cry *Yahuda* from all around showed that the smaller was meant for Judas Iscariot. Still more grotesque was the representation of hell. It was like a large head, apparently that of a shark, yawning wide with mighty teeth; and into its mouth, Satan, with Judas in his arms, other wretched beings, and various devils, were all entering. The people standing round were amused rather than awed by the representation; and the more grotesque parts were pointed to with a kind of childish glee.

The dress of those present was respectable; some, indeed, were neatly apparelled. The turbans were of various colours, black predominating. One priest and one lay-deacon wore ornamented robes—white, and covered with crosses on the back and head. The Patriarch's dress was dark and in no way remarkable. He was not a very old man; beard and mustachios were but slightly grey. His eyes were almost closed; they seemed weak and watering. His face had little trace of intelligence—less, indeed, than the countenances of several men in the congregation.

There was very little save vocal music—chanting—in the whole service. For a short time, however, two bells were struck with a small metallic rod; and a pair of cymbals was faintly audible.

Preaching there was none, and no approach to it. The candles were extinguished when the Eucharist was about to be celebrated.

Incense, not particularly fragrant, was burned, and little pots containing it were swung by the hand frequently during the service.

A box for receiving alms was carried round towards the conclusion. Only a few contributed anything.

And this was the Cathedral of the Coptic Christians—their chief place of worship in Egypt. The Patriarch traced his apostolical descent from St. Mark, through a hundred and seven predecessors. I wondered what St. Mark would have thought had he been present. I certainly have no desire to be hard on a body of Christians who for ages groaned under the tyranny of the Moslem, and into whose soul the iron still enters; but I thought the worship was painfully wanting in reverence. Every part of the service looked like the repetition of a lesson conned by rote, rather than a reverential listening to the truth or a prayer issuing from the heart. Nor could one see that there was any deep sense of the Divine presence. I confess I went away much distressed in spirit.

I attended several other churches that were of less importance. The Romanist Coptic interested me not a little, as I wished clearly to see the effects of that persistent effort which Rome has made for centuries to draw the Copts into her own communion. The brief record I find in my note-book may suffice as an account of what I saw. 'A mean, intricate entrance through long passages. A small room, rather cold, well lighted from the top. The altar wholly Romish, with images and tall candles; all poor; little attempt at ornament. The priest dressed in his vestments, reading the mass in Coptic. Very few present. Women above. No Franks. Paintings, but all rude.'

On attending the Romish Church in the European quarter, which in its fittings and arrangements was very neat, I came to the conclusion that the Romanised Copts would be attracted to it rather than the preceding. A few Egyptians accordingly were there, along with French-

men and Italians. Some women were present, two of them in Egyptian dress. They were not in a separate room.

I also saw the Armenian (Gregorian) worship, and the Romanised Armenian. In both cases the priests seemed to do everything, the people to do nothing but listen, and barely that. Much chanting.

The chief Greek church in Cairo was new. Everything in and around was tasteful. Pictures within, much superior in taste to any I had seen elsewhere in Cairo. Each had an inscription in Russian. They represented scenes and persons recorded in Scripture history; prominent among them the baptism of Christ, His transfiguration and ascension, and several of His miracles. The Virgin—*Parthénos Maria*, they simply called her—was also conspicuous. Another figure rather perplexed me, though I suspected what it signified; a human figure, old, and with a beard. What was this? 'The Ancient of days,' said a well-dressed man, in Greek. I had not known that the Greco-Russian Church would, like the Romanist, venture on so daring a representation. Alas, that this should be in a Mohammadan country! What can the Moslem think? Disappointing as the Coptic Cathedral had been, I had not noticed anything in it that pained me half so much as this.

I was also anxious to see as much as possible of the Jews, both their dwellings and their synagogues. Of the latter I understood there were nine in Cairo. Nothing very special was visible.

I saw a good deal of the Karaite Jews. They told me they amounted only to *elef nephesh* (a thousand souls) in Cairo, but were numerous especially at Moscow, and less so at Jerusalem. They are mostly goldsmiths and jewellers. A great hatred, one of them said, exists between them

and the ordinary Jews. The same person mentioned it as a fact that all the Karaites have long noses. There may be a doubt about the long noses; but about the hatred, I fear, there is none. The Karaites have one remarkable characteristic,—they reject the Talmud and cling to the simple Bible.

There was at that time no public museum of Egyptian antiquities in Cairo (there is a very valuable one now at Ghizeh), but there were several private collections. The best known was that belonging to a medical man, Dr. Abbot. Several of the objects were most interesting: for example, two earrings with the names Mnei (Menes) upon them in hieroglyphic characters. Menes is usually called the first known sovereign of Egypt. A signet ring, weighing about as much as three sovereigns, bore in hieroglyphics the name Shufu (Cheops), the reputed builder of the chief pyramid of Ghizeh. Dr. Abbot mentioned that he had refused £450 for this ring.

Not less remarkable were bottles inscribed with Chinese hieroglyphics. Very suggestive, surely.

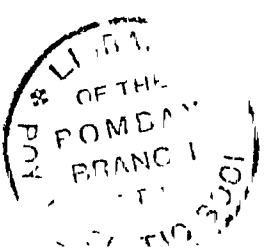
But into the vast subject of Egyptian antiquities I had better not enter: I have neither the space nor the knowledge needful to do justice to it. But every one must watch, with ever-growing interest, the marvellous things that have come, and are still daily coming, to light in that ancient land.

The climate of Egypt was very pleasant when we arrived in the latter half of November. My wife was able to ride about a good deal on one of the notable Egyptian donkeys. The gardens of the Ezbekieh were extensive in those days, and we spent hours in them. The air was balmy, and to Indians bracing. But after a fortnight or so she seemed no better—rather worse; and I had sorrowfully to consider what my duty was. Friends

pressed me not to leave her, but to accompany her to Malta, in the hope that she might recover so far as to allow me to return to India. My poor invalid did not ask me to go with her, but her pale wasted face was a touching appeal. Accordingly we sailed on a steamer down the Nile to Atfé, and then the passengers were most painfully packed on the Mahmudiah Canal into a boat which conveyed us to Alexandria.

Note regarding Maina's baptism (see p. 134).

Mrs. Mitchell writes:—'One day, some months after she had begun to attend school, Maina rushed into my room and hid herself under the bed. She had been terribly beaten, and was all bruised and bleeding. She had refused to worship the idols, declaring that she was a Christian; and hence this cruel treatment. Next day I was still ill and in bed, and Maina was sitting beside me. Outside, the compound became filled with men in a great state of excitement. Some came into the house, almost forcing themselves into my room, and shouting that Maina must be handed over to them. The man to whom she had been betrothed in infancy seemed in a frenzy. He untwisted his turban, mounted on the top of the gate, and declared he would there and then hang himself unless Maina were given up. By this time, however, my husband and the police had arrived, and the man was overawed. Maina was then brought out. Her people pressed her to return home, but no violence was permitted. She clearly and firmly said that she was a Christian, and would stay with the Mem Saheb, as her people would force her to worship idols if she went home.'



CHAPTER XIV

MALTA—ROME, ETC.—SCOTLAND

We sailed from Alexandria in a French steamer, and encountered trying weather. At Malta we were put into quarantine in Fort Manoel. We found the place cold and cheerless, and our wood fires did not keep the room warm. The Rev. Mr. Mackail speedily called on us and invited us most kindly to take up our quarters in his house when we should get free from durance vile. We were released in a fortnight, and proceeded to 'the Manse,' Mr. Mackail being the chaplain of the Scots troops at Malta. We were interested to hear that the Scottish regiment then in Malta was the 42nd Royal Highlanders —the famous 'Black Watch.' The very names of the officers were a joy to us—Colonel Cameron, Cluny Macpherson, and so on. We remembered also with pleasure that many years ago my wife's grandfather, Dr. Ronald Bayne, had been chaplain to the regiment in India. Mr. Mackail was glad of help in the public services and the hospitals; and I felt it a delight to minister to my countrymen. They were a very attentive congregation.

In a short time my wife became dangerously unwell. Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Mure Muir, the surgeon of the Black Watch, thought the case very grave, and called in the assistance of Dr. Burton. She became worse and worse for ten days, and the solicitude of the medical men increased. On the tenth day Dr. Muir insisted on re-

maining in the house all night, so that he might be called at any moment; and Burton said at parting, 'Good-night; we cannot expect her to last till morning.'

A night to be by me long remembered. I do not think I can forget it even in the course of the eternal ages. But I dare not attempt to write the thoughts and feelings of that most solemn time. Of course I could not sleep. Both of us were waiting for the great summons. My wife, though suffering much, seemed never to lose consciousness. About midnight I overheard her whispering, 'I will go down into the river, leaning on the beloved of my soul.' Soon afterwards she begged me to take off her marriage ring and put it on my own finger,—a terrible request. All I could say in reply was, 'Not yet, darling, not yet.' Then, after a paroxysm of pain, she lay still. I looked: was it death? No; thank God, she seemed asleep—breathing gently. I waited: was my prayer heard? was she to be snatched back from the opened gates of death?

There had been no need to summon Dr. Muir. Burton came early; I met him at the door. 'She is gone?' he said. 'No.' He hastened to her bedside, looked at her earnestly, felt her pulse. 'Strange,' he said; 'she is no worse; if anything, rather better.' Now, what she suffered from was the extremity of weakness. But she could sleep: for a day and a half she did little else but sleep. Evidently a point of extreme danger had been passed; and, if she could continue to take rest and nourishment, she might be restored to life, and love, and work. So it was graciously ordered. My poor wife's progress was imperceptibly slow, but there did not occur any serious relapse. When the tremendous pressure of anxiety was gone, I was able not only to help my esteemed friend Mackail in the discharge of his pastoral work among the

soldiers and others, but also to inquire into the religious condition of the island. It was whispered that among the medical students of the University there was a considerable measure of infidelity; but to all appearance the native population of Malta was thoroughly Romanist. Priests, priests everywhere; bells continually tolling; religious processions frequent. I became acquainted with only one man—a graduate of the University—that appeared to have any desire to inquire into the faith of Protestants. There was an Anglican Church—a fine building, erected by Queen Adelaide, the wife of our sailor-king William IV.; there was also a Scottish one; but hardly one native Maltese attended the services of either; and between British and Maltese society there seemed to exist very little intercourse.

The most striking thing I witnessed in Malta was the festival of St. Paul. My journal contains full notes of all I saw, but there was nothing sufficiently distinctive to warrant my transcribing them.

By the year 1811, the importance which Malta might hold as a centre of missionary effort was beginning to be recognised. It was hoped that the Eastern Churches were prepared for a revival. Accordingly the Church Missionary Society began work in Malta in 1815. Tours were made by its missionaries in the countries of the Levant. A printing press was set up in Malta, from which a large number of religious publications was issued. Schools were opened at Syra. Missions were also begun in Smyrna, Cairo, and Abyssinia.

The Americans soon followed the example of the Church Missionary Society, and ever since they have worked with steady perseverance and no small success. They have done so especially among the Armenians in Asia Minor. They had for a short time a station in

Malta. In 1831 they began to labour in Constantinople; but by the time we were in Malta—the commencement of 1847—the missions had, for the most part, left Malta for Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. We found, however, the Rev. Mr. Loundes, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, still in the island; and the Rev. Samuel Gobat of the Church Missionary Society, superintending St. Julian's College. This was intended to aid in the training of the children of British parents living in the islands or coasts of the Mediterranean. Mr. Gobat had previously done faithful service in Abyssinia.

We saw a good deal of Gobat, and formed a high opinion of his character. Still we were not a little surprised on hearing, soon after our arrival, that the simple-minded man was nominated Bishop of Jerusalem. Perhaps the appointment took himself most of all by surprise. It was an exceedingly difficult post to fill. The arrangement by which England and Prussia alternately appointed the bishop was vehemently denounced by Anglican High-churchmen, Newman especially; and the plan has been found unworkable. Perhaps Samuel Gobat would have been a happier man if he had remained Principal of St. Julian's College; but doubtless the question with him was where he could be most useful, and he believed that this was at Jerusalem. He was bishop for thirty years.

I find references in my journal to what was about this time appearing in the public prints regarding the Armenians in Constantinople. The bishop, or patriarch, as he called himself—Matteos was his name, I think—was persecuting the evangelical members of the community, who were by this time a considerable and increasing body. Under date of 7th March 1846 I find this entry in my journal: 'The *Malta Times* of 5th March contains a painfully interesting account of the sufferings of the Armenians

in Constantinople. The patriarch has been fulminating anathemas against the evangelicals. Their number is pretty large. They have addressed a letter to him containing their confession of faith, and signing themselves "persecuted Christians." The movement appears to be increasing, and many priests are obedient to the faith. They have drawn a truly Scriptural confession of faith. The American missionaries, who have laboured diligently among them, are speaking of the probable addition of another nation to the Protestant communion. Probably they will not take the name of Protestant, but will call themselves Evangelical. The name is of little consequence.'

Ere long, deliverance came from the interposition of the 'third great Canning,' as Tennyson styles him—'the great Elchi' (ambassador), as he has been often called—Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Opinions differ on the question of his greatness as a statesman; certainly neither Sir Robert Peel nor Lord Derby had a high opinion of his powers; but of his force of character and the purity of his motives there can be no question. It is now the general opinion that he was wrong in his bolstering up of Turkey; but it ought never to be forgotten that it was mainly through his persistent efforts that important concessions were wrung from the Porte from time to time in favour of its Christian subjects. These were such as the Hatti Sherif of 1839, and the still more comprehensive Hatti Humayun of 1856.[1] By the latter, six important reforms were decreed, though of these only two have been actually carried into effect. These two are freedom of worship and the right of holding landed property. The other four are still ignored. One of them, the right of Christians to sit on the local councils, is, indeed, granted nominally, but it is rendered worthless

[1] Concessions were also made at the instance of Lord Cowley.

by the Mohammadan element being always predominant in the councils.

Of the awful sufferings to which the unhappy Armenians have been, and are, subjected at the hand of the incorrigible Turk—surely to the disgrace of civilised Europe, which has allowed it—I shall have occasion to speak further on. But the kind of persecution which the reformed Armenians had to endure in 1846-47 has, thank God! for ever passed away. That was persecution at the hand of their own priests. The Turks apathetically looked on; dogs were worrying dogs—what mattered that to the true believer? But Sir Stratford secured for the reformed Armenians a recognised status, with a representative of their own, through whom communications could pass between the Porte and the reformed Armenian community.

My wife revived very slowly from her terrible prostration, and we could not venture to leave Malta till the middle of April. The medical men insisted on my accompanying her to Scotland. We went by way of Italy. Of Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Herculaneum I could say much; but are they not fully described in many guide-books?

I was anxious to find out whether there was any leaning to Protestantism in Naples. I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Crawford, a man deeply interested in all good work. He told me that he knew of a few persons in Naples who were dissatisfied with Roman teaching, and were earnestly studying the Holy Scriptures; but that one could hardly venture to speak of such things, lest it should alarm the priests and bring on persecution.

We proceeded to Rome by Civita Vecchia. We found that no Protestant church was allowed within the walls; the English congregation worshipped in a poor place outside

the Porta del Popolo. We had arrived at night. I could hardly sleep, and at daybreak rushed to the other side of the city to see the Forum and the Capitol. It was rather a shock to find the former styled the cowfield—*campo vaccino*—and the latter transmuted into the '*Campidoglio.*' No excavations had then been made in Rome, and treasures since brought to light were slumbering underground. But, passing from my own thoughts, I was delighted to see the interest taken in everything by my wife, who had now considerably rallied; and I remember saying that, to an intelligent woman, a visit to Rome was almost a classical education. Rome itself was dull; the high Easter ceremonies were over, and the foreign community had for the most part left the city. Still it was, as Byron calls it in his diary—Rome the wonderful.

Back to Civita Vecchia. We embarked for Leghorn, where Dr. Walter Stewart had already commenced his important work on behalf of Italy; took a run to Pisa and Florence; returned, and embarked for Genoa. Travelled by *vetturino* to Turin. Drove in the afternoon to Pignerolo. Next morning, as I was anxious to have a glimpse of the Waldensian valleys, I drove to Torre Pellice; attended an early service (it was Sunday) conducted by two young preachers—Messieurs Meille and Malan—and was deeply impressed by the earnestness of all that was said and done. Introduced myself; received a warm welcome. Attended the service in the Waldensian Church. All gravely, solemnly conducted. After service, had a long conversation with my new friends Meille and Malan. They were full of hope that a great change was taking place in the feelings of the Sardinian Government towards the Waldenses. The old persecuting spirit of the house of Savoy had departed; toleration was almost complete. My two friends were full of a noble enthusiasm. They felt assured

that their once sorely-tried Church was reserved for high service. As we walked along, they pointed to the high, overhanging mass of Monte Viso. 'There,' said they, 'is the point where Felix Neff, who had arrived from the other side of the Alps, first came in sight of Italy, and fell on his knees, imploring that God would pour light on the darkened land that lay outstretched before him. We know that his prayer will be answered; and we trust that the high honour of evangelising the peninsula will be granted to our small Church, long sorely tormented, yet miraculously preserved.' These were their sentiments; their words were still warmer, and kindled into poetry. My short visit to the valleys was most delightful. Then on to Turin, Susa, and Mont Cenis which we crossed. On to Geneva and Lausanne. Here we were deeply interested in the movement leading to the formation of the Free Church of the Canton de Vaud. The tyranny of the State had compelled many of the most pious people to leave the Established Church. On to Basle; sailed down the Rhine from Strassburg to Cologne. Thence to Ostend, Calais, London, Edinburgh.

I was in time to see something of the General Assembly in Edinburgh. All the members were full of ardour and hope. I spoke on missions. The Church was struggling to meet the requirements of home; but the necessity of upholding and, if possible, extending the missions was on all hands heartily admitted. I heard Chalmers both at the laying of the foundation-stone of the New College and the Assembly. The 'old man eloquent'—the Moses of our Exodus, as Dr. Guthrie called him—was still full of heart and hope—his eye not dimmed nor his natural force abated. And the great leader had worthy peers around him.

We sailed by the west coast and the Caledonian Canal

to Inverness, and then proceeded to Alness parish, with which nearly all my wife's youthful memories were entwined.

Her father being a 'Disruption minister,' it was, of course, to her a different Alness from what it had been. She could not live in the old manse in which she had been born, nor move at will over the old manse garden, nor climb the old pear-tree, as, when a child, she had often done. But she felt, like the rest, that God had demanded the surrender of all these and many other things; and a sacred joy is speedily born out of every form of true self-sacrifice.

During the summer I was busily engaged in giving missionary addresses. I spoke in every parish, or almost every parish, from Inverness to Thurso. Everywhere people were most willing to hear about missions; but the lack of acquaintance with the subject took me by surprise. I had also to preach at the ordination, by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, of the Rev. Robert Hunter, who was appointed to go out to Nagpur as colleague to Mr. Hislop.

Dr. Wilson did not find it convenient as yet to return to India; and, as Mr. Nesbit was overburdened with work, I was most anxious to go back as soon as possible. When we went to Edinburgh, however, in October, Sir James Simpson, my wife's medical adviser, pressed me to remain in Scotland until he could pronounce the invalid to be out of danger. It was a sorrowful and anxious time. Her progress was painfully slow.

CHAPTER XV

RETURN TO INDIA—FEMALE EDUCATION—MISSIONARY CONFERENCE—THE GAOL

I WAS not permitted by Sir James to leave Edinburgh for the East before December 18th. My wife was still seriously ill, but not now, he thought, dangerously so.

I was accompanied by two fellow-missionaries, the Rev. Robert Hunter and the Rev. Dhanjibhai Nauroji. Robert Hunter was in all respects the worthy colleague of Stephen Hislop; and that is saying much. He had the same great love and extensive knowledge of natural science; and in later days, when he had left India, he performed valuable literary work. Mr. Dhanjibhai Nauroji had come home with Dr. Wilson. He had studied theology in the New College, and had been ordained by the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh. Dr. Candlish preached and presided on the occasion; and so notable an event—the first ordination in Scotland of a native of India to the holy ministry—gave a great impulse to missionary zeal.

I need not say much about the voyage. We sailed from Southampton, had a slow passage through the Bay of Biscay, being impeded by the south wind, and had to put into Cadiz harbour for a supply of coals. We landed and saw the fine cathedral, and close beside it the *plaza de toros*, the amphitheatre for bull-baiting—a strange juxta-

position! What little we saw of Spanish life and character did not attract us; but *non ragioniam di lor.*

At Gibraltar we were kindly taken over the fortifications; and the excavations in the rock were all surveyed with admiration, but with some doubt as to their power to resist the artillery of the present day.

At Malta we saw Dr. Muir, who was full of kind inquiries about the patient over whom he had watched day and night with all a brother's care. Then came Egypt, then Aden—where I busied myself for hours looking at the graves with their inscriptions, in the Jewish burial-place; and finally Bombay. Again the vessel was the *Atalanta.* It was very pleasant that my esteemed friend, Lieutenant Gordon, was now in command.

We had on board from Suez a German missionary of the Basle Society. That great institution draws its supplies of men chiefly from the peasant and artisan classes. Some of its agents, however, have been men of the highest academical training, and Gundert was one of these.[1] I found it in every way profitable to associate with such a man. Among other things, he first made me acquainted with Dr. Rudolf Roth's treatise *On the Literature and History of the Veda.* Even after all that the accurate Colebrooke had written, I found the book very instructive; and I soon wrote a notice of it for the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bombay.

So I was back to my Indian work, and was able to help the overtaxed Nesbit. I was most thankful to do so; yet unavoidably my spirits sank to a low point. Friends pressed me to visit them and not to 'mope'; but to go out and mix with cheery company when the heart is sad and anxious, is far from easy. A bright presence

[1] Among the Basle missionaries I knew intimately, Mögling and Weigle were also men of high scholarship.

had vanished from my cottage. Yet, thank God! I could cherish the hope that, by and by, it would be restored.

I found that one of the best antidotes to sorrow is hard work. Partly for my wife's sake, and partly because of the vast importance of the work itself, I now took a special interest in female education.

It may be well to take a brief retrospect of the progress of this essentially important part of mission effort.

It is needless to speak of the sad degradation to which the female sex is subjected in India. In very ancient days women occupied a position of comparative honour; but, as time went on, restriction was added to restriction. The most noted evil introduced in later times was, doubtless, *suttee* (*sati*), or the burning of widows on the same funeral pile with their dead husbands. But the early marriage of girls and the prohibition of widow-marriage inflicted still more extensive wretchedness. And with regard to education, it is surely startling to find that, with all that has been said and done on behalf of female schools, it is still only one woman in two hundred that is able to read and write. It sounds encouraging to say that a million and five hundred thousand of Indian women can now do this; but the ratio is really one in two hundred.

The first school for Hindu girls—so far as we can discover—was opened in Calcutta in 1819. The Baptist Mission had the honour of taking this step. About three years later the Church Missionary Society, with ampler means, threw itself earnestly into the work. Miss Cooke, who became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Wilson of the Church Missionary Society, was the best-known worker; but all the missionaries—the venerable Carey among them—thankfully hailed the new attempt, though at first it seemed a grappling with impossibilities.

We have reason to suppose that the commencement of

female schools in Bengal had attracted the attention of the friends of missions in Britain. It was too important a matter to be overlooked. At all events, when the Scottish missionaries were about to proceed to Bombay early in 1823, the directors of the society at home, as we have mentioned, had expressed an earnest hope that they might be able to help in the education of girls.

The Scottish Mission, as has been said, settled in the Konkan, to the south of Bombay. The American Mission had its headquarters in the city of Bombay. It is interesting to observe that this mission also commenced its work among women about the same time—in March 1824.

So, then, it was possible to get girls to attend; but it was very irregular attendance. Almost invariably the teacher had every day to go to the houses of his pupils and collect them. And while they were no more than children they left off attending. It was still the day of small things in the education of women.

When my wife arrived in Bombay, our mission had several female schools scattered over the native town. The difficulty was to get sufficient access to these. Without the personal superintendence of the missionaries or the female members of the mission, these bazaar schools could do little in the communication of truth and the formation of character. My wife, therefore, sought to have a school close at hand which she could continuously superintend. This, however, created alarm. The natives were willing that their girls should learn to read, but not that they should run the risk of being converted to Christianity. It was very hard work to get pupils. Mrs. Mitchell's own account of her attempt is as follows:—

'How well I remember my first little girls' school in Bombay! We got a room erected close to our house, the walls made of thin planks of wood, and the roof thatched with dried palm branches

—the most primitive of schoolrooms. Here some dozen wee lassies were collected by a schoolmaster whose pay depended on the number of pupils he brought. Every child was paid for coming; and she demanded her price at the end of the week as if she had been working for her bread. Even with this inducement the children could not be made to come regularly; and every now and then a boy was found occupying the place of a girl and trying to escape observation by hiding behind a sister. It was a fight, too, to get them to learn anything beyond the alphabet, which they first mastered by shouting it in a sing-song chant in a class, and then they were advanced to write the letters with a little style on a board covered with sand. The multiplication-table was learned in the same manner, and this, with little simple lessons I gave them by word of mouth, as I learned Marathi myself, such as Who made you? and "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," was nearly all that could be taught at that time in our female schools in Bombay.'

My wife states her own experience. In some other schools the pupils were, no doubt, farther advanced.

The missions, as a rule, endeavoured to set up orphanages and boarding-schools, in which full superintendence over the girls could be exercised. So far well; but, when the orphans became Christians, the gulf between them and the native community was very deep. Still, of course, such schools did good.

The 'Association for the Advancement of Female Education,' mentioned on page 8, was very much in earnest, and had sent out in July 1838 a lady from Scotland—Miss Reid—to superintend the female schools. Her missionary life was brief: she died in October 1840, having been much tried by bad health during the greater part of her life in India. A year afterwards, a French Protestant lady, Mademoiselle Desirée Jallot, came as Miss Reid's successor. She was a friend of Mrs. St. Clair Jameson's. She, too, speedily passed away. Two other ladies came out soon afterwards from the same Association; but within a short

time they both accepted offers of marriage. These things were discouraging. Then, when Maina was baptized in the end of 1845, the female schools of the mission were greatly shattered. Next, my wife was sent home; Mr. Nesbit's health was steadily giving way; and it looked as if our attempts to benefit the women were all to be defeated. Happily, soon after Mrs. Mitchell had left India, Mrs. Seitz, a lady born and brought up in the country and familiar with the languages and customs of the people, kindly offered her services. The rudimentary boarding-school which my wife had been labouring to form was handed over to her. Maina was a most efficient helper: the scholars multiplied; and, ere long, the school became one of the most cheering parts of the mission work. Often, when wearied and worn by the opposition of the heathen when I was engaged in street preaching, I turned into the female boarding-school for mental refreshment. The happy, smiling faces of the girls and the sweet hymns they sweetly sang were infinitely soothing. I shall never forget the feeling I had one day when, after preaching in the bazaar and meeting more bitter opposition than usual, I visited the female boarding-school, weary and sad, and as usual was welcomed by an array of happy, smiling faces. I was to give a lesson. 'First sing me a hymn,' I said. The voices around me immediately pealed forth the words, 'Little travellers Zionward.' I had not heard the hymn before. I could hardly stand it—it was so exquisitely beautiful and touching, as sung with full heart by those Eastern children. I often called for it again. The girls soon revolutionised the music in the Marathi church. It had been exceedingly poor. The hymns we then used had been composed by the American missionaries—particularly the Rev. H. Ballantine.

As I go on I shall have occasion to mention the

progress of female education. I am now speaking of its commencement.

One of the most useful institutions in Bombay was the Missionary Conference.

A Conference for all Western India had been established, as has been already said, many years before; but the missionaries, scattered over Western India from Belgaum to Surat, had been able to come together only once in ten years or so, and the Conference was practically useless. But it was easy for missionaries living in Bombay to meet together. A new Missionary Conference was therefore formed. I had the honour of being the first secretary, and, when I had to leave Bombay for Poona, was succeeded by Mr. George Bowen. The Conference has been continued ever since, with an important change in more recent years—the introduction of lady members. It has done much to bring the minds and hearts and plans of the missionaries into that harmony which is so indispensable to success. The Conference met once a month. An hour was occupied with devotional exercises. A discussion, or at least a conversation, followed on some important question bearing directly on missions. It was generally introduced by the reading of a paper. Friends who were not missionaries were pretty often present, and always welcome. The Conference had repeatedly occasion to send memorials to Government, and sometimes to petition Parliament. Among my papers I find copies of several such documents bearing on such important topics as Government connection with idolatry, the necessity of a great extension of vernacular education, intemperance, opium, and such like.

With regard to the first of these, it was truly deplorable to see to what an extent Government had become mixed

up with the religions of the land. It directly ministered the endowments to temples which had been granted by former governments. This was often done in ignorance of the real object for which the money was given. A native subordinate presented the European official with an account for 'Village Expenses'—many things which would have startled the most careless official being concealed under that innocent title. I need not dwell on this subject; it is too painful to do so. Happily an immense change took place by and by. Certainly Act xx. of 1863, which was passed at the instance of Sir Henry Sumner Maine, was as important a measure as ever issued from the Legislative Council of India. It ended the direct connection of Government with native religious endowments. The management of these was then handed over to native committees; and if malversation takes place, redress has to be sought in the courts of law.

The attention of Government was also drawn by the Conference to an important difference in the character of the endowments. Some had been given by native princes at their own discretion, being revocable when they thought fit; others were chartered endowments, protected by what was called *sanad*. It seemed to the Conference that Government had—practically at least—ignored this distinction. Whatever might be the case with the former, they held that, of the revocable grants, none should be continued in support of any cruel or immoral rites.

The Missionary Conference had the extension of primary education much at heart. They petitioned Parliament, and memorialised the Government of India, pointing out that the Indian system fostered high education for the few, while it grievously neglected primary education for the masses. They clearly showed that the principles embodied in Lord Halifax's despatch of 1854, and Lord

Derby's despatch of 1859, had by no means been fully carried out.

The Conference spoke out, if possible, in still stronger language on the spread of intemperance. They expressed their deep and sorrowful conviction that, if the evil continued to spread as it had been doing, the most frightful demoralisation and degradation would inevitably follow; and further, that the licensing system in operation tended to the increase of the fearful evil.

The Conference 'viewed with no less sorrow the traffic in opium carried on by the Government.' In the papers before me I see no distinction made between the production and sale of the drug by Government as in Bengal, or the taxing of it as produced by native states on the Bombay side of India. Much is said of the deplorable consequences of the traffic both in India and China.

There was no chaplain for the gaol in Bombay; and when any unhappy man was under sentence of death, Mr. Nesbit and I—one or both—sought to visit him. We were seldom or never repulsed; the men seemed to welcome any expression of sympathy. One or two cases of the execution of Europeans occurred, and a good many of Hindus, Musulmans, and Parsis. We saw sadly instructive revelations of human nature. One thing greatly struck us. In every case the European criminal was awed at the approach of death; the heathen almost always manifested indifference, sometimes almost levity. Every one of them expressed a firm conviction that when the needful rites were performed, divine forgiveness was sure. Poor human nature! I remember being struck with the earnestness of a Hindu criminal regarding the breakfast he was to have next morning an hour or so before his execution. He specified the desired materials minutely.

It was a delicate thing to know what to say to these unhappy men. We, of course, earnestly sought to awaken the sense of guilt and show the necessity of deep repentance, as well as speak of the mercy of God, and then refer to the work of Christ as commissioned to save even the chief of sinners. The Europeans heard us with deep attention; the natives with tolerance, sometimes almost with assent. I do not remember that any native Christian —Protestant or Romanist—was among the criminals so sentenced to death in those days.

CHAPTER XVI

MARATHI POETRY

I HAD by this time become much interested in Marathi literature. There were many translations from Sanskrit and a few from English. But it was the original Marathi compositions that were specially attractive.

There were historical narratives in prose bearing on Maratha history. These had their value; but they had no charm of style.

But there was a pretty extensive literature in verse, which was of a higher quality. There were historical ballads referring to the chief events in Maratha history; and into many of these the warlike spirit of the people had been infused. There was also a large number of songs relating to the affairs of common life—marriage songs, cradle songs, etc.—which were by no means wanting in simple, natural feeling. But the portion of the literature that attracted me most powerfully was the directly religious and philosophico-religious portion.

The oldest poem in Marathi with which we are acquainted was composed in the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century. It is a pantheistic treatise written in a style firm and compact, with (as was natural) no passion or play of fancy, except, indeed, in the introduction. Seventy or eighty years afterwards there arose

an accomplished man, a Brahman, called Jnāneśvar—or as the Marathas pronounce the name, Dnyāneśvar (literally, the lord of knowledge). This poet was a contemporary of Dante. He had the same desire to render his native tongue a fit vehicle for the conveyance of high thought; and he congratulates himself on his success in terms wonderfully like those in which the Italian poet boasts of 'the beautiful style which has brought him honour.'[1] Dnyāneśvar was at once philosopher and poet. His chief work is a very copious commentary on the celebrated 'Song of the Divinity' (*Bhagavad Gita*).

But of all the Marathi poets the most popular by far is Tukārām. This man was originally a shopkeeper. He resided chiefly at Dehu, a village about eighteen miles west of Poona. Tukārām was a man of very emotional temperament, deeply religious in his way. His poems are simply a gush of passionate feeling. He is by no means consistent in his views; he is at times almost a monotheist, at others a pantheist, and he is often wildly idolatrous—almost mad in his devotion to the image of Vithoba. It would be easy to put poor Tuka into a logical mill and grind him to powder; but my object is not to refute, but to explain, his views. Mainly from the glow that pervades his writings the poet has acquired immense influence all over the Maratha country. Quotations from his poems are in the mouths of all the people; and when, in turn, the missionary can quote him, the audience is all attention in a moment. Even Burns is not so popular in Scotland as Tukārām (Tuka, as he calls himself) is in Maharashtra.

It will interest the reader to see one or two specimens of Tukārām's writings. The following is one of the most

[1] Lo bello stile che m' ha fatto onore.

remarkable of his *abhangs*—rendered in the same metre as the original:—

'Why hast thou forgotten
Him, the greatly gracious,
Who the world so spacious
Sole sustaineth?

'For the new-born nursling
Who the milk prepareth?
Mother, child, each shareth
His rich bounty.

'In the fierce hot season
When the leaflet springeth,
Who the moisture bringeth
Which it drinketh?

'Has not the Eternal
Given thee still protection?
Hold in recollection
All His kindness!

'World-upholder call Him,
Of all good the giver;
Think, says Tuka, ever
On Him only!'

It will be seen that only the second and third lines each stanza rhyme together. This is Tukārām's favourite metre.

Very frequent also is another form of verse which may be exactly reproduced thus:—

'If 'tis God thy soul desireth,
Little toil the search requireth.
Sing the hymn *with true devotion,*
Cleansed *from evil wish and notion,*—
Bow thy haughty head, *be lowly,*
Wait in reverence on *the holy,*—
Think not, speak not, *in thy blindness*
Aught of malice or *unkindness,*

And with men, in all thy dealing,
Choose thou words of peace and healing,
And, said Tuka, if thou 'rt able,
Be thou somewhat charitable.'

The double rhyme at the end of the line is not so easily maintained in English as in Marathi; and—without retaining it—I may give the following piece as conveying a sentiment which Tukārām is never weary of repeating:—

'Tis the dearest hope I have
Through all births to be thy slave (*i.e.* Vithoba's),
Faithful pilgrim still to be,
Visiting dear Pandhari (*i.e.* Pandharpur)—
Saints for my companions ever—
Love o'erflowing like a river—
Bathing in the Bhima waves,—
These the blessings Tuka craves.'

Though Tukārām is often terribly astray, he is always seeking God. I therefore became intensely interested in the man himself. His, surely, is a most pathetic figure. He often cries out passionately for God—alas, that I must say for Vithoba!—to 'meet' him; and he is heart-broken when his cry is not heard.

A truly remarkable thing regarding Tukārām is that, according to popular belief, he never died, having been conveyed to heaven—the heaven of Vishnu—in 'a chariot brighter than the sun.' There is an annual celebration at the spot from which he is supposed to have ascended, at which I have been present. This belief is very widely spread, probably universal, among the Maratha people. There can be little or no doubt how it arose. Portuguese missionaries had preached to the Marathas for a hundred and fifty years before the supposed ascension took place, and two hundred and fifty

years before the composition of the legendary narrative —the Marathi *Acta Sanctorum*—in which it is embodied. I did my best—in concert with some educated Hindus—to investigate and weigh the whole evidence, and we had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the legend was simply a parody of Christ's ascension. It was a weapon forged to repel aggressive Christianity. The date on which the poet left his home on a pilgrimage from which he never returned is perfectly well ascertained.

I was so deeply interested in Tukārām that I studied his *abhangs*—at least many of them—with very close attention. It is not difficult to reproduce the music of the verse, and I wrote a number of pieces, in close imitation of his style, though of course inculcating sentiments very different from most of Tuka's. These first appeared in the *Dnyanodaya*, an excellent serial conducted by the American Mission, and were afterwards published separately by the Tract Society.

Some time afterwards I also wrote a good many Sanskrit verses for the *Dnyanodaya*, which were afterwards issued in a separate publication along with translations into English and Marathi.[1]

[1] The scholar who excelled all others in this kind of work was Dr. John Muir of Edinburgh, though I by no means think slightly of the productions of the Baptist missionaries of Bengal. They rendered into verse the metrical parts of the Old Testament. Dr. Mill of Bishop's College, Calcutta, should also be remembered in this connection.

CHAPTER XVI

DR. WILSON'S RETURN—MR. NESBIT'S DEPARTURE—GEORGE BOWEN—TOUR IN ALIBAG (KOLABA COLLECTORATE)

DR. WILSON returned from Europe in November 1847. He had married again. His wife was a most valuable accession to the mission; she was a woman of admirable sense and true devotedness. We had now at the station three ordained Europeans; but there was every reason to fear that the number would soon be reduced. Mr. Nesbit's health was feeble, and a change to Europe seemed desirable. But apart from that, Mrs. Nesbit was steadily becoming weaker and weaker; and a long sea voyage seemed necessary for her. I simply mention the issue. She died at sea, and was buried at sea. Nature, in her most keenly sensitive, shrank appalled at the prospect of finding a tomb in those wild, restless waves. But over this terror the dying Christian was enabled to triumph. Her last words were, 'He doeth *all things* well,' the *all things* being uttered with her whole remaining strength. Even at this distance of time, I can hardly think without tears of the husband's feelings as the rough coffin which enclosed his earthly all made its terrible plunge into that 'vast and wandering grave.' For Mr. Nesbit was a man of the very tenderest affections; and his attachment to his gifted and devoted wife was, as people said, romantic. It was very deep and true.

This cold season there arrived an American missionary of truly remarkable character and equally remarkable history—I mean George Bowen. He fell sick soon after he reached Bombay. He himself and all around him expected he was to die. He rallied slightly; but the physicians, fully expecting a relapse, pressed the necessity of his sailing at once to America. They wrote out a statement of his case, and expressed their conviction that, in an Indian climate, Mr. Bowen could not live. But he declined to take their advice. He said he was ready to die, if the will of God were so; but he was not willing to leave the sphere to which he believed he had been called. So he remained. He was gradually restored to health; and he afterwards laboured in Bombay for full forty years. The doctors soon asked back their certificate.

About a year later, Mr. Bowen came to the conclusion that he ought to give up his salary and his room in the American mission-house. His salary, I think, was 90 rupees a month, equal in those days to £9. He did this in order that all might see that he was a disinterested servant of Christ. He pressed his views on other missionaries, arguing in their support with great earnestness. George Bowen was not the man to fall into censoriousness; but he made no secret of his conviction that his brethren were seriously wrong in the course they pursued, and that the cause of Christ suffered in consequence. No doubt this awoke 'great thoughts of heart' among his missionary friends, especially among his colleagues, one of whom had a wife and children. And all of us waited and watched attentively to see what the result of Mr. Bowen's course would turn out. Would there be, as he himself expected, a deep impression made on the minds of the natives, leading to inquiry and conversion? If so, the

principle of asceticism must hereafter play a very important part in Indian evangelisation.

The expected issue, however, was never seen. In after life, Mr. Bowen himself 'often acknowledged that he was deeply disappointed as to the effect which he had expected would be produced on the natives by his own course.'[1] In truth, some of us who keenly felt our inferiority in devotedness to this remarkable man could only wonder why he had not been granted the joy to the same extent as most other missionaries of leading the people to the feet of Christ. I am not sure that Mr. Bowen ever had the privilege of baptizing a single heathen.

George Bowen was comparatively new to India when he formed the resolution now mentioned. It has been said that a man must have been four years in the country before he can really understand the Indian mind. The question, we apprehend, is whether he really understands it even then. We cannot blame Mr. Bowen for not seeing that very different consequences might perhaps flow from the course he adopted from those which he fondly anticipated. Asceticism has a deep root in the human mind—a *very* deep root in the Hindu mind. At the very least, to all uneducated Hindus—who, of course, constituted the great majority around him—the life he led appeared an imitation of the Hindu ascetics, a means of 'making righteousness,' as they express it—that is, of gaining merit. Yet, of course, all his self-denial seemed a very poor imitation of the self-inflicted, tremendous tortures to which Hindu *yogīs* have long submitted and still submit. Therefore the question came up: Might not the admirable man be doing harm rather than good by this self-denial? Mr. Bowen's course was widely dis-

[1] See *In Memoriam: the Rev. G. Bowen*, p. 31.

cussed among Europeans and natives. The good man's motives were admitted by all Europeans to be the highest and purest possible; and, had his course had the effect he had hoped for, it would have found many imitators. But his own blank disappointment with the result appeared to prove that his procedure was not wise. Still, we seemed to admire and love George Bowen all the more because of his mistake, into which, indeed, only a noble mind could have fallen.

Mr. Bowen published a long series of religious papers in the *Bombay Guardian*. Several volumes of these have been republished; and at least some of these have been issued in Britain and America. All of them have been highly valued. Let me quote the opinion which Dr. Hanna, the biographer of Chalmers, gives of one of the series—the *Hints and Comments for daily reading*. When the book was republished[1] in Edinburgh in 1874, Dr. Hanna wrote as follows: 'Works of this description are already numerous; but we shall hardly find another which exhibits the same freshness and vividness of idea, the same fervour of faith, the same intensity of devotion.'

Mr. Bowen was one of an editorial committee of five that started in 1851 the newspaper called the *Bombay Guardian*. Ere long, three of the number had left Bombay; and for some time Mr. Bowen and I conducted the paper. I left Bombay for Poona early in 1854; and Mr. Bowen became sole editor. He remained so all his after-life. His management of the paper was marked by Christian fidelity, good sense, and excellent temper.

All the missionaries considered it an important duty to take tours as often as possible. The work in Bombay demanded close attention; but the country districts could

[1] Published by David Douglas, Edinburgh.

not be neglected. In them the ignorance was still more dense than in the great city. It was both a duty and a joy to go forth and proclaim the truth to all and sundry as widely as possible. We frequently did so, always provided with a supply of Scriptures and tracts.

I find in my journals a large amount of matter bearing on the beliefs and practices of the natives as they came under our notice on such journeys. Will the reader become my companion on one of them?

In studying geology, it is much more instructive to examine the formations *in situ* than as arranged in a museum. Well, instead of giving a disquisition on the state and character of the natives, I shall conduct him into the villages and show him things as they are seen in these. If he does not find anything very striking, he will at least see things in their true colours and proportions.

On the journey which I am about to describe, I kept very full notes of the conversations I had with the people; and these I shall transcribe with very little change. I kept no notes of my addresses as distinct from the conversations that always preceded or followed. The addresses were necessarily much the same at each place; and any attempt to record them would involve endless repetition. But a brief explanation of the general mode of procedure may be given as follows.

The missionary enters a village. If a large tree is at hand, he probably sits under its shade and addresses a few words of kindly greeting to the first passer-by. The man stops. Others come and listen. Soon there is a goodly company, probably with two or three women hanging on the outskirts. First come a few words about common affairs—the season, the crops, and so forth. Then if a temple is in sight, he probably asks who is worshipped

there. The information is given. He then says that our people once worshipped such gods, but that now they worship only the Supreme Being. There is probably silence. He continues, 'Our people worship no images; images are not like God.' A discussion probably arises. He shortens it if possible, and goes on to speak of sin and salvation. He then may quote a Sanskrit verse which asserts the universality of sin. This prepares the way for a reference to the Incarnation and Atonement. The Hindus speak of nine *avataras* (descents of the divine being) as past, and one as still future. The missionary says that one sufficed; but that the Saviour will come again. He then speaks, as long as the people will listen, of Christ's holiness and life of love, His death, resurrection, ascension to heaven, and promised return. If the message is new to them, the common people listen almost always with interest, and sometimes with surprise. But if Brahmans or Mohammadans are present, they are sure to put questions. These must be answered mildly, kindly. They may be captious; but one must be patient. Anything like loss of temper would be both wrong and disastrous.

An attack on the gods or Mohammad does little good, and may do much harm. Sarcasm and ridicule must religiously be shunned. Absurd things will be said, and a little irony will be, at times, unavoidable; but it must be very gentle. In truth, the manner of the preaching is as important as the matter. If the people and the missionary do not part as friends, it is a solemn question whether the fault does not lie with the preacher.

And yet we must remember the treatment which St. Paul often received; nor can we forget the words of Christ Himself: 'If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household!'

Passages from Holy Scripture can often be quoted with much effect. Mr. Farrar of Nasik held that reading it impressed the people more than reading tracts. Yet one requires to know his audience when he quotes or reads it. I one day read the parable of the Prodigal Son. All were most attentive; some expressed their approbation aloud, until I came to the killing of the fatted calf. The shout of remonstrance was then loud and long. 'Is that really in your Shastra?' exclaimed all the upper castes of the Hindus. The lower castes would not have objected to the slaying of a goat or kid; but a calf—the offspring of the sacred cow—it was too dreadful. I forget whether there were any Mohammadans in the audience; if there were, they made no objection. I could not cease afterwards to refer to the exquisite narrative; but I always *spoke* it and finished off with some general phrase about a great feast and immense rejoicing. This was always thought to be a most appropriate ending of the touching story.

Here is rather an odd thing. I was preaching beside the Bhuleshwar tank in Bombay—a great place of Hindu resort. The audience was large and attentive. Up came a wandering mendicant and hurled out some unintelligible words. Were they meant for Sanskrit? 'Patience, friend,' I said; 'hear me out, and then speak as long as you like.' Again he interrupted me; and again. The audience looked perplexed. I spoke a few words to the wild-looking man in very simple Sanskrit. No reply; evidently he did not understand Sanskrit. So when the next interruption came, I stopped from preaching and said, 'All very well, my friend; but just listen to this.' Then I poured out in my loudest tone seven lines of Homeric Greek. Marvellous was the effect. As the torrent of sonorous hexameters rolled on, the man gazed at me, then hung down his head, and slunk away before I had ended. A derisive shout

from the audience followed him; but I checked it. I was not quite happy. Had I been fair? The man probably thought I was quoting Sanskrit. Well; but I had never said so. I might have quoted Kalidasa; it would have been all Greek to him! I tried thus to answer the whisper of conscience, and nearly succeeded in quieting it.

I left Bombay on the afternoon of March 15th to cross the harbour to the village of Mandava. My horse required a pretty large boat. So I engaged no other. My horse-keeper and my Portuguese cook were my companions. The sea-breeze wafted out slowly and pleasantly across. We arrived at midnight, and anchored.

Mandava had no pier; and our large boat could not get very near to the land. My servants signalled and shouted for a canoe to take us ashore. No response, till I joined them. The appearance of the European expedited matters. Then came an apology and rebuke in one. 'We had no idea there was a Saheb on board: Sahebs don't come in such boats.' Mandava is mainly an agricultural village. I erected my wee tent close by. A good many visitors came. I tried to discover what religious instruction these villagers had. It amounted to nothing. As for worship, they said they went to the temple sometimes on Mondays, and very rarely on pilgrimage.

Rewas was a large village to the west. I set off to visit it early in the afternoon—Reuben, one of our Israelite pupils, accompanying me. We soon meet a plain man; is he a Hindu? No, he is an Israelite; we know from his having no sectarial mark on his forehead, and from a lock of hair on each side of his head, playing in the breeze. He had a pot of oil on his head. We stopped him: 'Ah you are a Teli (oilman) evidently.' 'Yes.' 'An Israelite?' 'Yes.' 'What does that imply?' He answered good-

humouredly, 'I am not a bookish man.' 'Who was Abraham?' 'One of our Israelites.' 'Who was David?' No answer. 'What!' said Reuben, 'you don't know about the Prophet David?' 'Oh yes; he was one of ours, too.' Then he broke out—'Sir, don't think me a Hindu.' 'Perhaps you are one of the Musulmans.' 'No, no.' 'What is the difference between your people and them?' 'We circumcise on the eighth day; they much later.' 'What do you know about your religion?' 'Very little. When the Kazi comes to my house to perform any religious ceremony, he reads away at his book; and I cry out *Amin.*' 'What does that mean?' 'I don't know.' 'Do you observe the Sabbath?' 'Certainly.' 'How?' 'On Friday afternoon all work stops. Next day we kindle no fire. I must not taste my *hooka* even.' 'Now, suppose your bullock fell into a pit, would you draw it out?' 'No.' 'But if it must die, if you do not.' 'Oh! that is God's matter, not ours.' (I simply transcribe my notes; I make no comment on this assertion about the bullock, which was doubtless true.) 'Do you worship the Hindu gods?' 'No, no.' 'Did your people once do it?' 'Ah! but that's all over now.'

I have given this conversation at full length. It will supply a pretty clear idea of the mental condition of the common village Israelites as they were at that time. Since then there has been advancement—especially in the matter of education; yet not much in the country districts.

At the village of Saral we proceeded to the house of the Patel (headman). The women kindly brought lamps, and remained to hear the address. I asked if any European ever came to the village. 'Now and then one may come to hunt.' I could not hear of a missionary having been there. The people were dull, but quiet and

respectful. Reuben overheard them saying to one another that what the Saheb had said was all right. Poor people! how much did they comprehend? and how much would they remember?

Back to Mandava, under a full moon that seemed like a great globe of fire hung down out of heaven.

The Holi festival—the most distressing of all the festivals—was about to begin. We heard, on our return, singing not far off. Reuben went to inquire. There were six women there, moving about slowly, three on each side, and singing, but without any instrument. These were not 'dancing-girls'; they were respectable, married women; and their dancing, if dancing it could be called, like the accompanying songs, was entirely unobjectionable. And be it observed each woman was an *improvisatrice* in turn. The words ran thus:—

> 'The day after to-morrow begins the Holi feast;
> Come, gossips all, and let us dance';

and then each woman told what her husband had given her in the shape of dress, 'for the feast of the Holi decking me out.'

The Holi was, in all probability, a spring-festival, the original object of which was to celebrate the return of warmer days—which was a matter of great importance when the Hindus lived in Northern India. To celebrate the reviving life of Nature was in itself a most natural thing; but the festival, which lasts for ten days, is celebrated, as it goes on, with obscene and riotous excess. On the last day a respectable woman can hardly leave her own house; if she does, she is assailed with the vilest language conceivable.

On to Kehim, or Kem. People called in considerable numbers. I walked out early in the afternoon. There

were at least twenty Brahman houses. A considerable number of Brahmans gathered round me—all wonderfully fair in complexion, and very respectably clad. I asked how things were getting on. 'Very ill,' said they; 'no work for us; no *dakshina*' (gifts to Brahmans). 'Are you ill off?' 'As nearly starving as may be.' 'I am sorry for you.' 'Your pity does us no good.' 'Were you much better off before?' 'Certainly, under the Hindu Government.' 'Yes, but remember that the Maratha Government, which was kind to Brahmans, robbed nearly all the rest of India.' 'Well, but we were speaking of the Native Government here.' 'And,' said they, 'though learning has perished, and all of us are obliged to turn farmers, we are miserably off.' Yes, no doubt the change in their circumstances had greatly tried them. To the British rulers a Brahman is no more than an ordinary Hindu.

These Brahmans did not care to talk on religion; but I was glad that we parted as friends. I went on and stopped at a Wani's (banyan's) shop. A considerable number of middle-class men assembled. All were friendly. Soon the question of images came up. 'Why worship them?' I asked. 'We believe in them.' "Will your belief change them to gods?' 'You call them stones; to you they are stones. We call them gods; and to us they are gods.' 'You call them so; but are they?' 'Certainly, if only we have faith in them.' After some further discussion they seemed to see the folly of this assertion. 'But,' said they, 'how can we worship without an image? Our mind wanders without it; an image fixes it.' 'But does the image at all resemble God?' 'Well, no; but the worship paid to the image somehow reaches God.' A Shenavi Brahman here broke in: 'Friends, the sum-total of the Padre's preaching is this, "Cast your own religion to the dogs, and take ours."'

'My friends,' I said, 'that is not the right way of putting it. We are all sick—Europeans and Hindus alike. You are using a medicine that will do you little good; we missionaries bring you one that never failed to cure.' There was a general half-murmur of assent.

On to Alibag, where in the sea stood the fortress of the late chieftain Angria, which was still occupied by the women of the family. Some Israelites speedily called. Among other things I tried to discover what expectations they had of Messiah's coming. These were not very definite; but they certainly thought that Elijah would be the herald of His advent. I had conversation with a retired *subhedar*—a native officer—living on his pension. I found that a good many Israelites were in the army. He and others said they read the New Testament in Marathi. Evidently, however, Jews from Cochin come amongst our Israelites and influence them considerably. I was told that, when they abandoned idolatry, the Kolis and others offered to purchase their gods, but that they refused to sell them. They broke them in pieces, stamped them under foot, and then flung the fragments away.

An unexpected visit was paid me by some Brahmans who came to tell me their grievances. They said they were the established clergy of the district, but that certain classes had left them. These people had asked them to conduct certain ceremonies and repeat certain prayers in a way they could not agree to. 'Whereupon,' said they, 'we have been summarily dismissed, and Brahmans are employed who do not belong to the district.' 'Then you have no redress?' I said. 'We excommunicate them; that is all we can do; but they never mind.' 'Government declines to interfere, I suppose.' 'Your Government declines; the Native Government would have

supported the proper parish priests and punished interlopers.' I wondered greatly why these Brahmans had poured out their hearts to a missionary. Probably they hoped that I would intercede on their behalf with the collector, Mr. Jones; but they did not ask this, nor did I offer it. Their complaint was natural, poor men. A regular fee had to be paid for each family ceremony, as performed at child-birth, marriage, or death; and their finances had considerably decreased through the coming in of those dissenters.

I was able to preach without much interruption in the town; but the excitement of the Holi festival made the audience more restless than I could have wished.

Next morning I was awakened, as day was breaking, by the screaming notes of the kokil (a sort of cuckoo) ringing through the grove. Too late a start; but where are the bullocks? Everything seemed out of joint that day. No Hindu would work. At last came two Israelites with buffaloes and a dilapidated cart. It was Hobson's choice; this or nothing. We moved south.

We overtook a Brahman, a clerk with papers in hand. It seemed no holiday to him. He soon poured out his complaint. 'We are very ill off; there is little or no work.' 'The soil is very rich,' I said; 'why don't your people become farmers or gardeners?' 'The produce now is small; the rains have become scanty.' 'Is that a fact?' 'Undoubtedly; and the fault is with your Government—it is irreligious.' 'But would heaven punish *you* for the fault of the Government?' 'Certainly; don't you know that when the Raja is bad, the *praja* (people) suffer?' The man was earnest, almost vehement. He must be silenced if he could not be convinced; for people were listening, and such assertions do mischief. I then asked, 'When did this unhappy state of things begin?' 'With

the downfall of the Native Government.' 'When you had a Native Government, heaven was pleased, and all were prosperous and happy?' 'Most certainly so.' 'Well, then, why did heaven punish such a righteous and happy people by allowing those dreadful foreigners to come in?' He hesitated; and I went on to say: 'Whatever the faults of the English Government may be, you ought to remember your own. Here are you, intelligent Brahmans, teaching the people to worship such gods as Ganpati with his elephant's head, and Maruti with his long tail. That is a dreadful sin.' The man went away, muttering something which I did not overhear. I confess I was not particularly happy. I had not kept my resolution never to part from a native without kindly feelings. The man was angry; and I had nearly lost my temper. Hard words against missionaries I was quite prepared for; but an unjust and violent attack on Government by one who apparently was a servant of Government had upset my philosophy, and in my tone I knew there was asperity. We ought to make allowance for such cases. This Brahman was evidently an acute, clever man, who, under a native Government, might have risen to a place which he will never fill under ours. How can we expect loyalty in any strong sense from such men? Government must be satisfied with submission. Moreover, we must remember that a man like this, who has received nothing that can properly be called education, has his mind crammed full of hereditary prejudice. But that is his misfortune—hardly his fault.

As I was moving through the town of Revadanda (better known in history as Chaul), I overtook a party of religious mendicants. They belonged to the school of Pandharpur, of which I shall speak by and by. Their great tenet was that we reach heaven by the way, not

of knowledge, nor of works, but of devotion. There were three men; one had a *vīna* (a kind of lute), another the *tāl* (cymbals), and the third a kind of drum. They accompanied themselves as they sang:—

'Equal to ten million cows gifted to Brahmans,
Equal to the celebration of ten sacrifices of the horse,
Is a single proclamation of the name of Rāma.'

I offered these men a book or two; but—what was rather singular—they declined accepting. They were quite satisfied with their own system. They were worshippers of Vishnu, of whom Rama is an *avatar*. Immediately after arrived two men of a very different school—worshippers of Shiva. One of them was a Rajput who had been a religious mendicant since he was thirteen years of age—more than twenty years ago. The other had lately joined him, because he had quarrelled with his family and had nothing to do. These two men seemed grossly ignorant; but they called themselves holy men who had renounced the world, and were serving God by travelling from shrine to shrine and living on the alms of the people.

I remained nearly ten days in Revadanda—making daily excursions into the neighbouring villages. One day my Israelite companion and I visited the territory of the Habshi (Abyssinian), chief of Janjira. We remained at the village Salava. The inhabitants seemed less civilised and more wretched than the people in British territory. A considerable number of them assembled under the shade of a large tree. There was Bapdeva (father-god), the tutelary deity of the village,—a stone not large, covered with red and white streaks of paint. 'And who is this beside him?' 'Salubāī his wife.' A good many women came round us; and conspicuous among them was the Patel's wife, with her child carried on her hip. After

speaking of the true God as one, and receiving the confession that He gave them every blessing they had, I said—gently, I thought—'Therefore it is He you are to thank, not this Bapdeva. Having Him on your side, you have no need of this stone.' The women became angry. 'How wicked in the gentleman,' cried the Patel's wife, 'to bid us forsake Bapdeva!' I appealed to her own confession that God did all for her. 'Yes,' cried she eagerly; 'but Bapdeva is His sepoy. What this Israelite is to you, that is Bapdeva to God.' She then went away in high displeasure, carrying all the women with her. I had tried to avoid hurting her feelings; but in vain. I resumed my discourse; and the people were attending in a sort of passive way, when an old woman came in front of me, and after much ceremony laid down a vessel containing a lighted lamp, rice, a cocoanut, and some molasses, at my feet. This is considered an act of homage to be rendered to an idol or sometimes to a religious teacher. 'Forbear, good woman,' I cried; 'I am not one of your gods, or your Brahmans either.' But Hindu etiquette required that I should put something into the dish. The old woman and the others were evidently waiting for it. I was completely nonplussed. I had no silver; nor had my companion Reuben any. 'I came to speak about the true God,' I said; 'I desire no present.' The men, whose attention I had been striving to keep awake, all brightened up in a moment. 'So great a Saheb, and no cash!' cried they; 'oh! you 'll give the old lady five rupees at least.' I rummaged my pockets, turned them inside out, and showed them that the extent of my wealth was four pice (about three half-pence), which I gave: and the old woman seemed satisfied. The thread of my discourse was broken; and when I would fain have gone on again, the little boys began to run about, and I had to gain the

people's attention by producing a few books. These are trifles; why do I mention them? To give the reader a clear idea of village preaching in India. It is a very different thing from standing in a pulpit in England and having all the talk to yourself.

At a village near Revadanda, the Patel of which was a singularly intelligent man, after I had preached to attentive people for half an hour, the Patel said, 'If the religion you preach is as you say the only true religion, why does not the Government tell us to follow it?' I had sometimes heard that question before. To answer it to the satisfaction of the Patel was not an easy matter; and I doubt if I succeeded in the attempt. I came in contact repeatedly with a race known as Katkaris (or Katodis). It was in prison I saw them; they would have fled from me, if I had met them out of it! They are a wild race, living in the jungles. These were, both men and women, in prison for theft. I tried to find out their ideas on religion. They spoke chiefly of the rising sun as their deity; but the names of some of the gods of the common Maratha people were known to them. They are accused of witchcraft; but this they strongly deny. I tried to show them that stealing was wrong. Some of them said, 'What could we do? We were starving.' Others more boldly cried, 'Our religion does not forbid us to steal.' The native officials spoke very unkindly of them. 'These people are like beasts,' said the Hindu attendant. They never call for the religious services of the Brahmans. Their language was a harsh Marathi—pronounced in a kind of sing-song. I felt very sorry for these poor Katkaris, for whose spiritual good little can be done, and whose life must necessarily be a very hard one. They collect sticks and jungle produce—particularly a kind of gum—and sell them to the villagers.

Walking through the town of Revadanda I saw that in several places there was a small watered path leading from the door of the house to the street. I asked my Israelite companion to explain the meaning of it. He answered: 'There is smallpox in those houses; and the inmates are anxious to get rid of the goddess that inflicts the disease. The house is painfully warm inside; they think that when the goddess sees the cool and pleasant path leading outside, she will be glad to go along it and so reach the street.' 'But when she reaches the sandy, hot street, will she not take the cool path back again?' 'True,' said my companion; 'but they never think of that.' I thought I had never heard of anything more childish or more pathetic.

I became well acquainted with the headman of the Bhandari caste (toddy-drawers). He had a good house, and was evidently well off. He was friendly, but afraid to speak on the subject of religion. When I asked him about his belief: 'We believe,' said he, 'what the Brahmans tell us.' There really seemed, in his case, a total abnegation of reason; he neither could, nor would, think for himself. I begged him as headman to collect as many of his caste as possible, and bring them to see me. He did collect a good many, but he brought a Brahman too. The Brahman was talkative. He seemed resolved to prevent the people answering my questions,—so that little came of the interview. How marvellous from the outset, and from very small beginnings, has been the growth of priestly power in India! The Brahmans were at first only the men of prayer, the reciters of the sacred texts; and they have become, and are actually called, gods on earth! Theirs is the most selfish, unrelenting despotism that the world has ever seen.

I had taken up my residence in the fort, having found

it comparatively cool. The seaward wall had large gaps in it; and the sea-breeze could enter. But what a scene of desolation was all around! There had been large, imposing churches here—erected by Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, and Augustinians. I found refuge in one close to the sea, which seemed to have been the Cathedral or *Matriz*. But it was quite ruinous; and the peepul-tree —the *ficus religiosa*—had run all over it and struck its fibres into every cranny—beautifying, indeed, the building, but tearing it to pieces. Nunneries, too, had been here; they were still distinguishable from the fallen, and falling, churches. My spirits sank as I contemplated the destruction that had already taken place, and which would, in a few years, reduce those once stately buildings to a chaos.

I cannot take time to dwell on the history of Chaul. A tremendous sea-fight occurred here in 1508 between the Mohammadans and Portuguese; in which, as Ferishta the Mohammadan chronicler, gravely assures us, 'five hundred Turks received the crown of martyrdom, while five thousand of the infidels were sent to the infernal regions.'

A terrible siege was sustained in 1570, and sustained victoriously. Deeds of the most splendid valour were, in those early days, of continual occurrence. The lofty spirit of Prince Henry the Navigator and of Alfonso de Albuquerque seemed for some time to animate alike the sailors and the soldiers. Why did not the heroic spirit last? Alas! it is not always true that *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*. But I need not dwell on this subject; I have already referred to the causes of Portugal's lamentable decline and fall.[1]

I was a good deal amazed one day by a question

[1] Dr. Gerson da Cunha has a work on Chaul and Bassein which is full of valuable information.

gravely put by a respectable Hindu visitor: 'Are you not afraid to live in this old church?' 'Why should I be?' 'It is haunted—full of bhutas' (demons). 'I have not seen any; they have not disturbed me.' 'Ah! you are an Englishman; that's the reason.' 'But there is my cook, a Portuguese; my horse-keeper, a Hindu; and my horse—not an Englishman at all events.' 'Oh! these are all under your protection; and therefore the demons don't come near you.' I begged the man not to speak to my people about demons, as I feared they might begin to see them. And certainly, when the darkness came on, the old, ruinous church seemed as *eerie* a place as 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk'—for the dead were sleeping all around us. But they slept quietly; and we were undisturbed.

The town and fort of Revadanda were ceded to the victorious Marathas in 1740. Thereafter the Roman Catholic inhabitants seem all gradually to have left the place. Most of those in good circumstances went to Goa; the poorer seem to have moved across the creek to a village called Korle. The old church of Korle stands rather conspicuous; and I resolved to go to it on a Sunday morning, and, if allowed, address the people.

I had to cross the creek in a small boat. One of the boatmen looked very strange; 'was he quite sane?' 'He can pull,' they said. So we started. Soon I heard the man muttering *Ingrez hai* (he is an Englishman). This being repeated, I asked my Israelite companion whether the man was dissatisfied with my presence. 'Quite the contrary,' was the reply: 'the demons are plaguing him; and he tells them he will complain to you if they don't let him alone.' The words were occasionally repeated; the demons seemed to be frightened away for a few minutes, and then to come back as badly as ever.

Viewed from Revadanda, the church of Korle, standing on a slight eminence, is a pleasing object. On coming up to it I found the building hastening to decay. It was Sunday morning. Not finding the people at worship, I proceeded to the dwelling of the priest. He was a man of thirty-five or thereabout. He himself received me at the door with a kindly welcome, and offered to have some tea prepared. He was from Goa, with very little trace of European features. He evidently guessed that I was a Protestant minister; and though he seemed for a moment rather embarrassed, he remained as polite as before. He spoke Goanese Marathi; and we found that we got on in Marathi better than in Latin. He became communicative, and volunteered information on various points. He said he found Korle a dull place; no priest, no Christian village was near; and a visit to Bombay was expensive. He was paid only twenty-nine rupees (nearly £3) a month by the British Government; and what his flock gave him in addition at births, deaths, and marriages came to very little. I asked when the people would assemble for service. 'In an hour,' said he; 'but if you desire it, I shall summon them immediately.' I begged him not to alter his customary arrangements. I then asked whether he would allow me to address the people for a few minutes either in or out of church. 'What would you say?' he asked with some quickness. 'Nothing contrary to the Word of God, I promise you.' 'But your religion is different from ours.' 'Yes, in some things; not in those I wish to speak about.' 'You do not believe in Christ's divinity,' said he. I expressed my astonishment that a man educated at Goa could say so. 'Then you hold only three sacraments.' I said we held only two; and explained. He then asked me to inspect the church. 'We cannot repair it ourselves; and we have vainly

asked the English Government to do so.' We entered. All was very plain, except the altar, which had been lately done up by a Portuguese from Bombay, and was gaudy and in bad taste. There stood conspicuous the Virgin, crowned, with star-spangled robe, and with her infant, uncrowned, in her arms. There, too, stood St. Antony and St. Francis (not Xavier). I looked for an image of the Saviour. There was one a little way off in a recess, as large as life; but oh! those features! They were utterly meaningless. Two crucifixes and six tall candles were also beside the altar.

The priest put on his robes, and the service proceeded. The audience kept dropping in slowly. The sexes seated themselves apart—the women nearest the altar. Their countenances were for the most part gentle and sedate. About forty were present—all dressed nearly alike, with faded mantles of the same coloured pattern, covering the head and upper part of the body. The service was in Latin and unintelligible (as I ascertained) to all but the priest. None had books; I believe none could read; but the men joined in the chants. Children were sprawling about; and their unrepressed cries and vagaries were a considerable interruption. Two women — no men — partook of the consecrated wafer.

Another part of the service considerably relieved the painful feeling which was in my mind. The priest sat down on a chair immediately in front of the audience, and facing them. He now spoke in Marathi without book or note of any kind, in a natural, easy style. He related the early history of Joseph; and afterwards went rapidly over the story of the Prodigal Son. He drew no spiritual lesson from either narrative; but the stories were well told, and the audience was attentive.

When the service was over, I again begged permission

to address a few words to the people. He refused point-blank. I assured him I meant to inculcate repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. He hurriedly answered, 'These things they know already.'

We then went to his house. He first refreshed himself with tea; for no food had he that day previously tasted. Then he showed me his books. They consisted of an old copy of the Vulgate Bible, and Portuguese versions of Massillon's *Petit Carême*, Chateaubriand's *Genie du Christianisme*, and a few others. 'Have you any of Augustine's works?' 'No.' 'Any more books?' 'Perhaps one or two in the garret.' He mentioned that his sermon, or sermons, on Joseph and the Prodigal Son had been taken from a Portuguese work. I asked, 'Do you teach your people to read?' 'No; it is enough if they hear.'

I sought to impress on the mind of the priest the sole sufficiency of Christ as a Saviour. He admitted this in general terms; but he earnestly combated the deductions I drew from it. He defended the invocation of the Virgin by the daring assertion, 'She can command her Son' (as the old hymn expresses it, *monstra te esse matrem*). He very strongly asserted the entire sinlessness of the Virgin. I asked proof; and he quoted the Vulgate translation of Genesis iii. 15, *ipsa* for *it, i.e.* SHE *shall bruise;* and that text, he said, could refer only to 'our Lady.' I of course told him that the *ipsa* was an entire mistranslation, and that the pronoun and verb in the Hebrew were neither of them in the feminine. Of Hebrew, however, as I had feared, he knew nothing; and as for Greek, he might have said with the old monk, *Graecum est; non potest legi.* 'Yours,' he continued, 'is a very easy religion; no fasts, no early or late services,' etc. I spoke of the sanctification of the soul, the inward fight against evil; self-crucifixion and self-sacrifice. He seemed

My tours in the Alibag district were chiefly along the coast. But occasionally I ascended one of the creeks I have been speaking of. I have a most delightful remembrance of a voyage of full twenty miles up the Revadanda inlet. Hume and I once started about three P.M. when the tide began to flow, and swept splendidly along the winding channel, borne partly by the rushing tide and partly by the sea-breeze, past headland and village and shrine, amid flocks of screaming parroquets, crows, and other birds—everything bathed in the glory of the declining sun. We examined our Israelite school of Rohe Ashtami next morning; and after that, as the sea-breeze had not set in and the hot season was far advanced, we were fain to seek some relief from the intolerable heat by throwing vessels of water, as cold as we could get it, at each other. It was refreshing when we got back to the ruinous old church at Revadanda, near the broken seaward wall, and with the cool sea-breeze sweeping through the mouldering pile.

CHAPTER XVIII

FOURTH MISSIONARY TOUR—NASIK AND TRYAMBAK

THE cold season (1857) was at hand; and I hoped that my wife might be so far restored to health as to return to India. She had gone from Ross-shire to Edinburgh to consult Dr. (Sir James) Simpson. He would have preferred her remaining another year at home, but admitted that it was not an absolute necessity, and consented to her passage being taken for Bombay. She rejoicingly proceeded back to her father's manse to make all needful preparations. She went by steamer to Oban and then by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness. Unhappily winter had set in prematurely; the cold was intense; the steamer was still in its summer trim; and my poor wife caught a fearful cold which the physicians thought likely to be fatal.

Of all this I at the time knew nothing; as yet, there was no telegraph between Britain and India. When the steamer was signalled I hastened on board. 'There's a Mrs. Mitchell here?' I said to the first officer I met. 'Mrs. Mitchell? There is no lady of that name on board.' I need not describe my feelings. People were coming on board to welcome relatives and friends; and gladsome greetings were heard all around. What could I say or do? I had to go to my lonely home and wait long weary hours till some explanation should come by post. It came next morning in a letter from my mother-in-law.

She was evidently full of anxiety, though she would fain have concealed it. Our beloved M— was very ill indeed. There were only monthly mails in those days. I need not speak of that month's anxiety. Next mail brought me a short note written by my wife in pencil; it was all she was equal to. Each succeeding mail, if it spoke of progress, spoke of it as imperceptibly slow. All this implied at least another year of separation and suffering. Tennyson speaks of 'the hard mechanic exercise' of verse-making as 'lulling pain.' Even so I found that hard work helped in a measure to relieve mental suffering.

This year a great pilgrimage, which recurs only once in twelve years, was to be held near Nasik in the Dakhan (Deccan). My friend Hume and I resolved to visit the place and preach to the pilgrims.

Pilgrimages to holy places were not known to the early Hindus. No spots were considered permanently holy; though a piece of ground could be enclosed and set apart for a special religious service. The conception of sacred places and pilgrimages hardly comes forward in the history of Hinduism till about 200 years B.C.

It is surely very remarkable that two things, Caste and Pilgrimage, which are now so exceedingly prominent, are simply innovations—additions to the system of the Vedas. Very deplorable additions they are. One frequently meets with the opinion that a religion is like a muddy stream which gradually runs itself pure. Assuredly Hinduism has not been like this. Vedic, that is, original Hinduism, was far less corrupt than Puranic and popular Hinduism—Hinduism as it now is.

But in Mohammadanism pilgrimage has been prescribed from the outset; indeed it existed before Mohammad's time. He seems to have desired to get rid of the old

heathen pilgrimage to the Kaaba, but to have found it impossible. When pilgrimage was first established, the faith of Islam was limited to Arabia; and the evils of the custom were comparatively insignificant. Now the Hajj (pilgrimage) is becoming a terror to the world. Facilities of travelling have been greatly multiplied; and of these the pilgrims eagerly avail themselves. The number of pilgrims annually visiting Mecca will soon be half a million.[1] There is immense privation—immense suffering—from varied causes at Mecca. Disease, in the dreadful form of plague, frequently breaks out; multitudes perish miserably, and the pestilence spreads from Mecca far and wide. European governments ought to interfere and to compel Turkey to make tolerable sanitary arrangements; yet, when fanaticism is at fever heat, interference is extremely difficult.

With regard to pilgrims from India, Government has done what it can to secure their comfort; but they form only a fraction of the crowds that assemble at the 'holy city.'

The tour which I am about to describe was in what is called the Dakhan (Deccan). The Maratha country consists of two different portions—the Konkan and the Deccan. The former is a low-lying rugged tract along the sea-coast, extending inland about thirty miles. It ends abruptly in the Sahyadri hills—the western Ghauts—which consist of huge masses of basaltic rock, in many places perpendicular. Opposite Bombay they are about 2000 feet high; but the range increases in height as it runs south. From the Ghauts the country slopes gently towards the Bay of Bengal.

In the Deccan, palm-trees, we have said, are seldom seen.

[1] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 1895.

In the Konkan they meet the eye continually—standing singly or in groups. They love the sea-coast. Tennyson says—

> 'Crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
> Whisper in odorous heights of even.'

Yes; but, where the sea-breeze blows strong, they *rustle* with a dull metallic sound. Especially so the stalwart Palmyra, the *Borassus flabelliformis*.

In the upland region the villages are all walled. They had good cause to be so; for, times without number, invaders—foreign or native—have swept over the land. The low-lying Konkan, hilly and not easily accessible, could hardly be attacked unless by sea; and except a few of the larger places, the towns and villages are unwalled and generally straggling.

There are many places of pilgrimage scattered over India. The two most frequently heard of are Puri in Orissa, with its notorious temple of Jagannath (Juggernaut) and Benares, the most sacred shrine connected with the Ganges. The whole Ganges, indeed, is holy, from Haridwar (or Hardwar), where it breaks out of its native mountain ranges into the plains, down to Ganga Sagar, where it enters the ocean. But the belief exists that its glory is to pass away erelong.[1] It is sometimes said that the Narmadā (Nerbudda) is to take its place; but this appears a very improbable guess. There are few points in which that stream can rival the mighty Ganges. Like all Indian rivers, the Nerbudda is formidable enough in the rains; but it is insignificant in the end of the dry season. I already said that I once rode across it on pony-

[1] Shore, in his *Notes on Indian Affairs* (vol. ii. p. 468), writes thus: 'There are various traditions indicating a time when the Brahmanical creed shall be cast aside. . . . One is that the sanctity of Hardwar will cease in about sixty-four years from the present time.' Shore wrote this in 1835, exactly sixty-four years ago.

back only sixty miles from its mouth. This was in the month of May.

We have three rivers in the Maratha country that are famous for their *tirths* (places of pilgrimage)—the Godavari, the Krishnā, and the Bhima. At present I speak only of the first.

My friend Hume was my companion on a visit which I paid to Nasik and Tryambak. Nasik is in Brahmanical eyes a very holy city, as having been, for a time, the residence of the warrior-god Rama when exiled from his father's court. His wife Sita, the purest character in Hindu mythology, was with him, until she was carried off by Ravana, the demon-king of Lankā (Ceylon). The story of Sita's sufferings has very deeply impressed the mind of India. The poet Valmiki has embodied it in the melodious Ramayana, one of the two great Sanskrit epics; and translations or imitations of this work exist in all the chief vernacular languages. Valmiki was a true poet; and there is both grace and pathos in the Ramayana. The Hindu woman's heart is deeply touched by the tale of sorrow. When Ravana snatches her away during her husband's absence, poor Sita exclaims:

'O Janasthāna's flowering bowers, my dear and happy haunts, farewell!
When Rama to his cot returns, his sorrowing Sita's story tell!
And thou, my loved Godavari, where whilom I so often strayed
And watched thy flocks of water-fowl and heard their wild songs as they played,
Let thy sad waters murmur it, as home he wanders by thy shore,
And tell him with their mournful plash his Sita meets his steps no more.'[1]

It is very deplorable that in many parts of India the legend of Krishna and his multitudinous mistresses, which

[1] I quote these lines from an old number of the *Westminster Review*.

was invented at a later time, has in a large measure displaced the story of the banished but heroic Rama and the pure-hearted, much-enduring Sita.

We were kindly received at the Church Missionary Society Mission House at Nasik. Only one of the missionaries was at home; the rest, I think, were absent on tours. We were anxious to press on to Tryambak; but even a glance at Nasik was full of interest. There, at a little distance was Rama's bed, to which there is asserted to be a subterranean passage from his temple—a thing highly improbable. It is a hill, level on the top. Here is the temple of Rama—splendid with its gilded pinnacle and the spacious court around—a flag, now white, fluttering in the breeze from the summit of the temple. We were told that fifteen lacs of rupees had been spent, seventy-five years ago, on the temple by a Maratha sardar (chieftain). Scarcely less striking was a temple of Shiva with endless ornaments, all freshly decorated. On the top we found a bell with the date 1721;—how came it here? It had been brought from a church at Bassein when that once important city was captured by the Marathas from the Portuguese. Poor prisoner! we could not help grieving over its fate. But we were glad to learn that no use was made of it in summoning the Hindus to worship; it hangs there simply as a trophy of Hindu success over the Christians.

As the holy season extended over the whole year in this case, the number of pilgrims at any particular time was not very large. Still, a good many people were bathing; and the *Gangaputra* (sons of the river)—all Brahmans—were moving about with their notebooks in their hands. They were looking for their clients—parishioners, one might say. They questioned each newly-arrived pilgrim as to his village, his family, his name—

looking over their notebooks to see if any mention was made in them of the man or his relatives. There was a shout of delight when any son of Ganga discovered that the pilgrim belonged to him. His duty was to convey the man and those accompanying him to a suitable lodging, and by-and-by act as his priest in the performance of the needful ceremonies. There is no fixed rate of payment; it is a matter of bargain between the priest and his client. It varies according to the supposed power of the pilgrim to pay. From well-to-do people the officiating Brahmans will get at least a hundred rupees each, many will get twice as much, not a few still more. Baiza bai, a Maratha princess (connected with the Maharaja of Gwalior), was said to have lately given to her officiating Brahman the sum of six thousand rupees. Every Brahman in the place got at least one rupee from her; a man of any learning, four. 'A bad woman,' said the mission Pundit; 'she drinks wine and eats fish.' The lady curtained off part of the stream when she bathed.

As we moved about, looking on, the 'sons of the river' met us with scowling looks. Certainly we could not wonder. They knew we were missionaries. We learned that there were nearly 2000 Brahman families in Nasik, two-thirds of whom drew their livelihood from priestly services connected chiefly with the river. When we spoke kindly to them, they did not complain of our conduct as offensive to Heaven, but as cruel to themselves; they said we were trying to take the bread out of their mouths. When they would listen to us, we explained our motives in preaching; and we seemed to convince one or two that we were acting in obedience to our religion in so doing. But the most of them kept sullenly aloof from the foreigners who had come to reduce them to beggary. It was a strange and painful position for us. We thought of what the feelings

of the Master must have been when it was said of Him, 'Thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil.'

We learned that, about thirty years before, there were about two hundred young Brahmans in Nasik employed in studying the Vedas. They studied five or six hours a day, and this for about twelve years. They thus committed a very large portion of the sacred book to memory, but without comprehending a single sentence; the Sanskrit of the Veda being as different from ordinary Sanskrit as the language of King Alfred is from modern English. When we visited Nasik, it was believed the number of such students had fallen to less than fifty. At the time I write (1899), I presume there may not be more than five or six. A most happy change. It is hard to conceive a more entire waste of the human mind than the traditional study (so called) of the Vedic hymns. We heard female voices singing on the other side of the Godavari. The sounds proceeded from a company of five or six women who had set out to make *pradakshinā* of the river—that is, to walk from its source to its junction with the ocean, and return to its source—always keeping the right hand towards it. Large numbers of pilgrims do this, although it takes about seven months to complete the double journey. They go in companies varying from five to ten persons. But our destination was Tryambak, which was about twenty miles up the stream. Accompanied by Ramakrishna, a Brahman convert of the Mission, we left Nasik at night on pony-back. We rested during the night in a village *chavadi*, half-way between Nasik and Tryambak, and slept on the floor. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a rat running over my face. Happily it was not a snake, as it might easily have been in that tumble-down place. We started early next morning, and reached Tryambak soon after sunrise. In the

space of an hour we met ten bullock carts which had just quitted Tryambak, each filled with pilgrims. As we approached the village, long lines of encampments appeared on both sides of the road—dwellings rudely constructed of straw for the accommodation of the religious mendicants, known by the comprehensive name of Gosavis. There seemed to be fully a thousand of these men, who are deemed peculiarly holy, as having forsworn the world and dedicated themselves to the service of God exclusively. Such are 'the religious' (*les religieux*) of Hinduism. These men told us they had come from Northern India.

The holy village of Tryambak looked in no way remarkable, but the features of nature around it were exceedingly impressive. We saw right before us a lofty semicircular sweep of hills, from which, even at this season, innumerable streams were trickling, to be collected in five or six tanks in and around the village. Tryambak is near the base of a great precipice. A cannon is fired thrice a day from the chief temple in honour of Shiva, the tutelar deity, and the report awakens a thousand echoes; it rolls and roars all round the vast enclosure. How tremendous must be the rebellowings of the thunder at the commencement of the monsoon in this narrow space! There is one proud temple here, that of Tryambakeshwar, 'the Lord of Tryambak.' Its architecture is elaborate, and the spacious enclosure round it is partly paved with marble. The temple is supported by an endowment yielding twelve thousand rupees annually, paid out of Government revenues. This unhappy state of things arose thus. When the British conquered the Marathas and took possession of their country, they undertook to maintain existing religious establishments. I do not now inquire how far this was morally right; but, considering the vast influence the Brahmans still

continued to exert, it was thought politically wise. In the year 1863 the Indian Government withdrew from the direct control it had till then exercised over the endowments of temples and mosques. It had, indeed, to a considerable extent done so before, in accordance with the requirements of a despatch from the Court of Directors in 1833. Endowments that had been managed by Government were handed over to the care of native trustees.[1]

We were allowed to put up in a grove belonging to a Musulman. We noticed a perpetual stream of people ascending a somewhat steep slope leading to a part of the mountain that rose almost perpendicularly for several hundred feet—all black, basaltic rock. The place where the water first appeared at the base of the rock they called Gangā dwār, the 'gate' of the goddess-river. We were told that the original fountain, 'the cow's mouth,' was far up on the mountain top—that, after showing itself, the water disappeared in the earth and reappeared at Gangā dwār; but we discovered afterwards that this could not be true. Up to the point of the supposed reappearance, a continuous line of pilgrims ascending and returning was visible all day. Men and women, boys and girls—even children that had to be carried—were thus visiting the holy spot. We met among them several intelligent lads from Bombay, who appeared somewhat disconcerted when asked what had brought them there. There were several from the Elphinstone Institution—the Government seminary; and though none of our own Institution came in our way, we could hardly suppose that none were there.

A Brahman presided over the place where the spring

[1] One is sorry to see that in the 'National Social Conference,' held in Calcutta, January 1897, it was unanimously recommended that the Indian Government should repeal the Act of 1863, and again become the custodian of all religious endowments.

was trickling forth, and, with a small brass spoon, he dispensed of the holy water to all applicants. They received it in the palm of the hand, and drank it. On a flat stone before him were ostentatiously displayed the offerings which the pilgrims had made that day. There were a few rupees, more half-rupees, and some smaller coins. The pilgrims who had that day climbed up the toilsome ascent were chiefly poor Kunbis—cultivators.

We were struck by the appearance of an image in a bright-coloured, glaring dress. We asked who had given the dress. 'You did,' was the answer. 'We? when?' 'Your Government every year renews these garments.' We hastened to say that we had no connection with Government; we were not responsible for its acts, nor was it for ours. It is often needful to mention this, both for the sake of the Government and of the missionaries themselves.

The side of the mountain was clothed with trees of beautifully varied foliage; and creepers, which, during the rains, had flourished in indescribable luxuriance, still survived in sufficient numbers to add rich beauty to the scene.

It was a lovely afternoon, the sky absolutely cloudless, and the descending sun poured a flood of mellow golden light over the far-extending landscape. The silence, when we moved away from the pilgrims,—the utter repose of those vast mountain masses—

> 'Where even the motion of an angel's wing
> Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
> Of silent hills and more than silent sky,'

—it sank into our inmost soul. Not a breath of wind was stirring. Nature was wrapt in sleep, or rather in silent adoration, and yet it seemed to us as if that silence were

body. As I pushed on, they dragged me down till my face—at least my mouth and nostrils—were under water. I struggled vehemently forward; but that made matters worse. The question flashed into my mind, 'Is this death?' but at that instant, before I could answer my own question, Ramkrishna, the convert who had come with us from Nasik, appeared on the bank. He saw the position of things at a glance, and, with immense presence of mind, took off his turban in a moment, untwisted its folds, and flung with all his strength the knotted end towards me. I could just catch it; and then my struggles, aided by the pull from the bank, were sufficient to break my chains. I got safe to land, breathless and with every nerve in my body tingling. I could do nothing for hours but rest, and fervently give thanks for this gracious deliverance from sudden death.

In the afternoon Hume proposed that we should try to ascend to the top of the mountain and see the 'cow's mouth'—the true source of the Godavari. For a considerable part of the way it was a hard pull to climb; but there was no danger in it; it was on fairly good ground. But the rest of the ascent had to be made up a rude, very steep, and partially broken stair—that is, a series of steps cut out of the solid rock. The lower end of this stair could be reached only by a long stride from the path: and immediately beneath there was a great yawning gulf. 'Not easy,' said my companion, 'but we must get to the top.' He then cautiously strode across the gap, gained the stair, and began to climb. I tried to follow, but my whole frame trembled. I tried it twice, and then gave up the attempt in despair. 'Come on, Mitchell,' cried Hume from above; and, ashamed of my cowardice, I returned to the foot of the stair, put off my boots that my feet might take a firmer grip of the rock,

and moved slowly up. A momentary glance below almost unmanned me; but I closed my eyes, then opened them and gazed steadily up to the motionless sky overhead. I got safely to the summit. We saw the source of the great river; it came out trickling, or rather dropping, feebly; and for two or three seconds one could hold the Godavari in the hollow of his hand. We were in rather a low place, and could see little of the landscape either in front or behind us. But in truth I had no desire to go in search of the beautiful; for it was a very grave question how we were to get down again. It was decidedly more difficult than getting up. But in the goodness of God I slowly descended—with shut eyes and *feeling* my way—and reached the bottom in safety. I have no reason to be proud of this feat. It was a foolish and wrong thing altogether. Even at this distance of time, I cannot think of it without shuddering. And the merciful deliverance—the double deliverance—from imminent death has been an abiding memory, and I trust I can say a continual spring of heartfelt thanksgiving to Him who, in His abundant mercy, was pleased to preserve the life with which I so foolishly had trifled.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY—MY WIFE'S RETURN —GOA AND XAVIER—CONVERTS FROM ROMANISM —'LETTERS TO INDIAN YOUTH.'

WHEN Mr. Nesbit left India in 1848, Hume and I became joint secretaries of the Bombay Tract and Book Society, which had been in existence since December 1827. I was delighted to be associated with Hume; he was a man of excellent sense, steady perseverance, and true devotedness. We thought, both of us, that the time was come when, in addition to all that was done by other means, the press should be employed to the utmost as a means of diffusing the truth. Hume was now himself the editor of the serial called the *Dnyanodaya*, or *Rise of Knowledge*, which has continued and done excellent service up to the present day.

The Hindus, by this time, had begun to lithograph large editions of their religious works. These were usually embellished with pictures of gods and temples, and commanded a very large sale. Till of late these books had been only in manuscript, and were comparatively little known. Was the press to be turned into an auxiliary of Heathenism? We must be up and doing.

The Christian tracts were then few; and they were not attractive in appearance. They were nearly all lithographed; and, though worthy Apa Rama, the lithographer, had done his best, with an occasional attempt at an illustrative picture, they were melancholy-looking

things after all. The question occurred—Why not improve the appearance of the tracts? By this time some books—not on religious subjects, I think—had been nicely got up at the American Mission press, and had been sold; why not make all our publications attractive in appearance and then charge something for each? Strange to say there were members of the Tract Society Committee who disliked the proposal. One man used the incredibly foolish argument that we are commanded to 'buy the truth and sell it not.' But common sense prevailed. A small price was put on every tract. Very soon after this a Hindu made the remark: 'Shrewd men those missionaries. They knew that if we pay a farthing for a tract, we are sure to read it and get something for our money; yes, and read it more than once.' Gratuitous circulation was not absolutely forbidden; and latterly there have generally been two editions of a tract—one very cheaply got up, which can be given gratis, and another in better style, for which a small price is charged. Our Bombay Society set an example to the rest of India in this matter of selling tracts. It is now the general practice.

Hitherto the Tract Society had possessed no building of its own to serve as a depository. Its publications were kept in an attic in the Scots Church in the Fort—to most people an out-of-the-way place. We issued an appeal to all the chief stations of the Bombay Presidency; and, in due time, we were able to erect a very suitable building in a very suitable locality.[1]

Another matter of importance was setting up a Translation Fund, in the hope of getting Natives who might not

[1] 'The Bombay Tract Society, although the youngest of the three Presidency Societies, was the first to have a depository of its own; it was the first to get up its publications in an attractive style; it originated the selling system, upon which Tract Societies must mainly depend for funds to carry on their work.' So writes Dr. John Murdoch of Madras.

be able to compose books or tracts to render them from English into the vernacular. This plan succeeded fairly well; several good publications were translated. But to find any English work which can suitably be rendered *literatim et verbatim* into an Oriental tongue is immensely difficult. *Adaptation*, rather than *translation*, is required: the whole work, if possible, should be recast to make it generally acceptable and fully intelligible.

The first tract-writers were—as was natural—missionaries; though several laymen also rendered valuable assistance.[1] Latterly, native authorship has come to the front, and will become more and more prominent as time goes on. Both the production of books and the demand for books have been steadily increasing, and will increase.

The publications of the Bombay Tract and Book Society —whether original or translated—are chiefly in Marathi; but until the formation of the Gujarat Tract Society, Gujarati publications were also issued. English having become, we may say, one of the vernaculars, several publications have appeared in that language; some in Portuguese, and a very few in Hindustani, Persian, and Sanskrit. There is little need now of the publication by the Society of works in English, since the 'Christian Literature Society for India' (originally the 'Christian Vernacular Society') has broadened its platform, and under the guidance of the indefatigable Dr. Murdoch, has published, and will continue to publish, a large number of English books and tracts. Many of these are truly valuable; and they are wonderfully cheap. This excellent society is helpful to all the missions; but that very circumstance is hurtful to its financial progress; for each missionary society is eager for funds to extend its own

[1] Especially such excellent Marathi scholars as Mr. Molesworth and Major Candy.

immediate work, and is apt to leave the truly catholic institution to the care of others.

I find in my journal not a few sad entries about this time about friends being removed by death. The number may have been unusually large; or the depression of my own feelings may have made me pay more attention to such sad changes. There is a belief that life in India is more uncertain than at home. Things, however, have greatly altered since the time when the proverb ran—'Two monsoons are an Englishman's life.'[1] Life is not much more uncertain now than it is in Europe; when friends die we blame the climate, forgetting how many of our acquaintances in Europe have also passed away. The mind, too, is deeply impressed by the speed with which burial follows death. You see an acquaintance apparently quite well to-day; to-morrow or next day you may receive an invitation to his funeral. When I say that life in India is not usually now much more uncertain than in Europe, I do not include the times where there are outbreaks of cholera or plague. I have lived in Bombay when the population was much smaller than it is now, and when the deaths from cholera were about two hundred a day. Still less do I speak of a time like that when Bombay seemed for months a doomed city—stricken by the plague.[2] Nor do I include seasons of famine, which, from of old, have unhappily been recurrent in India—one of especial severity taking place in 1896-7-8.

The long period of sorrowful separation from my beloved wife was drawing to a close. My mind had sunk

[1] Quoted in Ovington's *Voyage to Surat*.
[2] In 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899.

into a state of depression which was probably, in the circumstances, unavoidable. But there must have been an amount of nervous apprehension which was certainly wrong. She was to remain three weeks in London in the autumn of 1849, at a time when cholera was pretty severe in the metropolis. My journal shows that I was full of anxiety lest she should be seized by the malady. I had not fully learnt the great lesson—'Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you.' She in the meantime—as I heard from her own lips when she arrived—was buoyant and happy, full of thankfulness and trust. She knew that cholera was all around; but it hardly occurred to her that she was personally in danger. She arrived on the 7th October 1849, if not in robust, yet in tolerable health. What a change to my heart and house! It was a second, and more sacred, honeymoon. And it was scarcely an inferior joy to the converts of the mission than to myself.

Balu, the motherless Brahman lad, who had accompanied me from Poona, was now a Christian and living in my house. I fear he had felt it dull work staying with me; but now he could rejoice in the presence of one who took the deepest motherly interest in him and all his doings.

Another young man was also in my house—Vincente, an Indian Portuguese. He had become deeply impressed by the Bible lessons in our Institution; could not conceal his new belief, and, to avoid persecution at home, had taken up his abode with me, and been received into the church.[1]

This may be the proper place to mention that all the missions in Western India had sought to diffuse Bible

[1] He has all his life been a consistent Christian. He has been employed chiefly as assistant secretary of the Bombay Bible Society. He has lately retired on a pension, with warm expressions of approval of his long and faithful service from the Committee of the Society (1898). He is an 'elder' in the Free Church.

truth amidst the Portuguese; and all of them, I think, had received converts from Romanism. I recollect that shortly before this Mr. James Mitchell of Poona had spent some weeks among the villages of Salsette, and had been deeply interested in his dealings with both priests and people. He had pleaded that I should go and follow up his work; which, however, I had not been able to do. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Nesbit had, by this time, visited Goa—both of them on two different occasions; and they had been listened to with more than courtesy and respect.

Our Bombay Tract Society had prepared various publications for the Indo-Portuguese. One of these was *O Gentilismo do Papismo* (*The Heathenism of Popery*). It had been drawn up by Lieutenant Shortrede after a sharp controversy with the Vicar-Apostolic of Bombay. This tract contained many telling points. The Portuguese publications were left to my care; and I deemed it my duty to pay some attention to the language.

I may quote a few sentences from Mr. Nesbit's account of his reception at Goa. As far back as 1835 he wrote:—

'Visited New and Old Goa, and conversed with Hindus and Romish priests in Marathi and Latin respectively. . . . I visited the convent of Brahmanical monks connected with the church of St. Cajetan. They were very glad to see me, seated me at their table, and offered me wine, brandy, tea, and every kind of refreshment. I told them I understood they were formerly Brahmans. "We *are* Brahmans" (Brachmani *sumus*), was their answer. The worthy men seemed to be proud of their descent; and there is no doubt that their forefathers were Brahmans. Except their ancestry there was nothing Brahmanical about them, and of Sanskrit they knew nothing.'

Six years later Mr. Nesbit again visited Goa. He had a supply of Portuguese Bibles and New Testaments; and these were welcomed with the greatest eagerness. When

the supply was exhausted, he offered tracts; but tracts were comparatively little cared for. Mr. Nesbit sent to Bombay for a fresh supply of Scriptures, and when these arrived crowds of applicants appeared. Not a few ecclesiastics, as well as householders of respectability, applied by letter—apparently not caring to have it known that they wished to get copies of the Scripture. A considerable number of officers, naval and military, were earnest in requesting copies. One of the highest Government functionaries had called; and Mr. Nesbit, who had not been able to see him then, returned his visit next day. They conversed chiefly in Latin. The Government official showed Mr. Nesbit a copy of the Vulgate, and called the Bible the 'book of books.' He then spontaneously asked for a copy of the tract called *The Heathenism of Popery*, which was at once handed to him.

We must infer from these extracts from Mr. Nesbit's journals that among high officials and others in Goa much doubt existed in reference to the peculiarities of Romanism. There is no reason to suppose that there was any revival of belief as time went on. Yet an extract from my journal of a considerably later date (8th Dec. 1859) will prove that, however widely spread, doubt was not then publicly avowed. Here is the extract:—

'Great doings at Goa. St. Francis Xavier's body has been exhumed (for the second time) by order of the King of Portugal. It is said to have been miraculously preserved for more than three hundred years. A formal proclamation has been issued by the Governor-General of the Portuguese States in India. It says that "the precious remains" are to be "exposed for public veneration." The tomb is to be opened, and arrangements must be made to secure that "the feet of the saint may be kissed by all, without exposing them to any indiscreet devotion such as

has happened before." The Governor-General, the Chapter, the Chamber and other authorities "will adore the body of the Great Apostle of India." Sermons will be preached in Portuguese, Konkani, Tamil, and other languages. The body is to remain exposed from 3rd December to 1st January. Salutes are to be fired, troops marched, etc. etc.'

Accordingly Portuguese Christians from all parts of India gathered in immense numbers. Not only so; it is said that 'Hindu, Parsi, Mogul, Arab, Jew, Christian, Moplah, and Chinese' all crowded into the church of the Bom Jesu, in which the body was exposed. The period of exposition was extended to the 8th of January. It was believed that miracles were wrought; that the lame walked, and the crooked were made straight.

I need offer no comment on this extraordinary exhibition.

But one cannot help asking why Xavier is called 'the Apostle of India.' Waiving the claims of the Apostle Thomas, and coming down to modern times, why should he, who arrived in India only in 1542, take precedence of the missionaries who had toiled and died before his coming? Two monks of the order of the Blessed Trinity came with Vasco da Gama on his first arrival. From 1500 there arrived multitudes of Franciscans, and somewhat later, with Albuquerque, fully fifty Dominicans. Of one of the Franciscans—Antonio de Porto—we have already spoken. His success as a missionary was much greater than Xavier's. But, then, Xavier was a Jesuit. For the exaltation of their own order the Jesuits all along laboured with untiring zeal; and latterly they had the press in Portuguese India almost entirely at their disposal. We have assuredly no wish to rob the noble Xavier of any honour he is entitled to; only, 'let justice be done, though the sky should fall.' Xavier was

canonised in 1612, and made 'patron saint of India' (whatever that may mean) in 1631.

It was years afterwards before I was able to visit Goa; but I may here give the inscription which I saw under a half-length portrait of Xavier in the church of the Bom Jesu:

'Dimidium cernis quem magnus suspicit orbis;
Xavier est: totum nulla tabella capit.'

(Here see the half of him whom the great world reverently looks to,
Xavier; but the whole man truly no picture could hold.)

Quaint enough, at all events. But one naturally asks—Since this painting contains the half, why should not one double the size contain the whole? The eyes are upraised; the head thrown back to the right; the right hand is placed over his heart; the left holds the Sacred Heart. I could not examine the picture with any pleasure; it struck me as artificial in all its parts. The theatrical pose—the look not of sanctity but sanctimoniousness—repelled me. The great and good Xavier could never have looked like *that*.[1]

Soon after this there occurred another interesting case of conversion from Romanism. A young Italian, a clerk in a mercantile house in Bombay, mingled freely with the missionaries and the other members of the mission. He generally spent the Sunday evening at my house. He was from Milan, and shared to the full the passionate desire which had sprung up in Piedmont for freedom and Italian

[1] I may, perhaps, have mixed my recollections of the Goa portrait with one in my own possession. *It* repels me.

unity.[1] His frank, simple, earnest character attracted all who knew him. He was poetical, too, and a writer of verse. I well remember trying to make him confess the charm of our best English poetry; but his ear rebelled against the music even of Milton or Coleridge. '*Barbaro*,' he would exclaim when I had read or repeated some favourite passage; whereupon he would pour forth a quotation from Petrarch or Tasso, and ask me to contrast the music of the Italian with that of the English bard. But what drew me to him far more strongly still was the way in which he drank in the simple truths of Holy Scripture. He was at first in danger of sinking into unbelief—for he abhorred Italian priests and priestcraft, doubtless, in the first instance, as the enemies of Italian freedom. But the simple truths of the Gospel appealed irresistibly to both heart and conscience; and the example of his friends in Bombay proved to him that religion was a reality. He asked and received admission as a member of our Scottish Church. He had to go to Europe and did not afterwards return to India. I made very earnest inquiries after him. His relatives are still in Milan. When the youth of Italy rushed to arms he could not remain at home. He went away and never came back. Poor Enrico! did he die in battle, or after battle, like Carlo Alberto, of a broken heart? Or was he permitted to see Vittorio Emanuele enter Rome in triumph? I fondly cherish some notes I received from him and a beautiful copy of Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata*, with a sonnet inscribed—as he too kindly put it—to his 'maestro.'

A little book of mine was published this year by the

[1] Or like Dr. Antonio, so admirably described by Ruffini. It is sad that the passionate patriotism of writers like Leopardi is accompanied by absolute pessimism.

Tract Society of Bombay. It was entitled *Letters to Indian Youth on the Evidences of the Christian Religion, With a brief Examination of Hinduism, Parsiism, and Mohammadanism.* The book was soon afterwards adopted by the Christian Vernacular Society, which found it needful, almost from the outset, to publish works in English as well as the vernaculars, and is now more appropriately called 'The Christian Literature Society for India.' When taken up by this society the part on Parsiism was omitted as not needful out of Bombay. The book is now in the eleventh edition. Its merit, in so far as it has any, is its adaptation to the Native mind. It has been translated into seven or eight Indian languages. Almost immediately on its first publication the editor of a Parsi newspaper challenged me to a public discussion on the subject of Parsiism, to which he said I had been unfair. I accepted the challenge, but the challenger backed out. On returning to Bombay many years afterwards, I found this gentleman in the person of Sorabjee Shapoorjee Bengallee, C.I.E., one of the most respected and influential citizens of Bombay. He invited me to his house, was in every way most friendly, and expressed great regret for the sharpness of the language he had used in sending the challenge. I assured him there was no need of any apology; he had not exceeded the legitimate bounds of controversy. I found my old opponent a man of sense and sensibility, and possessed of no small culture. The inhabitants of Bombay have erected a statue in his honour. He is described as a model citizen, and as having rendered important services to the city for three generations.

CHAPTER XX

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE—SATARA—PANDHARPUR JAINISM—DEHU

IN the cold season of 1850 my friend Hume and I paid a visit to Pandharpur, the greatest place of pilgrimage in the Maratha country.

Nasik and Tryambak have a strongly Brahmanical stamp upon them, and all the ceremonies connected with these places are arranged according to the orthodox Sanskrit shastras. That is not the case at Pandharpur.

A succession of Marathi poets arose to glorify Pandharpur as co-ordinate with Kaśi (Benares) itself, and to celebrate the Maratha river Bhima as equal in sanctity to the Ganges.

We ran south along the coast about sixty miles in a bunder-boat, and then a considerable way up the Savitri or Bankot river. Near the mouth of the river we landed and examined the buildings which had been occupied by the Scottish Mission when it began its labours in 1823. The missionaries had left the Konkan and had removed to the important stations of Bombay and Poona. The change was right; but it was with a feeling of sadness my friend and I went over the forsaken buildings. Landing, we proceeded to the village of Poladpur, near which the first missionary of the Scottish Society, the Rev. Donald Mitchell (see p. 44), was buried. Mr. Nesbit

had visited the spot some years before and had spoken of the exquisite beauty of the whole scene—'the undulating hills, the winding river, and the grove of tall and wide-spreading trees covering with their peaceful shade the missionary's grave.' Seen towards evening, as Mr. Nesbit saw it, it must have been possessed of ideal quietness and beauty—the place of all others in which the man himself would have desired to rest, close to the villages in which he had passed his short but devoted missionary life.

So for every reason we wished to see 'the missionary's grave.' We asked for a guide. He came, but professed to know nothing about the grave of any European being near. It was strange. We questioned the villagers, and their conscious look and professed ignorance showed there was something wrong. We then went to the Patel, the headman of the village, and insisted on being conducted to the grave. The patel himself accompanied us in silence, and with evident reluctance. On reaching the place, we found that the grave had been opened, and no attempt made to fill it up again, for the earth that had filled it lay scattered all around. It gave us a terrible shock. 'What wretch has done this dreadful deed?' we inquired. Every one professed entire ignorance. 'When was the crime committed?' 'Two or three months ago.' 'Have you reported the matter to Government?' 'No.' The poor villagers had dreaded the displeasure of the authorities, and therefore had told nothing. They professed, probably most of them quite truly, great sorrow on account of what had been done. Possibly, also, no one belonging to that village had committed the outrage. What could have led to it? Doubtless the hope of finding buried treasure.

Our musings on the occasion were somewhat sorrowful.

Donald Mitchell, rescued in India from infidelity, had resigned the military service to become a missionary. After completing a course of theological study he came as the first Scottish missionary to Western India. He came in all the glow of his first love to Christ; but he soon passed away. Donald Mitchell's case seems hard. His message scorned while he lived; his tomb desecrated when he died! Yet he had not lived in vain. He had done what he could, and he had set a high example.

On returning to Bombay we sent to Government a statement of what we had witnessed at Poladpur. Inquiries were made as to the offender, but all in vain. The tomb was, however, rebuilt—I believe in better form than before—and a railing was put round it. I think this was done at the expense of Government.

We moved on towards the Mahabaleshwar hills. The climate is pleasant in the warm weather, and perfectly delightful in the cold. We hastened on by way of Satara. Mr. Bartle Frere was Commissioner. We had a long interview with him, and found him exceedingly well-informed about the condition, religious as well as political, of the whole region. He believed that the old Brahmanical *cultus* was losing ground in the Deccan, while the Pandharpur doctrine of *bhakti*, or devotion, was gaining ground. We were quite prepared for this belief.

Having been rather late in starting, we toiled on as fast as our tired ponies—rather sorry ones—could carry us. We reached Pandharpur at night on the 16th December. The town is about a hundred and twelve miles south-east of Poona. We were easily led to the place by the rockets that were ascending in great numbers—partly, I suppose, to guide the pilgrims, who had begun to pour in. On entering the town we could find no one who could or would tell us where to put up. Every one seemed a

stranger to the place. We rode along on our tired ponies, over paved and slippery streets, catching from a lofty bank a glimpse of the Bhima glittering in the moonlight. We found our way to the public *chavadi*, but there we were advised to put up on the opposite bank of the river, the Government bungalow not being yet finished. Happily, we had a small tent with us, which we pitched under a clump of trees, so as to secure some measure of privacy. We could not have desired a more pleasant position. We were separated from the town by the Bhima, which, however, was fordable on pony-back. I gazed with no small interest on a stream so celebrated in Marathi poetry. It seemed less than three feet deep, and perhaps thirty broad; winding with a clear, swift, whispering current, to mingle its classic waters with those of the distant Krishna. We saw it in December.

We were tired by a series of long marches; for there was no railway in those days, and we had started from Bombay almost too late to witness the beginning of the ceremonies. Next morning we did little more than see visitors, who had discovered the presence of European strangers. We received friendly greetings.

In the afternoon, towards evening, we crossed the river, and walked along its ample sands. Everywhere the scene was most striking. The temperature was perfect; the golden lustre of the setting sun filled the whole valley, except where it was slightly dimmed by the smoke of the pilgrims' fires; the moon, nearly full, was shining, half-way up the sky, with a silvery light brightening as the golden hue receded; the Bhima glittered and whispered, and hastened on its way. The pilgrims seemed for a time subdued almost into silence by the exquisite calm of the sunset. Then, as the evening advanced, and we threaded our way amidst a multitude of tents, great and small,

extending along the sands for a mile at least, we came to one company after another, all engaged in religious recitation.

Here is a gathering of at least two hundred people, men and women, seated in a circle on the ground, with no studied separation of the sexes, and beyond the sitters are many standing. The principal actors form a kind of inner semi-circle; they are about twenty in number; each is provided with a *tâl*;[1] several have *chipalyā*[2] and cymbals; there is also a small drum; many have garlands round their necks. Within this semi-circle stands the chief performer, with a *vînâ*, a kind of lute, in his hand; he seems about forty-five years old, rough, almost ragged, not high-caste in appearance, yet is said to be a Brahman. He and his twenty companions stand on a carpet, which extends far enough to allow a good many of the hearers to share it. We go nearly into the front ranks, anxious to see and hear all; there is no sign of opposition or dislike; the chief performer looks at us, but does not pause in his address. Several point to the front as our proper place, but we wave a polite declinature. We listen. The leader speaks a few sentences in Marathi, then gives a poetical quotation, which is instantly caught up by the twenty, who repeat it over and over again, with a great clashing of the *tâls*. The first of these quotations is

'*Nâhî sukha konâ âliyâ sansârî*'—

('Happiness falls not to any who comes into the world'); and the address is simply a discourse on that text, treating of the shortness of life and the vanity of all earthly joys. Man's life, said the speaker, is not one hundred years; even if it were, nearly one half goes in sleep. Then

[1] Two pieces of thick brass hollowed out into cups which are struck together. [2] Two sticks rattled together.

diseases come; you are laid aside; perhaps you die young. So the strain ran on; it seemed quite in the spirit of the lines—

'Tuka said, One refuge—Hari's feet—ne'er faileth;
Nothing else availeth;
All but pains thee.'

'All earthly things are vanity; therefore draw thy heart away from them, and devote thyself to the worship of Vithoba.' Such was the exhortation. We longed to tell of a better refuge than Vithoba; but the recitation was far from finished, and we had to depart before we could say anything.

The preacher introduced illustrations pretty frequently from Hindu mythology. The names of the god and his wife Rukhmai were often mentioned; and, when this was done, the multitude broke out in a loud and long-continued shout. The feeling was very infectious: old men and even little children clapped their hands, and shouted, *Vitthal, Vitthal, jaya, jaya, Vitthal* (Vitthal, Vitthal, victory, victory to Vitthal). Almost equally frequent was the shout of *Dnyândev Tukârâm*—the combined names of the two chief Marathi poets, who have been exalted to the rank of demi-gods. The twenty men moved in a kind of dance. There was nothing of what could be called solemnity. The reciter sometimes stopped and told people where to sit. He once attempted a Sanskrit quotation, but broke down in the middle;—a Brahman helped him out with it; 'Thank you,' said he, and proceeded with his address. Generally, at the end of the recitations the dancing became very animated. It was not dancing, however, so much as jumping. The leader jumped; all his assistants jumped; many of the audience jumped. Some, with heads bent down, were running wildly round. Shouting; jumping; clashing of cymbals; clouds of sand; will the people go

mad? No; in the height of the tempest of emotion a loud call is heard; and instantly all is over, and the assembly breaks up. So this was what Tuka meant when he said—

> 'Saints are there, a noble band,
> Dancing joyful on the sand!'

We moved on and found about twenty assemblies at short distances from each other, all similarly employed. This sort of thing continued for hours. My friend went out again towards midnight, to see how matters were going on, and found the reciters in many cases making desperate efforts to keep their audiences awake. One man, a māli (gardener) by caste, had his whole congregation sound asleep. My friend began to reason with him on his lost labour. 'Do not, good sir, take all this trouble; you are speaking to deaf men.' 'Do you think,' said the preacher indignantly, 'that I do this for men? I do it for God.'

All through the night there had been borne across the river to our resting-place the mingled noise of the clashing of cymbals and 'the sounding of the name,' *i.e.* the loud shouting of the name of one of the manifestations of Vishnu—especially Vitthal. During the day, even at a considerable distance, we heard a continuous loud murmur, which we named 'the roar of the yatra.'

On going out early next morning we found the recitations barely concluded. A cheerless night the poor pilgrims must have spent, whether they waked or slept. The breeze towards morning had become very chill; and we were glad when we could exclude it from our tent. Most of the pilgrims were doubtless under some kind of covering; but those who remained, professedly listening to the recitations all night long, were not few in number.

So, with little variation, the *kîrttans* were conducted night after night. The most notable alteration was this —the first company we came to on the second evening was addressed by a woman. We were told she was a widow named Jiprabai. She might have been fifty years of age. She had no band of assistants with her. She had a *vînâ* on her shoulder, but did not play nor sing; she simply spoke in a mild, yet distinct voice. She was explaining a passage of the celebrated poem the *Jnâneśwarî* (or, as the Marathas pronounce it, Dnyâneśwarî), which is a commentary on the *Bhagavad Gita*. A Brahman would have called her pronunciation and accent vulgar. We caught her meaning with some difficulty; but we remained a considerable time, admiring the quiet self-possession of the woman. There was no gesticulation—little animation; but she had the full sympathy of her audience. She uttered the words, often used as a *mantra* or spell, *Rama Krishna Hari*; and instantly the well-known sound was caught up by the hearers, and loud and long-continued was the shout, *Rama Krishna Hari*. People at last held up their hands, and called out, Hush! and Jiprabai, in mild, persuasive tones, cried *Aika mabap—Listen, good friends*. There were about a hundred and fifty people attending with evident interest to the female preacher.

We go on. Here is an audience exceeding four hundred, addressed by a man with great vehemence, who has preached himself quite hoarse. Who is he? He is speaking fair Marathi, but may probably be from the Gangetic valley. We find he is no disciple of our Maratha school, but a follower of the celebrated Kabir, or Kabir Swami as they call him. And here is a man addressing a small company in Hindi. He turns out to be a follower of Swami Narayan, who was a teacher—to some extent a reformer—that has exercised considerable influence in

Gujarat, though not in Maharashtra. The man holds that the supreme divinity is specially revealed in Krishna; but he says little or nothing about Vithoba. He has come here apparently to proselytise; and no one hinders him. There is large toleration exercised at Pandharpur.

But this evening we already begin to perceive a most unpleasant odour in many places on the sands; indeed, it drives us away from some of the companies when we would gladly have stayed. It is a disagreeable subject to mention; yet, as having been, throughout all the centuries since pilgrimages commenced, one of their most characteristic features, it cannot be passed over in silence. At the time I refer to there were no sanitary regulations enforced by Government. The consequence was that, in two or three days, the air became poisoned—sickening, almost pestilential. So it used to be at all the great religious gatherings I have seen; and, knowing what was to be expected, I had always to pass through a mental struggle before I could attend a pilgrimage—a gathering, in many respects, most interesting, yet, in this one respect, unutterably disgusting.

Pandharpur contains about 16,000 inhabitants. The great assembly, which is held twice a year, brings generally about 120,000 pilgrims. Overcrowding and infinite discomfort are inevitable;—disease is frequent. But let us quit the unsavoury subject.

The cry was still 'they come.' Every morning, as we rode out to the sands, we noted bands of pilgrims arriving. They crossed at two fords, in endless succession: men, women, children; some on foot, many on ponies, bullocks, or buffaloes, or in carts. They rested on the sands—trying to find a decently clean place; then generally they went

to bathe, and stood shivering in the cold water, till we sometimes pleaded with them to get their ablutions over more quickly. After their humble meal, they moved up into the town to gaze on Vithoba, 'upright on the brick.' We ourselves tried to penetrate into the temple. We got as far as the entrance, which is from a narrow, crowded street; but permission to go farther was politely, yet peremptorily, refused. We certainly were anxious to see that particular image. We were told it had not been fashioned by human hands, but was *svayambhu—i.e.* self-produced. We were further informed that in the morning it looked like a child; at noon like a full-grown man; in the evening like an old man. All day long crowds were passing into, and out of, the temple. The image was in a small dark apartment lighted by a lamp. The temple with its aisles, courts, etc., covers a large space of ground. Part of it is very old and much decayed. Some thirty years before, however, important repairs were executed at the expense of a Poona *sardar*.

It is often asserted that caste is disregarded at Pandharpur; but we found that Mhârs were not allowed to approach beyond a certain point. This led us to ask for an explanation; and we quoted one of Tukârâm's most remarkable *abhangs*, beginning—

'Twixt the low and lofty, God no difference knoweth;
Still to faith He showeth
All his glory,'

in which the poet declares that the god Vithoba assisted the Mhâr devotee, Tsokhâ Melâ, even to bear off dead cattle,—which is one of the most humiliating of employments. 'Why then,' we asked, 'exclude Mhâr worshippers now?' 'That was all very well for the god,' was the

reply; 'he may do as he pleases; but men must obey the rules of caste.'[1]

We were missionaries, and of course we sought opportunities of conversing with the people and of preaching. We met no bitter opposition; many expressed a desire to hear us again. I do not enter either on the manner, or matter, of our addresses further than as doing so may serve to illustrate the mental state of the pilgrims. We generally began, in humble imitation of the Apostle at Athens, with a *conciliatio benevolentiæ*. 'You, good friends, are very much in earnest. Some of you have come 600 miles to this festival. The expense and labour are very great; the risk to life not small, for you all know how frequently cholera breaks out at these gatherings. You expect much from this pilgrimage. How sad if you do not get what you want! But what do you want?'—somewhat in this way began our addresses. 'We bathe in the Bhima, and gaze on the god; and so all sin is removed, and much righteousness acquired,' was the usual answer. 'Are you sure that bathing in the Bhima washes away sin?' 'Why, who doubts it? have not I come 300 miles to be purified so?' 'And how does gazing on the image of Vithoba give righteousness?' 'Vithoba is Iśvar (the Lord); don't call the image a mere stone.' We found a perpetual confusion of thought between the material image and an unseen Vithoba. 'Vithoba,' said one of the hearers, 'is almighty and omnipresent.' 'Is he in your own village?' 'To be sure.' 'Then why travel 400 miles to see him here?' 'Ah! but this is a special Vithoba; this is a *svayambhu*

[1] Tukârâm thus contrasts three great places of pilgrimage—

'At Kâsî, they shave the head; at Dwârakâ, they brand the arm;
But at Pandharî, all become one;
The eighteen castes are all just Vaishnavas,—
There is no other belief at Pandharî.'

(self-produced) image.' 'Well; but is it the image or the deity you trust in?' 'The deity.' And so on. The reader can conceive for himself how Christian missionaries would proceed from such a starting-point. We found then, as we had found and have found in a thousand other cases, that you may say anything you please to the people without giving offence, provided your manner and words be friendly. If they be so, the common people (though not always the Brahmans) hear you gladly.

We heard less of miracles being performed than we had expected. 'We shall show you a stone that swims on water,' said one. We said we should be glad to see it; but somehow the promise was not kept. 'When the palankeen of Vithoba goes to the Bhima, the river rises to meet it,' said another. We saw the procession of the palankeen by and by; but no one afterwards referred to the homage of the water.

We were anxious to discover what precise meaning was affixed to the phrase which we heard continually—that the waters of the Bhima 'wash away sin.' Evidently the pilgrims believed that the guilt of sin was removed; but did they hold that their hearts were also purified? We repeatedly put questions regarding this. 'Unless our hearts be purified,' said one man, 'there is little good in our coming here.' But *were* they purified? we persisted in inquiring; did experience show that they were? No one affirmed that they were; or if one or two maintained this, it was easy to silence them by proverbs current in all parts of India to the effect that those who go on pilgrimage generally come back worse men than before. 'Visit Benares thrice,' say our Maratha people, 'and you become a thorough scoundrel.' We asked again—'When a pilgrim visits Pandharpur, does he not generally carry home a load of pride and self-conceit?' 'Too often,' was

the reply. 'Has he then got any good by bathing in the Bhima?' 'Very little.' 'Has he not got harm?' 'Perhaps.' Poor, simple country-folks; it is custom, rather than conviction, that brings them to Pandharpur. But custom in India is omnipotent.

Tukaram and his brother poets, who extol the importance of *bhakti*, do not inculcate extreme asceticism. We were therefore rather surprised to see at least six persons, during the festival, who were performing *dandawat* around the temple, some of them having come in the same fashion from great distances. They prostrated themselves on their faces on the ground; with a small piece of stick they made a semi-circle as far in front of the head as the arm could reach; they then rose, and planting their feet on the mark thus made, prostrated themselves again. Another man had come, rolling like a log at the rate of two miles a day, from the neighbourhood of the distant Nagpur, occupying about two years in the achievement. We talked with these people. Some of them complained of the interruption; but one man, after a friendly conversation, said—'Gentlemen, if your words are true, I had better go home at once.'

In most cases such austerities were performed in fulfilment of a vow. Some blessing had been prayed for and the vow made. When the votary believed that the prayer had been heard, the vow was faithfully performed. In other cases, righteousness was sought for; the penance was a work of supererogation done to merit a great reward in the next birth. In one case the object was distinctly stated to be worldly good in the present birth. I think that, in three out of the six cases, the observance was in fulfilment of a vow. In one instance a child had been given; in another, a child had recovered from sickness; in a third, a nephew had done so.

We were not a little touched by these last cases and the details mentioned in connection with them. Those poor hearts were grateful, however much mistaken as to the mode of rendering thanks and as to the Being who had granted the blessing. We tried to deal tenderly, as well as faithfully, with such devotees as these.

The crowding of the worshippers into the small apartment in which the god resides was reported to be exceedingly great. Women were often injured in the dreadful crush; sometimes they were subjected to sad indignities; sometimes they had their ornaments torn off. A thoughtful English magistrate had ruled, a few years before, that the sexes, on the great day of the feast, should, as far as possible, be kept separate. Even as we could see, the police peons beat the people mercilessly with twisted and knotted cloths, to keep them, as they said, in order. Altogether, the scene was one of terrible confusion; and it passed our power to conceive how any feeling akin to devotion could animate the breast of any of the struggling, reeking multitude.[1] But the sight of the image was overpayment for all their toils and trials. So, at least, they said,—even as Tuka sang more than two hundred years ago—

> 'Said Tuka, This is all my happiness—
> I shall see the blessed face of Vithoba.'

Western readers would hardly believe that the very men who were thus earnest in worshipping would, next day or perhaps an hour later, enjoy a little playful banter,

[1] Since this was written several new entrances have been made by Government. Ingress and egress are now far easier than before; and, within the temple, people can breathe more freely. These improvements were made at the suggestion of a deputy collector, who died soon after they were effected. The god was displeased with his foolish interference, and punished him with death—so say the people connected with the temple.

or even downright ridicule of the whole exhibition. We had heard an *abhang* of Nama's quoted, in which the glory of Pandharpur and Vithoba was celebrated in strains more wildly hyperbolical than anything Tuka ever wrote. Well, we made a parody on Nama's verses, and repeated the lines to the people. They were instantly caught up and repeated with laughter, till we regretted that we had uttered them; for we did not deem it right to treat any religious belief with ridicule. But be it remembered that the Hindus themselves can, at one hour, worship their deity with all seeming reverence, and at another quiz him without mercy.[1] Strange people; when shall we fully understand them?

We had heard that the observances at Gopalpur on the great and closing day of the festival would far surpass in interest anything we had witnessed. We accordingly proceeded to Gopalpur, distant rather more than a mile from Pandharpur, and we did so with high expectations. The road was densely crowded with men, women, children —many on foot, some on ponies, a few in palankeens; and there were elephants and camels. This promised to be a grand occasion. The pilgrims, many of them, bore small flags, generally of the sacred red colour. Streams of people were evidently coming in from the villages around. On, on to a rising ground on which stands a large and solidly built temple. We ascended to the summit, and waited patiently for the expected ceremonies. Still the

[1] Thus, Ganeśa, the remover of difficulties—'Ganĕsa sublime,' as Campbell calls him in the *Pleasures of Hope*, violating both prosody and common sense—is a god much worshipped. Yet, with his elephant head and huge belly, he rides on a rat. Accordingly, the following lines are popular all over Maharashtra:—

"'Poor Ganpati bewails his rat
Borne off by vile felonious cat;
"Short are my thighs; how can I trudge?
And how shall this big belly budge?"'

people poured in, till an immense crowd surrounded the temple. Oh! the noise of the crowd; the clashing of cymbals; the hoarse shouts! Showers of parched grain are flung about till the ground becomes perfectly white. People crowd into the temple; but we are, of course, excluded. The bands of pilgrims, with their multitudinous banners, still fill all the road to Pandharpur; they look almost like regiments marching to battle. But what is it all about? There is no recitation, it is all play. Men wrestle; some stand on one leg; some dance; others fence with sticks. All sorts of antics go on. And there, positively, are women dancing with men;—can we believe our eyes? Still more shouts—loud, almost terribly so; clapping of hands—how the thing spreads! It runs along the line of pilgrims, far into the distance towards Pandharpur. At length we see a large black clay vessel, fastened on a tree; they break it, and the mingled *dahi* (curdled milk) and parched grain tumble down. They are snatched up by the screaming, struggling crowd below, and greedily devoured. And so ends the ceremony. It is evidently meant to commemorate the sports of the youthful Krishna, in the groves of Vrindavan. (Vithoba is a manifestation of Krishna.) We ride slowly back, sadder and perhaps wiser men,—talking to the pilgrims who return singing the praises of the god, but are anxious now to get away to their own homes.

We were informed that they would now hurry off because it was the day of the full moon; and it was said that, if it had not come before, disease would certainly break out in a violent form on that day. The dreaded cholera had not yet come; but the terrific demon-goddess was sure speedily to make up for lost time;—away, therefore, at once! So thought multitudes; and all day the two fords were crowded with people, bullocks, ponies,

carts, all speeding from Pandharpur. Soon the Bhima sands began to wear a different appearance; not a few tents were struck by the afternoon.

That evening came the procession of the god in his palankeen. We ride over to the town at a pretty late hour; the procession is already begun. Stormy music proclaims it. We move on through the narrow winding streets till we meet the palankeen. First come the musicians, with two enormous brazen trumpets, which they use now and then; there are two smaller trumpets, flutes, cymbals, drums; men with baskets of rockets to be discharged, blue lights, blazing lights of all kinds. Then comes a company singing, dancing, and shouting—*Dnyândev Tukârâm, Dnyândev Tukârâm,*—some holding large, floating banners. We stand in a lane and look on the crowd as it passes. How slowly they move! At last comes the palankeen, carried by twelve or fourteen men; it is splendidly adorned; there are very rich cushions of red silk; but we can see no image, and we are told that only the *pâdukâ* (marks of feet) are there in brass or, as some say, silver. The excited people gaze on the two Europeans. The late hour, the wild music, and the lurid lights might awaken a feeling of insecurity. Had the crowd been composed of Musulmans there would have been danger, but we need not fear the Hindus. We quietly look on, and not a word is said on either side. We then proceed to the river, recollecting what had been said about the Bhima saluting the god; but our patience becomes exhausted before the slow palankeen reaches the water.

I seem to have omitted to mention in its proper place the procession of the chariot. We had visited the *rath* (chariot) a day or two before it was to be used; it was a lofty, cumbrous erection, mostly of wood. A poor decrepit

wretch was lying beneath it; and, as we examined the structure, 'this also,' said he, 'hears prayers.' We were startled; yet the sentiment was thoroughly Hindu. Even from the most ancient days—those of the hymns of the Rig Veda—implements used in sacrifice or worship have been regarded as partaking of divinity, and have been prayed to accordingly. Thousands of people are now waiting for the procession of the chariot—on walls, on roofs, at windows. Bands of pilgrims parade the streets beating *tâls*, and shouting *Dnyândev Tukârâm*. But here comes the chariot, drawn by apparently hundreds of men holding on by two immense, strong cables. Two similar ropes are attached to it behind. As the huge vehicle comes on rumbling, tumbling, jolting, crashing along the rudely paved streets, the question occurs: Can the worshippers intend this as a pleasure-drive to Vithoba? It is enough to break every bone in his body, if he has any bones to break. Or is it a procession in state? Strange that any one can think this frightful hubbub exalts the dignity of the god. People fling quantities of sweetmeats and dried fruits, which the bystanders eagerly catch up; and the procession turns to fun and frolic, except when a great lurch of the car sends the crowd a-flying. A good many people stand on it with chowries in their hands, vociferating loudly. The silver image of Vithoba, which is raised on the front, is small. A small brass canopy overhangs it. A horse richly caparisoned is led in front of the vehicle. 'Whose horse is this?' we asked. 'The god's horse, of course.' 'Does Vithoba then take a ride occasionally?' No answer, except a sort of grin. This procession took place during the day. The people came crowding around us, most willing to listen. Some of them seemed to think the whole exhibition childish.

Probably the details I have mentioned are sufficient to

give a tolerably clear idea of the worship as performed at Pandharpur during the two great annual festivals. Considerable numbers of devotees resort to it at other times, all through the year. About ten thousand are said to arrive on the eleventh day of each Hindu month—to bathe in the Chandrabhaga (Bhima) and gaze on Vithoba.

I cannot at present inquire into the origin of the worship at Pandharpur. I believe, with Dr. Stevenson and others, that Pandharpur was originally a gathering-place of the Buddhists, which has been usurped and gradually Hinduised. We found it was no uncommon belief that Vithoba was an image of the Buddha-Avatar rather than of Krishna. There are still in Pandharpur about seventy-five families of Jains. Some of these said that Vithoba was properly 'a Jain deity' (meaning *tirthankar*). About eight of these seventy-five families have the designation of *Vitthal dâs*, or *slaves of Vitthal*. They play on instruments before the palankeen and the image in the temple.

I do not seem yet to have mentioned the *Badave* or sons of the river (*Gangâputra*), who with their families amount to about five hundred persons, all Brahmans. These are the men who show the visitors the temples, images, etc., and who receive the offerings they bring. Those of the 'sons' of the river' with whom we came in contact were amazingly ignorant of everything except the ceremonies to be performed and the prices to be paid.

We had intended to remain at Pandharpur till the pilgrims had all dispersed. But as we crossed the sands on the evening of the full moon, the unutterably filthy condition of the place not only filled us with disgust, but made one of us seriously ill. So we suddenly altered our plans, and marched off to a neighbouring village.

I visited Pandharpur a few years afterwards. On that occasion cholera broke out; and we had to minister to the bodies, as well as the souls, of the pilgrims. Happily the disease did not appear in so virulent a form as, in those days, it often assumed at the great gatherings.

A few years afterwards, a disappointed worshipper actually threw a great stone at the image and smashed one of its knees. The 'self-existent' Vithoba has now a broken leg. Still, the pilgrimage seems as popular as ever; the visitors do not sensibly diminish. When the railway to Barsi Road was constructed, the attendance rather increased.

An important statement regarding Pandharpur was made by its inhabitants themselves, in November 1881. The place had then the honour of a visit from Sir James Fergusson, Governor of Bombay; and in the address made to his Excellency by the Managing Committee of the School of Industry, the following words occurred:—'From a dirty place, in which garbage and filth of all kinds were the conspicuous features, whose only water-supply consisted of the impure waters of the Bhima, and whose name was ever associated with the outbreak and spread of virulent cholera epidemics, Pandharpur has developed into a decent-looking, clean town, with a plentiful water-supply, and enjoying comparatively as much immunity from cholera as any other mofussil station.'

We pause in the midst of our quotation. Alas! poor Tuka, has it come to this? Is thy beloved Chandrabhaga to be thus spoken of? 'The impure waters of the Bhima!' And is thy 'blessed, blessed Pandhari,' thy 'second heaven,' to be called 'a dirty place, full of filth and garbage,' and called so by its own children? Well; *we* at least can pardon the scorners, when they tell us further that 'sanita-

tion has lately been much attended to; the annual outlay under this head being Rs. 7500.'

The writers connected with the Pandharpur school are almost always morally pure. We were therefore greatly startled to find that vile books were openly sold in large numbers. Nay, still worse; at one bookstore we found there was an inner room, the walls of which were covered all over with abominable pictures. We hoped that, at any rate, there might be only scenes from the life of Krishna; which, in the eyes of the misguided people, would possess a quasi-religious character. There were these, no doubt; but there were others still worse. We could only protest and flee. A Brahman presided at this bookstore; it is quite possible he did not belong to the Pandharpur school, but had come simply in the way of trade. I doubt not Tukaram would have strongly denounced the whole of the hateful exhibition.

As a set-off against this, a man came and bought a large number of our books, for the purpose of selling them again. He had taken to bookselling as a trade.

From Pandharpur we proceeded a considerable way south. It was the middle of what we call the dry season; but a notice in my journal runs to this effect: 'Violent rain for a whole day; the paths all cut up in consequence.' I see that it took our small detachment three full hours to cross the Krishna, which had suddenly swollen into a mighty river. Our poor bullocks were sorely put-to. They were made to swim across—a man, I think, holding on by the tail, not to help the bullock but himself; but the clay bank on the farther side was steep and slippery, and more than one bullock was swept down by the stream, and returned to the side it had come from.

In the proper Maratha country there are few professors of the Jain religion. But as we went south we found a considerable number of them; and occasionally the Patel, or headman of the village, was a Jain. In one village the Jain patel was frank and communicative. He had one or two Jain MSS. in Marathi which he allowed me to take with me under promise of faithfully sending them back. This, of course, I did; but the worthy patel had got alarmed and begged me to send him the copies too. Which I did not. I need not say more about these books; they were tasteless and extravagant. Here is a specimen of their contents:—

'The feet of the holy Swami Parswanath,
The rays of the sun are quenched in their brightness;
The splendour of his nails has filled the world;
Their lustre shines surpassingly:
Let those feet be my protection;
Let me worship them from birth to birth,
Till attainment of the bliss of deliverance
Shall be my lot.'[1]

Vastly inferior all this to the *abhangs* of Tukaram; for he, though sorely bewildered, was, at all events, in earnest. We often feel that there are tears in his words; and we read them with genuine sympathy.

I find it mentioned in my journal that, in one of the villages, we overtook a company of pilgrims including a considerable number of women, who listened earnestly to our preaching. The women especially did so; and when we dwelt on the character of the Supreme Being,

[1] From the *Sukta Muktavali*' (in Sanskrit and Marathi). The word for 'deliverance' is *moksha*, which, according to Hindu teaching, is absorption. The Jains, however, believe in no deity, and consequently not in absorption. But neither do they believe in extinction as the southern Buddhists do.

they stood fixed in attention with clasped hands and eager countenances. Not unfrequently, indeed, when we addressed an audience of any size, we noticed a few women on the outskirts of the crowd, attentive to all that was said. They shrank, however—not unnaturally—from putting questions, or being personally addressed.

Some time afterwards I paid a visit to another remarkable place of pilgrimage, Dehu, about eighteen miles from Poona. This was the village of the poet Tukaram; and hence its celebrity.

Alandi, as we have seen, was Dnyanoba's abode. These two names, Dnyanoba and Tukaram, are frequently combined together in religious recitations. Dnyanoba was a learned man, a Brahman, a philosopher and a poet. Tukaram was a man of the middle class, of little learning, and no great power of thought. But he has become immensely popular in Maharashtra; and this because he is so full of heart. He abounds in contradictions; but the sincerity and earnestness of the man are unquestionable; and his morality is almost invariably pure. I confess that it is to me a very touching thing to read Tukaram; he is terribly far astray, but he is always deeply in earnest. Dnyanoba, the stately and learned philosopher, is cold and unimpassioned in comparison.

I was anxious to see Tukaram's descendants, and find out whether the copies of his poems I had been able to obtain—for there was then no satisfactory, or indeed printed, edition—were the same as those known to his own family. So I avoided going at a time of pilgrimage.

Dehu turned out to be rather a poor-looking village; and I came to the conclusion that the descendants of the poet had no desire to make it attractive to pilgrims, as they had to expend a considerable sum in feeding them.

Dehu was one of several villages which had been handed over to the family by the Maratha rajas.

I was received quite civilly by the poet's descendants, amounting at that time to above fifty people. Their copies —all in manuscript—contained nearly six thousand hymns (*abhangs*); but the story runs that Tukaram actually composed fifty millions!

We came soon to the question of Tukaram's supposed ascension to heaven without dying. 'Do you believe it?' 'Certainly.' 'What evidence is there of so extraordinary an event?' 'Every one believes it.' I then pressed them with the fact that the great Dnyanoba lies quietly in his grave at Alandi, as he has been doing for six hundred years; how should Tukaram have been taken up to heaven in a chariot blazing brighter than the sun?' 'Well,' they said, 'you know, Dharmaraj went up to heaven: then why not Tukaram?' I pointed out—or I ought to have done it—that the difference between the two ascensions was simply immense. Dharmraj, or, as we generally call him, Yudhishthira, with his four brothers and Draupadi, their wife (for she was wife to five!) had a long toilsome ascent by the Himalaya mountains until every one of the party sank and died from fatigue, except Yudhishthira and a dog who was the king of hell *incognito*. Yet Tukaram the shopkeeper had been honoured, as they said, with an honour as great as Vishnu could bestow. Was it likely? My friends were a little staggered; for their ancestor Tukaram Maharaj—His Highness they called him—had done nothing to deserve such strangely exceptional treatment. We parted, however, good friends, even after I had told them fully about Christ and his ascension into heaven, and had ventured to say that if 'His Highness' were now alive, I believed he would rejoicingly acknowledge Jesus as a Sadguru

(True Teacher) and a Saviour. I found that the name of Christ and something of His history were known at Dehu. At parting I gave my new friends a copy of a little book of Christian abhangs I had lately published—with many apologies for their defects, of course. The book was politely accepted.

CHAPTER XXI

THE COLIN MACKENZIES—OPPOSITION TO THE GOSPEL—RAMACHANDRA'S BAPTISM—BALA GOPAL

It was about this time we made the acquaintance of Brigadier Colin Mackenzie and his highly accomplished wife. Mackenzie had had a remarkable career. Othello could not have given Desdemona a more thrilling narrative of hairbreadth escapes than the Brigadier was able to give us in Bombay. He had passed through all the terrible convulsions of the war in Afghanistan; and among other most painful experiences had been sent away with a company of other captives, including a large number of ladies and children, into the wilds of Bamian. The treacherous Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mohammad, had intended to sell them as slaves to the Usbegs; but they were mercifully rescued from a fate so dreadful. Mackenzie was, in some respects, very like his friend Havelock—a survival of Cromwell's Ironsides. At the same time he was a man of high culture and extensive reading. As a soldier he was utterly incapable of fear; yet he had a most tender heart. He captivated all his acquaintances in Bombay, as doubtless he did elsewhere.

Along with Brigadier Mackenzie came Aga Mohammad Khan, who acted as a kind of major-domo of the establishment. When things went against us in Afghanistan, the Aga, who was on our side, had left it a ruined man.

Mackenzie had often read the Scriptures with him, and pointed out the differences between Islam and Christianity; and the simple-hearted Aga was honestly inquiring into the truth of the Gospel when he arrived in Bombay. Mackenzie left him in our charge, and we erected a small dwelling—a very humble one—in the 'compound' for the reception of him and his wife. The latter was an Afghan lady of good birth and lofty bearing. For months I hardly saw her; but my wife did so every day, and conversed with her on the subject of religion. She was greatly alarmed when she had reason to think that her husband might become a Christian. She wept day and night at first, and declared that the disgrace of his becoming a Christian was more than she could bear; she assured Mrs. Mitchell that she would first stab him and then herself. The haughty, queenly woman seemed quite capable of executing her threat. Meantime, her husband dealt wisely and gently with her. He was a man of a very affectionate heart, and he deeply felt for his wife in her exile and her sorrow for the loss of their only child. By-and-by a change began to appear. She asked to be allowed to be present when the Aga and I read and conversed on the Bible. There she sat in a corner, deeply veiled, silent and watchful. Insensibly her heart relented; and, ere long, from behind her veil would come out a question or two—indicating thought and earnestness. My wife now led her in by the hand, every evening, to family prayers. Finally she said, 'If the Aga desires to be a Christian, I dare not object'; and, a considerable time afterwards, she added, 'If you think me worthy of baptism, I am ready.' The lion had been changed into a lamb. Of this interesting couple I shall speak more by-and-by.

Ever since the baptism of Narayan Sheshadri there had been a great measure of agitation and alarm in connection

with religion. Both Hindus and Parsis appeared bent on keeping advancing Christianity in check. A Parsi published a book in English which was filled with extracts from the coarsest European infidels. He presented a copy to the Asiatic Society; but the Society declined to accept it. Both Parsi and Hindu journals went out of their way to attack Christianity. The most virulent of these was a Marathi serial published in Poona. I kept several issues of this paper as curiosities. I have just looked them up for the purpose of giving specimens of the character of the antichristian publications of that time; but my readers would never forgive me if I gave more than the tiniest sample. Here are a few of its less offensive *dicta*:—

'Christ was put to death by the Romans for rebellion. All the customs of the Jews were bad. No Romans or Jews became Christians. The Bible is full of impure stories. All religions are bad except Brahmanism. If missionaries had only power they would persecute.' I am most reluctant to charge any man or body of men with wilful falsehood, yet it is difficult to believe that such assertions as those now quoted were made in honest ignorance.

During the rainy season of 1852 I spent some time in Poona, and gave a series of lectures on the evidences of Revealed Religion. They were in English and for students. The attendance fluctuated, but was generally encouraging. The young men behaved in a perfectly becoming manner. When the lecture was over, they were allowed to ask questions. Some of these were thoughtful enough and seemed honestly put. Here are one or two specimens:—

'On scientific questions there is remarkable agreement; on religious questions, endless diversity. Why this difference?

'Why seek to tie us down to the teaching of Christ and His disciples? does not religion improve as time goes on?

'Can there be a Book-revelation?

'Is belief or unbelief dependent on will?

'There is much unbelief among learned men in Europe. Why?'

Such questions I did not think captious, and I answered them to the best of my ability. The meetings were all conducted in a friendly spirit.

The very strong feeling of opposition to Christianity, which had been aroused at the time of Narayan's baptism, was long in passing entirely away. For years and years no Parsis attended the Mission Institution, or, if any one appeared for a day or so, means were taken to remove him. The first time I distinctly noticed a decided change in native feeling was in April of 1853, at the baptism of a young man, Ramachandra Babaji. The service was held in the Mission House, not on a Sunday. The large hall was completely filled with spectators consisting chiefly of students from the Government and Mission Colleges. As I went on with the service, I was surprised to note the deep, quiet attention of all present. There was nothing of the restlessness we had been accustomed to witness on similar occasions. Questions were, as usual, put to the candidate in regard to his faith, and then there evidently was all around a feeling of deep solemnity. Meeting a pupil of the Government College a day or two afterwards, I said, 'You seemed all much interested in the baptism.' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'if you had asked us to come forward and be Christians there and then, we could hardly have said No.' But it does not follow that this feeling continued unchanged. The mind of the Native community seemed to vary from time to time, and it does so up to this day.

The circumstances that preceded this young man's baptism made a deep impression on my own mind. He had come from a distant village in the Dakhan, with some

knowledge of Christianity derived from the American missionaries; and he agreed to live in my 'compound,' that I might be able to instruct him more fully. My little house was full; but he was satisfied with a tiny tent—the wee *bechoba* I generally took with me on tours. One afternoon I heard a strange wailing that evidently came from Ramachandra's tent. What was wrong? I rushed out; there was Ramachandra, very pale, while a woman was clasping his feet and wailing, wailing as if her heart would break. 'What's this, Ramachandra?' 'Oh, it is my mother; she has heard that I am about to become a Christian, and she has come all the way from our village to entreat me not to break her heart and kill her.' I tried to speak very kindly to the poor woman; but she turned from me as if I had been a serpent. 'You see,' I said, 'she will not listen to me; oh! tell her that your love to her and all your family is unchanged.' Poor Ramachandra was greatly moved; but I thought it right to leave him and let him fight his sore battle out. He spoke very kindly, but did not promise to remain a Hindu, as the poor mother pleaded he would do. By-and-by she went away, the image of despair. I had earnestly hoped that what had occurred in similar cases might occur in this case, and that she might, by-and-by, confess that the affection of her baptized son was greater than ever. But, alas! no. A few weeks afterwards the young man was baptized, as I have mentioned. A week or two after the baptism she died. Did the poor mother die of a broken heart? Who can say? The son believed she did. Ay, conversion has its terrors in India—terrors to all concerned. I trust none of my readers suppose that such things do not pierce the hearts of missionaries as much as those of parents and converts. But what are we to do? 'Our path, though full of thorns, is plain.' We do not

press any to be baptized; but when, moved by conscience, they themselves beg for it, are we to refuse?

The young man was, like other young men, married. His wife was kept from him; he was allowed to hold no communication with her. He thought that, if he saw her only for a moment, he could disabuse her mind of manifold misconceptions, and induce her to join him. But no pleading on his part could induce her relatives to allow the interview. He therefore applied to the court. The judge asked her whether she would reside with her parents or her husband. It was a tremendous venture; for the poor woman's mind had been poisoned—filled with lies about her husband and his new religion. She told me afterwards that she had entered the court intending to refuse to go to her husband; but that suddenly her mind seemed to change—something seemed to force her to choose her husband's protection. Ramachandra had no hesitation in ascribing the change to divine interposition in answer to prayer. This young woman lived a Christian life and brought up a family of children, some of whom, if not all, have been, and are, diligent in Christian work.[1]

I have already referred to Balu, or Bala Gopal, the motherless Brahman boy who had accompanied us from Poona in 1845. He had grown into a most promising youth, and had nearly finished his course at the Medical College, intending to become a medical missionary. Many hopes had clustered around him; but in the all-wise providence of God, these hopes were blighted. This was the first instance in which any of the better-educated converts of our mission was removed by death, and the stroke was very painfully felt. We grieved over the removal of this most lovable young man, and we grieved

[1] One of the daughters is now associated in good work with that truly admirable woman, the Pundita Ramabai.

also over the sore blank it occasioned. For who could take the place of medical missionary now? We gave thanks to God, however, for a calm, trustful, happy death. 'You do not fear to die, Bala?' I said. 'Oh no,' was his instant reply; 'my trust is in Christ and His righteousness.' Mr. Nesbit quoted the words, 'O death, where is thy sting?' and, before he could finish the quotation, the dying youth took it up—'O grave, where is thy victory?' The funeral was almost the most touching I had yet witnessed. Many native friends attended—and what was remarkable, not a few of them were Hindus and Parsis—and several of the medical professors came to show respect to the memory of a much-esteemed pupil. Next day a Parsi student of the Medical College said to me, 'Bala Gopal died in peace.' I said, 'Yes; do you know whence the peace was derived?' 'Yes,' said the Parsi; 'it was from his belief in Christ. He died happy, we all saw that; and he told us he was going to Christ.' Poor Balu! as I write these words, the whole scene revives with its mingled sadness and sweetness, and my mind dwells with exceeding joy on the future, when the long-parted shall meet again. I have said that when Balu agreed to join us in 1845, I had a strong impression that the dear boy's home was unhappy; his mother was dead, and his father seemed a heartless man. It was a consolation to think he had been happy among Christians. The father came to us after Balu's death and claimed whatever little property he had left. The son had expressed no wishes on the subject; and we at once, of course, gave up everything; but the man's whole manner was hard and unfeeling. We were glad his son had not remained under his control, but had spent a happy life, and, above all, had found a Father in heaven.

Our educational institution was not unfrequently visited

by friends. The religious instruction in particular seemed to interest them, and we were always glad when they would themselves address or examine the pupils. The testimony borne by laymen to the great truths of the Gospel seemed always deeply to impress the pupils. One of the friends who entered into our work with most intelligence and sympathy was Colonel Davidson, now Sir David Davidson of Edinburgh. He was desirous of seeing for himself, and of being able to tell friends in Scotland, the true character of the education we gave the people of India. We have, in his *Memories of a Long Life*,[1] a statement of what he saw and thought. He collected the students of the highest class, dictated questions, saw them write out the answers, and then carried away their papers. Of these he afterwards made frequent use at home, as statements of native thought and sentiment. None of the young men he examined were then Christians, and, as far as I remember, only one of them ever became so. That one was Baba Padmanji, who has done, during the last forty-five years, an almost incredible amount of literary work in Marathi, which is nearly all of a directly Christian character, and certainly all of a high order of merit.

[1] Published by David Douglas, Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XXII

POONA AND THE DAKHAN (DECCAN)—78TH HIGHLANDERS —HAVELOCK—MOLESWORTH—VISIT TO ALANDI

ABOUT this time the health of the oldest Scottish missionary, Mr. James Mitchell of Poona, after twenty years of diligent labour without a break, was seriously giving way. It was clear he must go to Europe in order to recruit. His son had lately come out to join him; but two men were absolutely necessary, if any justice was to be done to a station of so much importance. Mr. Mitchell would require to remain in Europe for at least two years. Neither Dr. Wilson nor Mr. Nesbit cared to detach himself so long from Bombay; and both of them expressed the hope that I might see fit to go.

Certainly it was a considerable wrench to leave for two years my work and friends in Bombay; yet there were certain respects in which the suggested removal was not unpleasant. For one thing, I now disliked the climate of Bombay; it was distressingly moist, and, for eight months in the year, one seemed to be working in a vapour bath. I was becoming languid, and dreaded having to go to Europe; but a change to the upland region of the Dakhan might answer instead. Then Poona had many features of interest. Bombay was a vast commercial capital, containing representatives of nearly all Asiatic and African races, until one got lost in the multitude of objects. This was very well in its way. But Poona was the heart of the

Maratha country—the headquarters of the ablest, most influential, and most bigoted Brahmans in India; and I wished to see with my own eyes what could be done to press upon them the claims of the Gospel.

My wife had no desire to leave Bombay; but she was quite willing to do so if it seemed the call of duty. So we proceeded to the Dakhan.

The name Dakhan is properly *Dakshina*, i.e. the south. The name is properly applied to the country south of the Vindhya Mountains or, as is more usually said, the Nerbudda (Nirmadā) river. But in Western India we generally confine the name to the upland region extending from the western Ghauts eastward; the low-lying country between the Ghauts and the sea being called the Konkan.

The difference between these two regions is very great. During the south-west monsoon, which extends over four months, the Konkan is deluged with rain. When the thick clouds, striking on the Ghauts, have poured forth their watery treasures, they pass on, and the showers are lighter the farther we go eastward. At Poona the rainy season is like spring in England. When it ceases, the cold, dry winds recommence, and are trying to many. The hot weather, from about the middle of February till the 5th or 10th of June, is very unpleasant, but it is made a little less so towards evening by the sea-breeze, which comes generally about five o'clock.

The Governor and high officials can command a perfect climate, by going to Bombay in the cold weather, to the Mahabaleshwar hills in the hot season, and to Poona in the rains.

The most remarkable thing about the geology of the Dakhan is the immense extent of a basaltic formation, or rather two separate formations. I believe there is no vaster outflow of volcanic matter in the world. Under-

neath this is sandstone, or rather oolite. There is also a lacustrine deposit, which extends fully a thousand miles in length and six hundred in breadth.

The reader is doubtless aware that in India there is not what we call the *country*. We do not see mansions, churches, farmhouses, cottages scattered picturesquely over the landscape. When you escape from the large towns, you find an open tract, cultivated or uncultivated; and here and there a village. In the Konkan the villages are straggling and irregular in construction, and without walls. In the Dakhan they are compact and regular, and, with hardly an exception, walled. The difference is explained by history. With the exception of a few great cities on the coast—such as Bassein, Bombay, Goa, etc.—the inhabitants of the Konkan have been little vexed by war. But from time immemorial the upland villages have been exposed to invaders, and required to be prepared against attacks. The ploughman was at work in the fields. His eye caught sight of a small cloud of dust on the horizon. What could it be? A dust-storm probably. No; he sees the gleam of spears; it is a troop of marauders. He must make a rush for the village, and the gate must be instantly closed. When that is done, the robbers may, perhaps, pass on in search of richer prey. This is no fancy picture. It has been realised ten thousand times. Let us glance for a moment longer at a Dakhan village. It is surrounded by a wall twelve, twenty, perhaps thirty feet high. The lower six feet are of solid masonry; the upper part is generally of clay or mud, from two to ten feet thick; and there are probably two gates. The wall is steadily giving way. No one repairs it; the children exercise their powers of destruction on it; the rains annually wash away more of the mud entrenchment, and ere long the Dakhan will be a land of unwalled villages.

Let no poet or patriot break his heart over the dilapidation! The crumbling wall is the symbol of peace and security. And there is another aspect of the matter. The outcasts—Mhars and Mangs—dared not sleep within the walls, but must do so in their own quarters, dirty and dismal, outside. Cattle and dogs could sleep inside; not these human beings. Gradually, as the middle wall of separation becomes obliterated, the poor outcasts receive more of their rights as men.

The village can seldom boast of beauty. The site has been chosen without any regard to the surrounding scenery. Before we enter, the whole looks like a mass of clay walls, with a few trees interspersed. A temple, with an ornamented tower, may appear somewhat imposing; otherwise, there is nothing to show that the inhabitants have any love or conception of the beautiful. You enter; but things do not improve. The houses seem thrown down at random, the better part of them surrounded by a square dead wall; the poorer houses mere hovels shared by human beings and cattle. There is a sad want of cleanliness; and were it not that an Indian sun soon dries every liquid up, there is much that would be offensive. We must excuse the wretched-looking dogs—who are all without owners—though they keep up such a vicious barking. They are useful in their way; they act as scavengers, with kites, crows, and perhaps pigs for their assistants.

The capital of the Marathas was at first Satara. But the Peshwā, or prime minister, who had usurped the sovereignty, had made Poona the capital. Being a Brahman, he had collected a large number of Brahmans round him, and nearly all public offices were filled by them. The Maratha Government ceased in 1818, and an English official was put in charge of the city and district.

At the time I arrived in Poona, very early in 1854, the

number of Scottish chaplains in India was smaller than it is now, and in Poona there was none at all. There was a Scottish regiment there, the 78th Highlanders; and the Government had asked the mission to conduct religious services on their behalf. This had been agreed to, and the Government paid the missionaries the sum of one hundred rupees per mensem. It was helpful in supporting the mission schools, for which nothing was received from home.

My intercourse with both officers and men was very pleasant. On the Sunday we conducted two services in English. To one of these the men were regularly marched. Not a few of them attended the other of their own free choice. The regiment had been charged, I believe not fairly, with being a drunken regiment, and one of our duties was to try to roll the imputation away. The English chaplain and a Baptist minister heartily aided in the good work. Of course this soon required me to be a professed teetotaller myself, which was no difficulty, as I was practically one already. We held monthly meetings, read temperance papers, speechified, and so on; and every month about ten men were added to the list of abstainers. The charge of being given to drink was speedily wiped away; and, as acting chaplain, I began to feel, as the officers seemed all to do, quite proud of the Highlanders.

Rather an amusing thing soon happened. The excellent English chaplain was ordered by his medical adviser to take a glass of wine a day. He had hardly begun to do so, when a sergeant met him on the road, stopped, and humbly saluting, said: 'Sir, is it true that you have taken to the drinking again?' Thereupon good Mr. Fenton boldly spurned the medical recommendation, and became once more an unchallenged and influential teetotaller.

In several cases, I saw that to the men the choice was

often teetotalism or ruin. I was much interested in two or three married men, not connected with the regiment, but with the Sappers and Miners. They seemed very superior fellows; and their wives were in every way suitable. Alas! not many weeks had passed before I found that the demon drink had blasted the happiness of two of the fairest of these households. It was the fault of the men, not of the women.

In those days there was, in connection with the army, a most wretched arrangement. There was a canteen, at which every soldier was expected to take his morning's allowance of liquor. Probably the idea was that he might thus be kept from going in quest of the abominable country liquor which native dealers were eager to supply—mortal poison, much of it. But in this way many a young soldier learned to drink. True, he was not compelled to take the liquor; he might let it alone. Afterwards he received the value of the drink in cash, if he did not choose to drink. A pity this was not done from the beginning.

Our mission chapel was too small to hold the Highland regiment, and we met in what was called the Masonic Hall, or the Assembly Rooms. Whatever 'cantrips' might have been occasionally played during the week—I am no mason, and cannot say—the spacious hall was fair and seemly on the Sunday morning. The Europeans, soldiers and others, knew the building by its appropriate name; not so the common natives. Not comprehending what used to be done within it, but hearing of mysterious performances by the masonic fraternity, the natives knew the building by the name of *Shaitan-ka-ghar*, i.e. the devil's house. One Sunday morning a gentleman summoned his palki-bearers. 'Take me to the Scotch Church,' said he. No one knew it. His ingenuity was exhausted in devising other appellations. All in vain. At last, in despair, he

cried: 'Take me to the devil's house.' 'Oh yes, yes,' was the general shout, and they bore him off in triumph to the Masonic Hall.

Among the military men in Poona during the rainy season, was Colonel Henry Havelock. The only member of his family then with him was his younger son Joshua. He seemed to feel his solitude and frequently came to the Mission House, where he was always thrice welcome. Havelock was well known to be a decided Christian. He was a Baptist; but, though quite prepared to defend his peculiar opinions when attacked, he seldom brought them forward. He worshipped, I think, on Sunday morning in the Baptist chapel, and always with us in the evening. He was never absent from the united prayer-meeting held during the week in the Mission chapel. Every one qualified to judge held Colonel Havelock in high esteem. He was the 'old Phloss' of his schoolboy days that Julius Hare speaks of, but with every excellence of his character deepened and refined. Major George Broadfoot had said of Havelock: 'It is the Indian fashion to sneer at him. His manners are cold, while his religious opinions seclude him from society; but the whole of them together would not compensate for his loss. Brave to admiration, imperturbably cool, and looking at his profession as a science.' Sir Henry Lawrence said: 'Reading and praying much as on parade in a little chapel in the town to about forty soldiers and a dozen officers; a good soldier and a good man—the best of both probably in camp.'[1] These things had been said some twelve years before; and during the interval Havelock's Christian character had only been developed and confirmed.

At first he gave me the impression of a man who felt

[1] *Storms and Sunshine*, vol. i. p. 301.

he had received scant justice in his career; but afterwards he was gratified by his appointment as Quartermaster-General. I may anticipate and say that when the Persian war broke out in 1856, and he was ordered to proceed to the Gulf, he was full of hope that the distinction which he craved for was now within reach. But the Shah suddenly submitted, and the troops were sent round to Bengal. Havelock, on that occasion, wrote to his wife that all his hopes of service and distinction were blasted. How strangely we often misread the meaning of events! It was his being sent back to India that opened the way to the highest of his achievements and crowned him with lasting glory.

It was with strangely mingled feelings that, years afterwards, I stood by his grave at Lucknow and looked at the long inscription. I did not read it. We do not require to go to their tombstones to learn about our heroes; and Havelock is one of these.

Another remarkable man was Mr. Molesworth. He had attained the rank of Major; but, coming to believe that military service was inconsistent with his duty as a Christian, he had quitted the army, dropped his pay and military rank, and become plain Mr. Molesworth. He was tall, stately, aristocratic in bearing and appearance; a keen observer; well acquainted with the best prose writers in English—at least those of a former generation; with much power of thought, and full of animation in his talk; above all, an earnest Christian man. He had watched the 'Plymouth' movement with much hope; but when 'the brethren' began to quarrel and split, and split, his inmost soul was wounded. "Don't go near them,' he said to me when I was going home; 'they are all biting and devouring one another.' I never knew a man who studied the Scriptures more deeply, or could throw more

light on the meaning of difficult passages. Government had summoned him from England to revise and enlarge the Marathi Dictionary; and most laboriously and successfully did he perform the work.[1] I have called him a very keen observer. He and I were one morning taking our accustomed early walk. Molesworth suddenly stopped. 'Did you see that?' he cried almost fiercely. 'No; what was it?' 'Oh, enough to turn us out of India. You see the officer approaching us. That sepoy now in the distance met him and saluted him with the off hand—the left hand. You know that to salute with the left hand, or give anything with the left hand, is, in native opinion, a gross insult. That sepoy will go to his comrades and tell them that the English are untrained barbarians; for the officer whom he was insulting imagined he was showing him respect.' Some official, doubtless fresh from home, had seen that, while the English soldiers saluted with the off hand, whether right or left, the native saluted with the right. 'Let there be uniformity,' said the great man; 'let native soldiers do as the English do'; and to the amazement and amusement of the sepoys, the order had been carried out.

It was Burke, I think, that said, 'Our government of India is an awful theory.' Is it not so still? Often what a European deems a trifle is a matter of life or death to a native. When the sepoy mutiny broke out, Disraeli said jauntily, 'Revolutions are not made with grease.' Epigrammatic; but untrue. The causes of the mutiny were many; but the greased cartridges were the occasion.

[1] The first edition had been the production of Mr. Molesworth aided by two brothers, Messrs. Thomas and George Candy. The second edition was brought out wholly by himself. Major Thomas Candy compiled the English-Marathi Dictionary—a valuable work.

I found both in Mr. Molesworth and Major Candy the kindest of friends, and men earnestly desirous of the good of India.

Poona had one great attraction; it was a centre from which we could easily reach the chief place of pilgrimage in the Maratha country. Alandi, Dehu, Jejuri, were all close at hand; and Pandharpur—Tukaram's 'blessed, blessed Pandhari'—was not very far off. We had also frequent preaching, both on the street—which was trying—and in halls, in which, as being our own, we had full control of the people, and all moved satisfactorily.

Mounted on my Arab pony, which I had named *yatrekari*, or *pilgrim*, I paid a visit to Alandi in the autumn of 1854. I was accompanied by three young English officers, who were all much interested in work among the natives. One of them is now Canon Burn Murdoch. I had already discovered that the presence of such friends was very useful. I had been more than once met by the taunt, 'Ah, yes! you preach because it is your *trade*.' But when my address was followed by the friendly remarks of military men, or other lay friends, the people were evidently impressed. That day a Native said to us, 'You are a strange kind of Europeans.' 'How so?' 'We were never before allowed to talk with Sahebs in this friendly way.'

The village Alandi is said to have been the chief residence of the poet Dnyaneśvar (or Dnyanoba, literally, *the lord of wisdom*), the author of the greatest poem in the Marathi language. This is an ample commentary on the celebrated *Bhagavad Gita*, or *Song of the Divinity*—a work which, both in the Sanskrit original and in translations, has powerfully influenced the Hindu mind.

The town of Alandi is prettily situated on the banks of the Indrayani—a classical stream to the students of Marathi poetry—which becomes a tributary to the still more famous Bhima.

We had much to do that day. My notes say that I

preached myself hoarse. My friends also spoke and read portions of Scripture. It was more difficult to speak because of what I have called the 'roar' of the *yātrā*. There was little shouting; but a continuous, loudish noise rose from the whole of the assemblage, which, we calculated, might amount to forty thousand people. One or two men spoke sharply; but a few kind words soon pacified them.

'Don't you want to see the wall?' said a man. 'The wall that moved forward? Certainly. Take us to it.' The legend is that Tsāngdeva, one of the most wonderful personages in Indian legendary lore, came to visit Dnyaneśvar (or Dnyanoba). He arrived in grand state, riding on a tiger, and with a serpent for a whip. Dnyanoba was seated in meditation on a wall; but, to meet his illustrious visitor, he bade the wall bear him forward. And the wall obeyed. 'Here is the wall,' said our guide. Seeing a low building of perhaps twenty-five feet long, we cried, 'Impossible; this is not ten years old.' 'Ah! but the old wall is inside the new.' We were then told that, as every visitor had touched the old wall and (I suppose) kissed it, it had looked as if the venerable relic would speedily all crumble away, and that therefore the new building had been reared for its protection. 'Put your hand in at the hole left in this end, and you will feel the old wall.' Which we did. The wall inside was mouldering away.

I believe the explanation about the wall is this. The village, in former days, was considerably larger than now. It shrank; but an old wall remained and showed how far the dwellings had once extended. The question then occurred how the solitary wall stood there; and (how naturally in India!) the legend had arisen to explain it.

Sanyashis and very holy men like Dnyanoba are

frequently buried, not burned. We went to see his resting-place. My notes do not mention that it was in any way remarkable. 'But,' said the bystanders, 'the saint lies here, still playing on his *vinā* (lute). Apply your ear to the stone, and you will catch the sounds.' We did so, but heard nothing. It is a strange conception that the poet has been lying in that grave in a state of consciousness for six hundred years. It would be easy to moralise upon it.

We pass on to the temple. Some Mhars are standing outside the gate, not allowed to enter. We pass in without remark. The small court is full of people; two or three sepoys with twisted cloths are thrashing violently. 'Stop,' we cried; 'what tyranny is this?' 'No tyranny at all. We must keep the people in their proper places and the men separate from the women; otherwise, every kind of mischief will be done.' 'Pray, who are you that rule so fiercely?' The man pointed to his cap: it bore the letters P.P.C. (Poona Police Corps). The noise, the crushing, the beating—all were excessive: what religious feeling could there be here? A higher official soon turned up, a māmletdār, who politely offered to conduct us through the crowd to the entrance of the temple. We declined with thanks: it would have been an excuse for still more violent thumping; and we should have been supposed to be going to pay our respects to the image: for, although it was admitted that the poet was lying in his grave outside, there was an image of him in the temple, which was the object of worship.

It was, I think, on the occasion of a later visit that the following things occurred. I was passing a Wani's (Banyan's) shop. The man was gesticulating violently and calling to me. I stopped. He pointed to a religious mendicant lying in front of his shop, with a great stone

on his breast. 'He refuses to take what I offer him, and declares he will lie there till he die.' 'Well; let him do so.' 'Ah! but it will then all come on me—I shall be guilty of his death.' I turned to the prostrate mendicant. 'Up, you rascal, and be off!' I used no threatening gesture; but the man threw off the stone and rose instantly. I had not proceeded ten yards when the shopkeeper came running after me. 'He is down again, with the stone on his breast: what shall I do?' 'Tell him from me that you are not to give him a pice.' The Wani went off satisfied, and took, I hope, my advice. This kind of thing is not uncommon in India. A votary sometimes treats his god in the same way: he sits before the image until he believes he has extorted from the reluctant deity the boon he wants.

Passing on we come to some twenty people sitting sadly under charge of a sepoy. 'Who are these?' 'Thieves.' 'So many? and at this early hour!' I began to expostulate with the people; but a sort of murmur came from them in reply. 'Are they not thieves?' I asked. 'Yes, every man and woman of them; only we caught them in time and kept them from stealing. We know them by head-mark, and pounced on them whenever they appeared.' 'But does the Government allow you to seize them in this way?' 'Why not?' I did not press the matter further, but went away musing on so original a way of preventing theft. These people, if I rightly remember, were called Bamthyas; they were not ordinary thieves, and would steal only during the day.

CHAPTER XXIII

VISIT TO JEJURI—'POSSESSION'—HOOK-SWINGING—THIGH-PIERCING—THE MURALIS

I HAVE now to ask the reader to accompany me to a place of pilgrimage very different from any that has yet been referred to. Everything connected with it was so remarkable, and most of it so painful, that I wrote out a full account of all I saw. That account I shall now largely quote from, pointing out, however, at the end, any change that may have taken place.

Jejuri is a village about twenty-four miles from Poona on the road to Satara. The prominent position and peculiar appearance of the temple arrest the notice of every passer-by; and if the traveller inquire into the character of the deity and the circumstances connected with his worship, he will be struck with them as altogether extraordinary. My attention was drawn to Khanderao, or Khandoba, the god worshipped at Jejuri, long before I came to reside at Poona, by finding that the Kolis or fishermen in the Konkan were in the habit of making pilgrimages to his temple in preference to any other. Nor is his fame confined to them. Not a few Brahmans, particularly of those in the Dakhan, and a large body of the middle and lower classes in the Maratha country, are his devoted worshippers. No place of pilgrimage in Maharashtra, if we except Pandharpur and perhaps Nasik, is more celebrated, or draws larger crowds than Jejuri.

At the same time, no worship is more offensive in its moral aspect than that of Khandoba. We have Brahmanism in all its childish ritualism in the holy places on the banks of the Godavari; we have an attempted refinement and intellectualised form of Hinduism at Pandharpur; but for heathenism in all its senselessness and vileness we must go to Jejuri.

My purpose is not to enter into any antiquarian discussions, but to describe things that now exist. How the worship of Khandoba arose is a question, in its place, important; but a far more momentous inquiry is—What is it, and how can it be modified or destroyed? I hasten to express my conviction that the state of things at Jejuri is so vile that not only ought the hearts of Christians to be deeply affected by it, but that, for the sake of morality—for the sake of public decency—Government ought to interfere and suppress a portion of the rites.

I left Poona at ten o'clock at night on the 1st of April 1855. My duties had prevented an earlier departure, though I was anxious to be at Jejuri by an early hour next morning. It was, however, no hardship to travel by night at such a season, especially when lighted by a moon within a few hours of her full-orbed splendour. It was in truth a most glorious night; a faint haze rested on the plain, but 'no cloud, nor speck, nor stain broke the serene of heaven.' Of the stars Sirius alone was prominent, declining in the west, and flashing with that alternation of red and blue rays which is so beautifully seen in the East. I could not help thinking of the shrewd policy of the Hindus in making so many of their *yátrás*, or religious gatherings, coincide with the time of the full moon. Before I had quitted the Poona cantonment I overtook three men posting onward with a steady pace. 'Whither bound?' I asked; and the reply was 'to Jejuri.' The

men said they would travel all night and be there early next morning. I soon came up with other travellers—some on foot and some in bullock-carts—all proceeding to the shrine of Khandoba. And, as I learned afterwards, not a few had left their distant homes in Khandesh or Berar with the new moon, and had been lighted on their path by the waxing luminary until her full glory welcomed them to the holy spot towards which all their thoughts were bent.

As I walked up the Bapdeva ghaut I overtook a company of men who were making the mountains echo with a song. I begged them to give me the pith of it in prose, which they at once proceeded to do; but the story was long and the conclusion evidently far off, and I was glad when we joined another company and the conversation became general. They were all Poona people, chiefly shopkeepers. They said they thought Vithoba of Pandharpur was the greatest god, but that Khandoba was also great. Several of them had been to Pandharpur, and they thought of going again; but to Poona people Jejuri was much more accessible.

Viewed from a social and economical point of view, the whole Hindu system of pilgrimage entails an enormous loss upon the country. A Musulman who performs the Hajj, does it once in his life, seldom more frequently; and thus an Indian Musulman may lose a year or two of his existence, gaining in exchange a faint idea of some foreign countries. But to a Hindu the loss is far greater. We have met with Hindus whose whole life was spent in journeying to and from some 'holy' spot. Round every celebrated temple for many miles there are *várkarís*, i.e. pilgrims who visit it periodically—many, once a month—some, once a fortnight; and immense numbers of these are artisans or agricultural labourers, who cannot be

absent from their employments without entailing grievous loss on themselves and the public. Political economists have calculated the serious amount of injury to the nation from the suspension of one day's labour in England. Such men would stand aghast at the reckless waste of money and time, and the incalculable loss which the community sustains in India, from the single item of pilgrimage. Nor let it be supposed that in those places where much of the land lies fallow most of the year the loss is trifling. Men who are thoroughly familiar with Indian husbandry in all its bearings have stated that a cultivator cannot, without loss, neglect his field for a single day.

Leaving the bullock-cart at Saswad (Sassoor) to come on leisurely, I mounted my pony about four in the morning and proceeded towards Jejuri, lingering to converse now and then with some of the numerous pilgrims moving towards the same spot. The road seemed covered with them—men, women, children—some on horseback, some on foot—the women and children chiefly in bullock carts. They seemed mostly of the middle ranks; many very respectably dressed. One tall pedestrian pushing on more energetically than his fellows attracted my notice. 'Who are you, friend?' 'A Musulman.' 'Indeed; and you, like the rest, are going to Jejuri?' 'To be sure.' 'To worship Khandoba? I thought the Musulmans acknowledged only one God.' 'Very true—Allah is supreme, but Khandoba is a *pír* (saint), and as such I worship him.' 'And many of your people do the same?' 'Yes.' This conversation may surprise those who have not had occasion to study Mohammadanism as it actually exists in India; but it is no exceptional case. In the country districts Islam is grossly idolatrous. The offerings and observances of Musulmans at the tombs of their *pírs* are scarcely distinguishable from those of the Hindus at

the shrines of their *devas*; and frequently the Hindu deity becomes the *pír*, and the Musulman falls into decided image-worship.

As we proceeded towards Jejuri I met, on three different occasions, men bearing long poles wrapped round about with red and blue cloth and ornamented at the end with a tuft of peacock's feathers. Such a pole is simply called *Khandobáchí káthí* (Khandoba's pole). Those I saw had been brought from temples of the god in other villages, and taken to Jejuri to pay a visit to the chief Khandoba, from which act of homage they were now returning home. Thus Khandoba visits Khandoba—he pays his respects to himself. This absurdity seems one of the natural consequences of image-worship. The image not being simply a representation of a deity, but a deity itself, Khandoba of Pal is distinguishable from Khandoba of Jejuri, and may possess a different sphere and superior or inferior powers. I have often laboured to find out whether the Hindus thought of a Khandoba (or whatever might be the deity's name) as existing separately from one and all of his images; but the answers have been exceedingly conflicting, and generally so confused as to show that the mind had never reflected on the subject.

The road from Saswad to Jejuri is pretty in several places. There are a good many trees on both sides; and from a range of hills running nearly parallel to the road on the east, a number of streamlets flow which, even at this season of the year, are not generally dry. There is a good deal of garden ground, which is irrigated from these streams. The notes of the *holá* (wood-pigeon), in the early morning, were ringing among the trees. Jejuri soon came conspicuously into view—at least the temple did so, situated on a hill of considerable height—I should guess about three hundred feet—the round summit of

which was all covered by the castellated temple. One extraordinary thing connected with the temple is the vast number of pillars ranged along the ascent. I have heard these spoken of by persons who had merely had a hurried glance of them from the road, as if they had been natural productions; but the regularity of their needle-shaped appearance and their vast multitude—the natives say they are three hundred and sixty in number—should prevent even a tyro in geology from falling into this mistake.

Jejuri is not a village of much consequence apart from its religious character. Its inhabitants amount to two thousand three hundred or so. But at the *yatra* which is held twice a year, the numbers swell to twenty-five thousand, thirty thousand, or occasionally fifty thousand. The natives maintain that the number of pilgrims was formerly very much larger.

On entering the streets the eye lighted everywhere on *bhandar*, or turmeric powder. It was sold in the shops,—it was carried about in pouches of tiger-skin on their breasts by devotees,—it covered the foreheads, and stained the clothes of nearly all I met. Pieces of cocoanut of about two inches in length were also selling in immense quantities,—being, like the bhandar, sacred to Khandoba. These are procured from Mahad and other places on the sea-coast; and although the quantity present in Jejuri seemed immense, I was told it was much less than usual. The reason of this deficiency in the imports no one seemed clearly to understand;[1] but some of the wiser people shook their heads and said no doubt it was owing to the war with Russia! Nothing remarkable was yet going on, —the worshippers were collecting. I visited the village school, but found that on account of the festival the pupils

[1] Probably the storm that ravaged Bombay and its neighbourhood towards the end of 1854 would explain it.

were rejoicing in a holiday. I proceeded through the village to the foot of the staircase which leads up to the temple. A good many figures in stone, and *pádukás*, or stones with representations of feet, were around; but my attention was arrested by an iron chain wrapped round a large stone. 'What is this?' I asked. 'Through the power of the god I can snap this chain,' said one of the devotees called *wághyás*,—of whom more by and by. 'Yes,' exclaimed a second Waghya, 'I will break this chain (showing another) for a rupee.' 'For a rupee? is *lobha* (covetousness) the motive of the action?' 'Not at all; it is *dharma* (religion); only, you pay a rupee.' I asked them to show me the chain. Part of it consisted of old massive links carefully made; but intermingled with these were other links of the rudest workmanship, and so attenuated in some places, that a strong man might almost have rent the chain asunder in his hands. As I handled the chain, a crowd collected, and multitudes of voices were eager to explain the wonderful feat. Foremost among these was a withered old woman with her face all smeared with turmeric powder. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'A Murali,' was her reply. I then pointed to the chain and asked the man, 'You are sure you can break this?' 'Yes; the god can break it.' 'Well; let him break it.' 'But the rupee.' I then selected one of the strong links and said: 'If you, or the god, will fairly snap this part, I promise you two rupees.' The man excused himself. 'Is Khandoba able to break only the small links? do the big ones baffle your god?' 'No: Khandoba can do anything.' 'Well, proceed; do it honestly, and here are the rupees.' The man slunk away; and the bystanders raised a half-shout of derision. I confess I had difficulty in suppressing a feeling of indignation at the thought both of the deceiver and the

deceived,—the device was so shallow, yet so shameless. One would suppose it impossible for rational beings to be so deluded. But the poor Kunbi (cultivator) comes, and amid the noise and confusion of a crowd he is assailed, chain in hand, by the Waghyas, and pays his rupee to the miracle-worker, hardly knowing what he is about.

Entering the gateway and ascending about twenty steps, we came to a horse quietly standing in the middle of the road. I asked the man in charge of him for an explanation. The horse belonged to the *Purandare*—the Maratha chieftain to whose ancestors the hill-fort of Purandar belonged in days of Maratha supremacy. The horse, like his master, generally resides at Sáswad; but he has been dedicated to Khandoba, and is sent on all great occasions to receive the homage of Khandoba's worshippers. Poor *Dil pasand* (which we may render *heart's joy*)—for such was the animal's name—was quiet enough, but was occasionally annoyed by the turmeric powder and flowers which the devotees were heaping on his forehead; and when these came in contact with his eyes, he shook them off. The worshippers made obeisance to him, and put pieces of cocoanut before him.

The people continued to pour into Jejuri; but the heat was becoming oppressive, and I was compelled to retreat. I waited till the afternoon in the Government bungalow. On a former visit to Jejuri I spent the day in the enclosure of a small temple; but to-day every place was full to overflowing, and I was thankful for the refuge I had. I had several visitors during the day, and learned from them some interesting facts. At the *yatra* in the month of December a spectacle of a remarkable kind is witnessed. A man runs a sword through the fleshy part of his leg, and then, drawing it out, sprinkles the blood on the entrance of the temple, and afterwards walks to his own

house, supported by men on both sides. This, of course, excites the people to the utmost: all speak of it as a marvellous thing. And yet, though eminently disgusting, and the survival of bloody rites, it is little more than a piece of deception. The flesh on the upper part of the thigh is drawn up from the bone, and the point of the sword is run through this to the extent of nearly a foot. The blood flows, of course; but the wound is not very serious, and generally heals in two months. The person who performs the act is called *Vira*, or the hero. He belongs to a caste called *ghadashi*, which is lower than the Kunbi and above the Mahar. There are about fifteen families in Jejuri who enjoy possessions on condition of performing the ceremony. It comes round to each individual once in about five or six years.

In the afternoon I went out again and proceeded towards the temple. As I arrived at the foot of the long ascent a Waghya was engaged in the operation of breaking one of the chains spoken of above. I narrowly watched the process, the crowd obligingly making way for me. The chain was taken—it was about three feet long—one end of it was put through a hole in a stone, and a piece of iron was then inserted transversely in the end of the chain, so as to keep it from slipping through. The operator then seized the other end of the chain, and exerting apparently all his strength, after two or three minutes of violent leaping, tugging, and jerking, he succeeded in snapping one of the links. A shout of delight followed. I begged to see the link, which was at first handed to the deluded Kunbi who had paid a rupee for the operation; and he, retaining the smaller end, presented me with the larger. The iron was evidently of the most brittle kind, and I can believe what I afterwards heard—that the links which are intended to break are plunged when red-hot into cold

water to render them brittle. I pointed out the ease of the operation, and the general feeling seemed to be that the act was nothing miraculous.

The ascent to the temple is rather fatiguing. At a good many places smaller steps have been put in by way of supplement between the original ones, but the interpolated steps are often ridiculously small and could be used only by pigmies. The idea is that building such steps is an act of merit; and therefore, though worse than useless, they are multiplied. The natives have it that the steps are nine lacs in number (900,000). There are also pillars ranged along the sides of the ascent,—these are *dípamáls* for the supporting of lamps—erections familiar to every one who has observed Hindu temples with attention. The pillars are said to be three hundred and sixty in number; and, as each is capable of containing twelve or twenty lamps, the illumination of the ascent, when all are lighted, must be magnificent. Crowds were going up to the temple—there was little time to talk, and indeed the steep ascent left little inclination for it. The temple occupies a considerable space, covering the entire summit of the hill in a circular form. The highest part is flat-roofed, and at sunset the view from it was very pleasing. The beauty, indeed, was mainly owing to the mellow lustre of an Indian evening. The full moon revealed her face in the east as the greater luminary disappeared in the west; and the whole scene around Jejuri (although not the one in it), was one of calm repose and placid beauty. A young Brahman who had accompanied me from Poona exclaimed, 'O how lovely!' pointing to the trees that embosomed the town, and the two large shining tanks at its opposite extremities. These, tinged by the soft radiance of the hour, certainly deserved the admiration he bestowed upon them. Yet, in ordinary circumstances, Jejuri cannot be

thought either in itself or in its neighbourhood to possess much of the beautiful. The view towards the west is shut out by a range of hills, which are themselves possessed of no particular charm.

The temple bears inscriptions in three different places, which simply inform us that in the years 1659, 1664, and 1678, Malharji Holkar built it. Reduced to our computation, these dates are 1737, 1742, 1756. With little but the difference of the date each of the inscriptions runs thus: *In the Samvatsar Pingal, Malharji Holkar, son of Khandoji, devoted at the feet of Martand Bhairava.*[1] The *style* of the inscriptions is but so-so; and one ends with a misspelling.

The Holkar thus commemorated was the great founder of the family, Malhar Rao Holkar, who occupies a conspicuous place in Maratha history from the year 1724 to 1767. His birthplace was at no great distance; and as a *dhangar* or shepherd, he no doubt had been from his infancy a devotee of Khandoba. A temple, however, was in existence at Jejuri before his time. Happily the day is past, or rapidly passing, when native chieftains in India rear magnificent temples to false divinities. The substantial masonry of the Jejuri temple has stood more than a hundred years, and may stand as many more, without exhibiting much trace of weakness. Shall moral influences, in the good providence of God, anticipate the corroding tooth of time, and the courts at Jejuri become desolate while the walls yet stand? Let us by all means hope it. I could not help thinking what the feelings of the grim Maratha chieftain would have been if, after he had reared the massive structure to perpetuate the glory of his god, he could have foreseen the day when Christian missionaries

[1] Bhairava is, in the inscription, put for Khandoba. The identification is important.

should be fearlessly moving among the thickest of the crowd, and telling them in the midst of their orgies of One greater than Khandoba.

In passing through the town towards the temple the Brahman who accompanied me had, in his officious zeal, asked a Government peon to help us through the crowd. Two men at once sprang up and came with us, to my regret, as I anticipated their *modus operandi*. They made their way through the multitude with an immensity of shouting and elbowing; and I had to order them to be quiet and thrust no one aside. All in vain. I then requested the officials, whom I could hardly dismiss without affronting them, to walk behind me and allow me to make my own way. The men looked amazed, but were obliged to acquiesce; and soon, on finding their occupation and importance gone, they dropped off. I had no reason to regret their absence. My progress without them was less speedy, but infinitely more pleasant. I met with no rudeness, although, wherever I went, before I had opened my lips, the crowd seemed by a sort of instinct to know I was a missionary.

The enclosure of the temple—a large space occupying the entire summit of the hill—was now pretty full of people —men, women, children. Large numbers were seated on the ground in tolerably regular lines, an arrangement the reason of which was soon apparent. Every now and then some person came forward, and from the walk above threw down handfuls of turmeric powder and pieces of cocoanut. The latter were eagerly seized by the people into whose neighbourhood they fell. There was wonderfully little scrambling; there evidently was a general understanding that the fragment belonged to him to whom it was nearest. On wandering round, the turmeric powder appeared everywhere,—everything and everybody quite yellow. Here in

one corner is a man whose clothes present no white spot at all—he is covered with turmeric from head to foot—and he sits guarding the *palang*, or couch, of Khandoba, which is as yellow as himself. In another corner sits a pleasant-looking old Brahman, quietly reading to himself the *Shiva Lilamrit*, a Marathi work on the exploits of the god Shiva.[1] Ranged before him are pieces of money and bits of cocoanut, the presents which have been made him by the devotees. I asked him what was the value of the contributions. He thought they would support him for about five days. There was a wonderful gentleness in this man's demeanour; and on my explaining why I, as a Christian, could not add to his stock, he took it remarkably well. Of the Gospel he seemed to know little or nothing; and amid the confusion around him I was not able to explain it fully. I was talking to him when a loud shout arose and a rush of people was seen a few paces off. 'It is a devil,' said my young Brahman friend; and I saw a man held back by three or four others, but struggling with almost superhuman strength and forcing his way onward in spite of them. He was bare-headed, his *shendi* (tuft of hair on the top of the head) floating behind; his face flushed; his eyes starting from their sockets—everything betokening the highest excitement. I anxiously appealed to my companion. 'He is seized with a devil,' said he, quietly; and I observed that the crowd looked on with wonderful composure, and left the three or four men to restrain him as they could. He broke from them once and plunged wildly forward, and my heart beat fast as he approached a steep staircase with an open gateway; but he was seized before he reached it. I ran up and began to address him; he looked like a Parbhu or perhaps a Sonar; but again he broke loose and madly dashed into

[1] Khandoba is generally called an incarnation of Shiva.

the crowd. The whole thing had been so sudden that I could not at once regain my composure. 'You take this very coolly, Bala,' said I to my Brahman friend. 'Such things are common at Jejuri,' replied he. We proceeded to the walk on the summit, and I was enjoying the delicious sea-breeze from the west, when suddenly, on turning an angle, we came on a crowd of people hanging over a man who lay flat on his back, seemingly in a swoon. 'What's this?' 'The god!' exclaimed the crowd, 'the god has entered him.' His wife hung over him, evidently in great distress. The people crowding round completely shut out the breeze, and the heat was very great. Here, at all events, the cause of the 'possession' was plain, and I felt that a useful lesson might be taught. 'What is the matter with him?' I again asked. 'Oh! the god—the god is in him,' exclaimed the crowd eagerly; 'it is Khandoba.' I ordered the people to give way; without much hesitation they obeyed. I called for water: none was at hand; but the soft evening breeze soon swept over him. I spoke to him soothingly, and, to my exceeding delight, in five minutes the man came perfectly to his senses and sat up calm and collected. I appealed to the bystanders to judge whether there was any devil or god in this case, and they seemed more than half convinced. To my astonishment I came on a case nearly similar about twenty paces farther on. A man was seated on the ground, and throwing his body into all sorts of contortions, twisting and writhing fearfully. 'Is this Khandoba?' I asked. 'Yes—yes—the god is in him.' I set to work as before, though with hardly the same assurance of success, and, having cleared a passage for the breeze, took hold of his hand and asked his name. 'Govind,' said he, and the answer encouraged me,—for it is a singular fact that, in cases of 'possession,' the person

possessed will not acknowledge his own name, but takes that of the deity, or demon, imagined to be in him. I half-soothed, half-threatened the man, and in rather more than five minutes the contortions ceased and the poor fellow became quiet. The crowd looked more astonished than ever. 'If Khandoba was in him,' I said, 'you have now proof that Khandoba flees before a worshipper of the true God; why then mind him? But there seems to be no god nor devil here; you dance and excite yourselves till you are frantic, and then you say you are possessed.' Poor people—they seemed ashamed; and yet, I fear, on the next recurrence of a similar event, they would forget the lesson. I believe my reference to the 'dancing' as the cause of the possession is correct. They work themselves, as I saw at the moment part of the crowd doing, into a state of high excitement; and prepared as they are to expect 'possession,' no wonder if the reeling brain give way. Such seems the easiest explanation of all the cases of 'possession' which I have witnessed; but on such a subject I would not dogmatise; nor can we overlook the fact that some who were not predisposed to seek a supernatural origin for such things have yet held that possession by evil spirits does occur in this land of darkness.

Proceeding again into the court below, and with great difficulty making our way through the crowd, we came to the entrance of the shrine of Khandoba. On looking inwards, far along the ill-lighted passage, the image of the god appeared darkly at the extremity. They would not allow me to enter; nor, if permitted, would I have done it. It was with difficulty that the crowd of people in the passage could so arrange themselves as to afford me a momentary glimpse of the inner shrine; and the heat even at the door was so stifling that I was glad to retreat.

The idol *den*—I can call it by no other name—was ventilated only from the door; and in such an atmosphere one marvelled that those who entered did not swoon away. On a former occasion, when I visited Jejuri in its ordinary state, the assistants at the temple kindly provided me with a mirror, and, by directing the reflected ray right upon the god, I had obtained a tolerably good view of him. He was attended by his wife and dog;—the last was of brass, but round the deity and his wife there seemed no small amount of gold, silver, and jewels. Since that time many of the jewels have been stolen. A conspicuous object is the sword of the divinity—about five feet long—old, rusty, clumsy, and one which, in ordinary hands, could never have done service. There is also, if my memory is correct, a large bell at the entrance of the shrine, which must have belonged to a Portuguese church. To a Christian a discovery of this kind is somewhat startling. I well recollect my feelings when I found a fine bell which had belonged to some Christian church, now used at the chief temple in Nasik. The explanation is, that during the rise of the Maratha kingdom these bells were carried off from the rifled churches of the Portuguese on the coast,—the inscriptions upon them leaving no doubt of the captivity they have undergone."

In another part of the enclosure we came on a large rock which the natives say is broken into seven pieces. I looked narrowly to see whether the rents were artificial. On the whole they seemed natural, yet the parts fitted together with singular closeness, so that it had naturally attracted notice. For every phenomenon the native mind speedily provides an explanation:—this rock was Mhalsa, the wife of Khandoba, who quarrelled with his other wives (three in number), was cursed by her husband, and was turned into a rock, challenging attention by the singularity of its

rents. Here was a face of brass, with articles of female head-dress surrounding it,—a woman attending, and of course clamouring for contributions. Even the rejected and accursed wife of the god must be commemorated!

It happened to be Monday—a day on which one of the most important parts of the Jejuri rites cannot be performed. I could therefore only survey the apparatus connected with it. I refer to the hook-swinging, of which I shall speak by and by.

I was much struck with the difference between the scene before me and one I had formerly witnessed at a still more celebrated place of pilgrimage—Pandharpur. There, under the full moon, in the month of December, on the ample sands of the channel of the Bhima, I had for hours together watched large companies of devotees listening attentively to addresses—to what we might call preaching; and although the idolatry which was inculcated made the spectacle profoundly sad to a Christian, yet there were at least appeals to the understanding, and attempts to reach the heart,—there was something like religion. At Jejuri, on the contrary, all that was meant for religion was ridiculous; and a good deal was vulgar amusement. Here, for example, was a sword-dance going on. One operator after another came forward, seized the long weapon and went through a number of evolutions, some of which were most surprising. Such things may be seen in the Poona *talim-khana* every day; but to my unaccustomed eye the swift brandishings of the sword and the contortions of the body of the operator looked not a little perilous, and I was thankful that no accident occurred to any who took part. The most skilful artist was a man of low caste.

In all parts of the enclosure the noise had seemed to increase. People were rushing about, dancing, beating

drums, shouting *Elkot, elkot.*[1] The full moon ascending the sky in stately majesty was now looking down, seemingly in calm pity, on the sad, sad confusion below; but, as night drew on, innumerable torches began to blaze, carried about in the hands of the worshippers. I retreated once more from the crush, and from the upper battlements surveyed the scene for some time; but as there was evidently nothing more to be learned, and nothing that I could well teach the agitated noisy mass, I left the temple, and descended as fast as the ascending crowd would permit.

Viewed from the Government bungalow, the temple and the ascent presented a blaze of light. I was very much exhausted, and slept soundly; although the noise of tom-toms and shouting, as kept up the whole night in the village, was painfully loud as far off as the bungalow. I had enjoined the bungalow peon to call me at midnight, that I might return to the crowd of worshippers; but the man neglected his duty, and I did not awake till near daybreak. This was a disappointment, as I was anxious to see that part of the proceedings which is especially called the *tamasha.* It was, however, only on a larger scale, a repetition of what I had recently witnessed at the temple of Devi at Kondanpur, a village about eighteen miles from Poona, and I may briefly state what took place there. The *tamasha* was a kind of scenic representation. Two or three men personated different characters; and the dialogue was kept up with considerable life. There was no stage, no theatrical costume: the spectators sat by hundreds on the

[1] *Elkot.* This word is generally understood to mean *seven crores,*—and that, it is said, is the number of enemies slaughtered by the warrior Khanderao. These enemies were Buddhists, it is said. An *árti* or hymn to Khandoba translates it not *sát* but *sáth* (sixty) crores, and says Khandoba's attendants amounted to so many, when he killed the two *Daityas.* The Canarese word for seven is *El.*

ground, and the actors stood all in a small vacant space in the midst of the crowd. What I witnessed and heard was utterly disgusting. Low buffoonery in place of wit, discourse spiced with innuendoes of a highly objectionable kind, and occasionally breaking out into gross obscenity,—the thing was so shocking that I was compelled to make my way through the crowd, solemnly protesting against the whole exhibition. What made the matter worse was that one of the *dramatis personæ* was a young girl of about thirteen years of age, who was compelled to hear and utter the most repulsive things. Such was the *tamasha* at Kondanpur, and similar, doubtless, were the dozens of *tamashas* which had occupied Jejuri the whole night through. There were probably twenty of them, in various parts of the town. I arrived at Holkar's temple just as the *tamasha* had ceased, and before the crowd had left the place. Standing on the steps of the temple I addressed the multitude for a considerable time. Little opposition was exhibited—the audience chiefly consisted of Kunbis, who, although seldom intelligent, are generally tractable and gentle. I spoke of the evils of such exhibitions as they had just witnessed; and they admitted their demoralising tendency. When I arrived, the actors had offered to perform the spectacle over again, which led me to dwell at some length on its disgusting nature. When I passed on to connect these evils with Khandoba, they repelled the charge with earnestness. 'What you say about these *tamashas* is true,' said they, 'but the fault does not lie with the god, but the performers.' I proceeded as soon as possible to proclaim the great doctrines of Christianity; but my audience gradually thinned. They looked quite spent; and they withdrew, I believe, more for that reason than from opposition to the truths proclaimed. A very considerable number, however, remained listening

to my address, asking and answering questions, for nearly half an hour. There was much animation in their language, but no bitterness. On most of what I advanced there was more than half assent; but when I asserted that there was no evidence of Khandoba's possessing any power, there was a vehement declaration that his divinity was beyond question. I demanded the proof. 'Our prayers are answered,' was the unfaltering reply. The reader will at once recognise the difficulty of meeting this kind of argument. I was thankful when I succeeded in silencing, though, I fear, not in convincing, them; and when I could again declare the commanding verities of the Christian faith.

I must, however, hasten to mention one of the most characteristic of the rites connected with Khandoba—that of hook-swinging. It is not practised on Monday, nor was it in my power to revisit the temple in the afternoon of Tuesday when it was going on. But I witnessed it that evening on my way back to Poona at the village of Sáswad (Sassoor), where exactly the same performances take place as at Jejuri, though on a somewhat smaller scale. One description will answer for both. In front of the temple of Bhairava[1] was a circular erection of solid stone, about four or five feet high, into the midst of which a strong thick pole had been firmly fixed so as to rise about twenty feet above the ground. On the top of this another strong pole was fastened by the middle, so as to be capable of revolving round and round in a circular direction. The two ends were of equal length and weight. A stage had been erected at a little distance, with a considerable body of musicians who had an abundant supply of the usual stunning instruments of sound.

[1] Bhairava is little else than Khandoba under another name, as has been already intimated.

There was a pause at the time we arrived: we were told that about thirty had that day 'taken the hook,' and the officiating parties were evidently tired. A crowd was around, however, and they evidently expected the ceremonies to recommence. I had a good deal of conversation with the bystanders. 'Do you think *you* will ever take the hook?' I asked a young Brahman. The lad looked astonished. 'I? what, I?' said he, 'am I not a Brahman?' 'And it would be wrong in a Brahman to take the hook?' 'The thing was never heard of,' said he. 'But it is all right in the Kunbis and such castes?' 'Oh, to be sure; it is their custom.' How intensely conservative is the Hindu mind! The most comprehensive application of the maxim, 'whatever *is*, is right,' will hardly startle a native; and hardly the opposite, that whatever is not, is wrong.

But hark! a flourish of discordant music from a distance announces the approach of some one who is to swing. Five or six musicians come parading down the path—the musicians on the stage referred to strike up their rival discord—close behind are four persons bearing a kind of canopy—and under it walks a woman. They move on at a moderate pace—the crowd makes way, and they approach the pole. One end of it is lowered, and we have leisure to examine the hook. It is of iron, surprisingly small, and the part by which the devotee is to be suspended, the bend of the hook, which I had expected to find very broad, is not more there than half a finger's breadth. One turns sick looking at it: is it possible to hang up the human body by *that*?—will not the muscle be torn asunder and the wretch be hurled to the ground? But the woman is now flat on her face; you cannot speak to her, for you are here by special favour, and, moreover, the vile tom-toms drown your voice. A man raises the

flesh of her back, close to the spine, and to the left side of it,—though the right side might be taken with equal readiness,—and the blunt hook is coolly driven through. Was that a cry from the poor creature? We think it was; 'though for the noise of drums and cymbals loud,' it was scarcely audible. Look! we were told the blood never flowed; but there it is, flowing beyond doubt, though slowly. Now the pole slowly rises, a man gets into a sort of basket at the other end to form an equipoise, and the miserable woman rises and dangles in the air—her body between the perpendicular and the horizontal. She is very pale; the perspiration gathers thick on her face,—is it fright or pain? Hush! there she moves—the men pull the ropes, and the suspended form of the woman is slowly carried round. The spectacle is most unseemly. She has only the usual clothing of Hindu women, which, even in ordinary circumstances, is hardly defensible; and now, with the poor wretch swinging over our heads, the observed of all observers, it is to a European positively revolting. Once round—a short pause—and now, to our infinite relief, they are letting her down. Either she had vowed to swing round but once, or, as the person next us says, it is because she is alarmed. (Many women swing three times round or oftener.) She is lowered—again she lies flat down, her face touching the ground—a man extracts the hook, and throwing a handful of turmeric powder on the wound, he presses it on, and into, the orifice with his *foot*! pushing and stamping with his heel as coolly as if the woman were a lump of clay. The rite is over. Her friends come forward and help her to rise. She is pale, and trembles; they soothe her; then, after a pause, the procession forms, the canopy is raised, the horrid music recommences, and she marches slowly off in triumph. We try to speak to her party and herself; but our voice

is drowned, and our interference somewhat rudely repelled. Another woman then comes forward; but we have seen quite enough of the fixing of the hooks, and we retreat. She is raised, and moves round; she is undaunted, apparently; and hark! *Tsáng bhala*[1]—the usual invocation of Bhairoba, is uttered by her in a firm and fearless voice. What are that woman's nerves made of? Thrice the swing goes round, amid deafening, hideous music; and then she is let down. But before we can recover from the surprise and pity excited by this woman—so different from the last—here comes thundering down the rudely paved path a cart drawn by two vigorous bullocks; and lo! from the pole which rises from the centre of the cart hangs a man. Can the man's muscles bear the dreadful strain? The fellow is bold and demonstrative—he moves his hands about to attract notice—he has not, as the woman had, a rope to hold on by, with his hands,—the hook, the hook alone, sustains him; and when shock after shock is given as the rude conveyance rattles along, it seems a miracle that the wretch is not precipitated to the ground. He has come, we are told, from a distance of sixty miles or so, and has travelled the whole way *thus*! The cart is thrice driven round the erection in front of the temple; and then the man's vow is fulfilled. This mode of 'taking the hook' is more disgusting than the other, as it is so much longer continued, and so much more violent in its nature.

Certainly this hook-swinging is one of the most objectionable parts of Hinduism. Our readers may well ask what is sufficient to induce men, and even women, to undergo a rite so unnatural and degrading. It may be that a woman is childless; in that case, she will make a vow that, if Khandoba bless her with offspring, she will 'take

[1] This may be rendered 'Well done, Tsang.'

the hook.' But the offspring so obtained is generally dedicated to Khandoba; and in that case the super-addition of hook-swinging will seldom take place. More frequently the hook is taken when a sick child has recovered after the parent made a vow to perform the ceremony. The swinging of women is generally for some supposed blessing granted to their children,—the swinging of men rather for mercies believed to have been granted to themselves.

When I had last seen this rite—at the village of Bhamurda, near Poona—I had an admirable opportunity of addressing a crowd of women who, with their children, were gazing on the spectacle from a distance, not daring to mix in the noisy crowd. It is not often the missionary has it in his power to address a large assembly of Hindu women, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. They listened with interest and a measure of intelligence. But it was hard to convince the poor things that, in their solicitude for their offspring, there was a far 'more excellent way' than 'taking the hook' in honour of Khandoba. May the Father of Mercies hasten the time when the sorrowing heart of the Hindu mother shall seek comfort from Him who alone can bestow it! Fearful as this observance is, it exhibits the inextinguishable instincts of the human heart triumphing over all opposition; and the self-denial, the self-sacrifice, the yearning mother's love which it reveals, compel our deepest sympathy, while we mourn over the fearful mode which Hinduism has furnished for their expression.

One point connected with Jejuri remains to be noticed. It is the existence of *Wághyás* and *Muralis*—men and women dedicated to Khandoba. If a man is childless he vows that, if the god bless him with offspring, it shall be wholly set apart for the deity. When, in these circum-

stances, a child is born, if it is a son, he becomes a *Wághyá*; if a daughter, she becomes a *Murali*. The former are generally termed Khandoba's *dogs*. The Muralis are termed the *wives* of the god—they are all married to him. These consecrated persons may be of any class; but they seem to retain their caste after being dedicated. A Kunbi Waghya shrinks from the touch of a Mhar Waghya, as much as if both were ordinary Hindus.

The employments of these people are not very definite. They hang about the temple, and expect alms from visitors; especially during a festival they meet you at every step, carrying turmeric powder in a pouch of tiger-skin (*wágh*),[1] and eager to apply it to the foreheads of the pilgrims. They sing songs—especially those called *lávanyá*—in honour of the god, and are always ready to recite his praises. On ordinary occasions they scatter themselves among the villages for fifty or a hundred miles around, everywhere maintaining the character of religious mendicants dedicated to Khandoba. Very few of them are able to read or write.

The Waghyas marry; their wives generally are the daughters of Muralis. Their children must follow the 'religious' life—the sons becoming Waghyas, the daughters Muralis. Unhappily, the Muralis cannot marry—they, forsooth, are 'married to Khandoba.' Herein lies a fearful evil. The institution of Muralis is a moral pestilence. It is confidently asserted that these women *universally* become prostitutes. That a Murali should be a woman of abandoned character is understood to be a matter of course, even more than that a dancing girl should be so. It would be a miracle if women in their circumstances were anything else. A most intelligent native—a Mámletdár in the neighbourhood of Jejuri—

[1] Hence, it is said, the name *Wághyá*.

mentioned a significant fact which bears directly on this question. Besides those who are dedicated to the god by their parents, there are others who have become Muralis of their own accord, 'that they may be as wicked as they please.' 'Only the other day,' said the Mámletdár, 'a woman told her relatives that the god had appeared to her in a dream and informed her that she ought to become a Murali. So off she set in spite of everything.'

I have come to a distressing subject; yet it may be a solemn duty to go through with it, to see if perchance any remedy can be devised for so terrible an evil. Statedly resident in Jejuri there are, at an average, from fifty to seventy Muralis, and about as many Waghyas. But scattered up and down—in the cities and the villages of the Maratha country—there are hundreds—probably at least a thousand. These may not all be connected with the Jejuri temple; there are similar institutions at Pal or Pali in the neighbourhood of Satara, and elsewhere. We have no census of these women; but let us take the lowest possible estimate and say they amount to a thousand in this part of the Deccan. How horrible the consequences of the presence of such creatures, shamelessly walking about in open day, singing disgusting songs, privileged to enter into every village, almost into every house, and ply their hideous trade of consecrated prostitution! And still the poison-stream runs on; nor are there symptoms of its drying up. On one of the days I spent at Jejuri we were informed that eight or ten girls had been brought from the villages by their deluded parents to be left as 'wives of the god.' I could not, in the crowd of pilgrims, discover the parents of any of these unfortunates, thus solemnly surrendered to a life of infamy; nor, even if I had met them, is it likely that my words could have shaken their infatuated resolution.

Talking over these facts with a very superior man—the teacher of the Government school—I asked him to tell me honestly his impressions of what appeared to me an unparalleled abomination. 'No man,' said he, 'can think ill enough of the system—the evils are incalculable.' 'Why, then,' I asked, 'do you not make a representation to Government?' 'If Government were likely to listen, it certainly should be done.' 'Would the petition be largely signed?' 'Every respectable man in Jejuri would sign it,—we are utterly disgusted and ashamed of the whole thing.' This was said with apparently perfect sincerity. It reminded me of a fact stated by Dr. Stevenson. He was passing near Jejuri, and proposed to the people who accompanied him that they should spend the night in the village, whereon a Brahman protested that, rather than do such a thing, he would submit to any amount of inconvenience. No native of respectable character, he said, unless compelled by stern necessity, would remain a single night in so vile a place as Jejuri.

The above are the more prominent facts connected with my visit to Jejuri. It will easily be observed that the object has been rather to describe what I saw of heathenism than record the words which I addressed to the people. Let me simply remark that on all occasions, when I addressed either an individual or an assembly, I sought to speak of the great salvation, and that, generally, the declaration was calmly listened to. The only occasion on which I was answered with rudeness, was on the way back to Poona. I entered into conversation with a body of people from that city who were returning home; but I sought in vain for a candid hearing, and after a full hour's conversation I had made little progress in my attempt to soften and convince. The leading man of the party, who

was of the Shimpi or tailor caste, denominated himself a *kavi* or *poet*, and boasted of his powers of improvisation. He employs himself chiefly in composing verses in connection with Hindu mythology. Were the productions of this man as popular as he represented them to be, it would be a melancholy proof of the debasement of the Hindu mind. To every kind of argument and appeal that I could adduce, he seemed impenetrable; his buckler of gross ignorance was as potent a defence as the shield of Ajax. I more than once sought to leave the party, but they entreated me to stay; and, as one or two began to take the side of truth, I consented. From *their* minds, at least, if not from that of the *kavi*, I hope I was able to dispel some misconceptions regarding both the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion.

There are one or two observances which, although they did not fall under my observation at Jejuri, are yet closely connected with Khandoba, and may here be briefly glanced at. Towards the end of the rainy season, I was informed by some of our pupils that there was to be a great exhibition of the power of the god, in his votaries' dancing on fire and escaping unhurt. At the time appointed I proceeded to the spot, in a retired part of Poona. I found a crowd blocking up the entrance of an enclosure in which the ceremony was to take place. No shrine of Khandoba seemed to be there,—the small enclosure was surrounded by dwelling-houses of the ordinary kind. The chief performer on such occasions is a Deshasth Brahman; and close beside his door I observed a trench had been dug, about six feet long and two feet deep. A large log of wood was burning beside it. So much for preparations. The place was exceedingly crowded and uncomfortable; and, as the actual performance evidently could not take place for some time,

I went away. In about an hour I came back, and found the grand exhibition was about to commence. The log had disappeared; but the smouldering embers, they said, had all been swept into the trench. I begged permission to see them, and with some difficulty obtained it. There, unquestionably, were the live, glowing embers, in the bottom of the trench,—how deep I could not well say, but I was told about five or six inches. My presence evidently made the people uncomfortable, and I retired two or three yards, but still so as to retain a good view of the ceremonies. A man of middle age appeared on the side of the trench. The noise of the tom-toms became stunning as the man stepped into it. He moved quickly, but not hurriedly, along, planting three steps, I thought, on the burning embers in his passage from end to end. He was immediately followed by a female (his wife, it was understood), a boy, and another man—who all of them passed quickly, but certainly did not run, along the trench. The whole party did this four times. The exhibition was remarkable,—it was not 'dancing on fire,' but it was walking on it, and, after the whole performance was over, I observed that the embers still glowed. The crowd of spectators seemed delighted, although I failed to perceive the least approach to a reverential spirit. 'Well, what think you of Khandoba now?' said a Brahman of my acquaintance. 'Surely,' I replied, 'you do not take this as proof of his divinity?' 'Why not?' said he; 'great is Khandoba;—victory, victory to Mallari,'—and yet, even as he uttered the words, I could see that the man was mocking. I have reason to think that, though not deceived himself, that man was labouring to deceive others. I was desirous of testing the wonder a little by noting the effect of the fire on the feet of performers; but I could get no access to them,

either then or afterwards. I then employed a young Brahman, who was acquainted with the family, to make inquiries, and he came back declaring that he had seen the feet of one or two of the party, and that they bore no trace of scar or blister. He was rather a simple lad, however, and might have been imposed on.

With regard to the whole worship of Khandoba, we may fairly enough call it a remnant of that demon-worship which appears to have been the religion of the earlier inhabitants of this country. In some parts of India, and in Ceylon, this still exists in a state so little affected by foreign elements as to permit its analysis and classification. In the Maratha country we have three systems of Hinduism—distinguishable, yet interpenetrating and modifying each other. We have first, Hinduism 'according to the Shastras'; next, the worship of Vithoba, as set forth in the popular Marathi poets; and lastly, we have the system which clusters around Khandoba and his brother deities. These are too numerous to name—Khandoba, Kanhoba, Bhairoba, Mhasoba, Mhaskoba, Nauloba, Rokodoba, Jotiba, Siddhoba, and so on. The worshippers will hardly call them devils, and there is a recognised king of devils—Vetal—distinct from all of them. But the difference between god and devil is one which the Hindu mind scarcely recognises—the two ideas very much commingle. The wilder exhibitions of this aboriginal worship, as presented in the 'devil dances' of the south, appear comparatively seldom in the Maratha country; but still, in addition to what has now been mentioned, we have frenzied rites in connection especially with demon-possession and witchcraft. It would lead me too far from the subject of this paper to enter on the consideration of these gloomy observances.

It has been already intimated that the worship of

Khandoba is extended over the whole of the Maratha country. Its three chief seats are Jejuri; Pal or Pali, a village near Satara; and Limgaum, a village about thirty miles to the north of Poona. Much is also said about Mailar or Mairal, in the Canarese country, where the same deity is worshipped, although probably under a different name. Khandoba, Khanderao, Martand, Mallari, are the names by which he is best known in Maharashtra. Bhairava or Bhairoba, as we saw, is almost interchangeable with the name Khandoba.

To show the wide extent of the fame of this deity, I quote a few lines from a paper kindly supplied by my friend the Rev. R. Hunter of Nagpur.—'In this place there is a temple of Khandoba well known to the Hindu population, and thronged every Sunday with fervent worshippers. He is much worshipped in private—images of him abound in families. Hook-swinging, in its two forms, is practised; about twelve people annually perform the rite. The majority of these are generally females. Contrary to what the Hindus assert, blood frequently flows from the wounds. Around Nagpur the swinging apparatus is not moveable. It is generally outside the village, near the entrance; and the most conspicuous object as the traveller approaches the village, is the high pole firmly fixed in the ground, from which the devotee is suspended. Waghyas and Muralis exist in connection with Khandoba's temple. The latter are undisguised prostitutes. The two classes go about, singing together. When Raghoji was king [I presume before the diminution of his territory which followed the battles of Assaye and Argaum] there were five hundred of these people in Nagpur alone, and many more in the vicinity. In Nagpur and its immediate neighbourhood, they amount probably to one hundred.'

To Pal, near Satara, which has been mentioned as one of the chief seats of Khandoba's worship, I had occasion to pay a visit in 1850, along with the Rev. R. W. Hume. Pal still is a place of no small consequence; and the yearly *yatra* is attended by many thousands. The temple is old, but of solid masonry—the pillars supporting the court in front—if I remember, eleven in number—are overlaid with brass. An inscription testifies that the temple owes much to the piety of a merchant of the city of Sirwal; but the superior glory of Jejuri, as beautified by the great Holkar, has doubtless thrown Pal into the shade. We found that the observances at Pal closely resembled those at Jejuri. The rite of piercing the leg is not practised, we were told; but the omission is more than counterbalanced by a most brutal ceremony which is practised rarely, if ever, at Jejuri. Annually at the festival of the Daśahara (Dussera) one of the Waghyas tears open with his teeth the throat of a live kid, and drinks the creature's blood, as it shrieks, and struggles, and writhes in the agonies of death! This most hideous act I have never witnessed; but it is practised occasionally even in the centre of light in Western India—in the island of Bombay. In the O. C. Spectator for February 1841 will be found an appalling account of such a scene enacted in that island, at the temple of Khandoba in Kamathipur. The details are too sickening to transcribe—the whole ceremony was fiendish.

Such then is Khandoba; and his worship is spread over the whole Maratha country. More distressing exhibitions of human debasement could hardly be supplied by the records of ancient or modern days. How true it is that

'sæpius olim
Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta';—

but we shall search all history through before we find

rites more barbarous or impure than those which are transacted every day in connection with this god. What can be done to extinguish the atrocious worship? For, with the blessing of Heaven, extinguished it must be.

To Poona missionaries—so near to the chief seat of Khandoba—it belongs to assail it by the proclamation of that Gospel which is 'mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.' They have not been wanting. The Rev. James Mitchell frequently visited Jejuri, and also preached against it both there and in Poona. Others of us have followed his example.

But ought not Government to interfere? We are all aware that Government professes neutrality in regard to religion, and is exceedingly slow to touch even flagrant evils, practices subversive of public happiness and morality. Yet the rule is not absolute: Government has suppressed such things as Satí, infanticide, the more infamous rites at the temple of Yellama near Belgaum, and observances of a like nature.

I think the time is come when hook-swinging should be put down. No man who knows the Maratha country can doubt whether it could be done safely. He who could anticipate any evil consequences must be the most visionary of alarmists—one who has never mixed freely with our Maratha people.

Even so Government ought at once to suppress the practice of piercing the leg with a sword.

And the abominable system of Muralis—shall it be allowed to continue? That female children should be dedicated by their infatuated parents—dedicated from birth—to a life which is confessedly and unavoidably a life of prostitution—prostitution, under the supposed sanction of religion—is a hideous evil, paralleled by some of the darker rites of antiquity, but never surpassed in

wickedness. The whole country groans under the load of this consecrated prostitution. Why blame the wretched women? As well blame the fettered captive for the gloom of his dungeon. Why blame the wretched parents? Better, sure, if they had sacrificed the life of their offspring on the altar of some sanguinary deity than thus devote them in their infant innocence to an existence so loathsome, compelling them to be themselves wretched and the worst pests of society;—yet why blame the parents? They did what others had done before them; they did what the Government sees and tolerates, and, *as they believe*, approves. That the Government should fail to make its sentiments known when it strongly disapproves of any custom prevalent among its subjects, is an idea that never spontaneously occurs to the people, and when it is presented to them from without, it is rejected as absurd. Our Christian Government is solemnly bound to make its sentiments known. This, at least; this, as an urgent, immediate duty. But I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that it ought to go further, and, after having signified its will, to enforce obedience. Nothing would be safer; few things easier. We want but the Sirkar's *hukum*, and the moral pestilence would be at once extinguished. Is the boon that is sought anything extravagant? We do not ask that the temple of Jejuri be battered down. We do not ask that pilgrimages be prohibited, or that one word be uttered in disparagement of the glory of Khandoba. We ask that the rites of hook-swinging and piercing the thigh be put down as barbarous. We ask that parents be forbidden to leave their daughters as Muralis at the shrine of the demon. All this could be easily and immediately done. Regarding the two first observances, one fails to see the shadow of an excuse for their toleration. And in regard to the last, surely for the

sake of public morality it ought to be at once suppressed; but, at all events, let the authorities issue proclamations *recommending* the discontinuance of the monstrous evil. Even the mildest recommendation would do good. A new light would dawn on the people; they would then become aware of the fact that their rulers do not approve of those hideous rites which now, like the brood of hell, darken and devour the land.

But the relation of the British Government to the Jejuri temple is of a more distressing nature than my words have yet implied. I visited the temple in 1850, and was able to make full inquiry into the mode in which it was maintained. I found that the establishment drew its revenues from two sources—the Indore Government (Holkar's) and the British Government. The supply from the Indore Government was originally princely; but, for many years, it had been most irregularly paid. The consequence was that the musicians, sepoys, and attendants of all kinds who were on their establishment—originally twenty-five in number—had all departed except one, who sorrowfully declared that, as he got nothing, he must follow their example.[1] Whether the Indore Government had tired of giving, or the native agents through whom the disbursement was made had appropriated the money to their own use, I could not discover. But at all events, so far as depended on the heathen Government, the representatives of old Malhar Rao Holkar, the great patron of Jejuri, the temple would speedily have gone to ruin. 'Our *nagar-khánâ*' (band of musicians), said the solitary attendant referred to, 'is gone; *yours* is in beautiful order.

[1] A temple at the foot of the hill in which Malhar Rao Holkar himself and his wife are worshipped as deities—built by himself, it is said—retains its attendants. It is not very much frequented. This attempt at self-deification is remarkable.

Your Government pays its share with exemplary regularity; and thus the ministers of Khandoba live, and his glory is preserved.' The allowances paid by our Government to the temple were said to be as follows:—

	Rs.	A.	P.
For the *Nagar-Kháná* or Band . .	68	1	8
Flowers, and other offerings to the idol .	9	9	7
Total per mensem . .	77	11	3
Total per annum . .	932	9	0

There are some other expenses which, as I was informed on the spot, bring up the allowance from the British Government to the sum of Rs. 1337 annually; but these do not seem directly connected with Khandoba. For example, there is a small temple of Janabái at the foot of the hill, which is supported by Government; but, although in Jejuri, this cannot be said to be worse than the numberless shrines scattered up and down the country with which we are entangled. Government does not directly manage the affairs of the temple of Khandoba; there is a committee of five persons appointed for the purpose. So far well; but it is necessary that Government should neither directly or indirectly superintend the administration of the funds; that it should not appoint the managing committee; and that, in cases of malversation, the appeal should be only to the regular courts of law. This seems the only proper course in regard to heathen temples generally, when they are supported by Government funds; but in regard to Khandoba, with all the cruelties and abominations connected with him, a more direct interference is indispensable. Let the musicians and other attendants be relieved of their duties, but paid their salaries to the day of their death with that 'exemplary regularity' they now rejoice in. As they die out let no successors be appointed; let the funds be appropriated to purposes of local im-

provement or education. With respect to the piercing of the leg—very long ago, when my friend Major Candy asked the performers why they persevered in a practice so barbarous, 'let our income be ensured to us,' was the reply, 'and we shall discontinue it.' There is little doubt that this is the remnant of the bloody rite of human sacrifice,[1] the present performers belonging to the families who furnished the annual victim. But, at all events, it is surely most humiliating that holdings should be continued on condition of the performance of an act so brutal and debasing.

It may perhaps be worth while to append a specimen of the hymns recited in honour of Khandoba. The impure ones, which are exceedingly numerous, I purposely pass by; of the rest I take an average specimen. I am not aware of having either exalted or degraded the ideas by the language in which I have clothed them. Should the reader be disposed to complain of the nonsense of the lines—unrelieved by a trace of poetical or religious sentiment—let him dwell with sorrow on the thought that this and similar trash is all the spiritual food supplied to millions of the people among whom we dwell. The rude versification of the original we represent by what is perhaps equally rude.

'Victory to Mártand! In his hand
Bearing the resistless brand[2]
When he the wicked giants slew,
Through heaven, earth, hell, his standard flew.'

The above is the *dhrupad* or chorus.

[1] Human sacrifices have been offered in Maharashtra much more recently than many are aware. They still are, occasionally. This, however, is an appalling theme, which would require for its satisfactory discussion more space than I can now command..

[2] The *khandá*, a kind of sword—whence comes his name, Khanderao or Khandoba.

'Swollen with pride and fury vain
Were Mani Malla, giants twain—
Holy saint and worship spurning,
Altar, sacrifice o'erturning,—
Till from heaven, with trident came
Gauri's lord,[1] his soul on flame.
With sixty[2] crores of retinue
He to the encounter flew.
Clashed then, mutually defiant,
Shiva's host with host of giant,—
Loud resounded blow on blow,
Victory wavering to and fro.
But the trident-bearing king
All his might regathering,
And with burning fury flushed,
Soon the caitiff giants crushed.
Then Malla, with his dying speech,
Thus the victor 'gan beseech;
"Har! Har! O great deity!
Ashy pale![3] I beg of thee,
In the mouth of mortals, thou
Take the name of Mallári now."
Since the dread Asur[4] he tamed[5]
Still Mallári is he named.
Champáshashti's[6] sacred tide
Saw him quell the wicked's pride.
Triumphed all the hosts on high;
Elkot therefore be our cry.
Pity Námá, god! who now
Lowly at thy feet doth bow.'

The request of the giant that the god should allow

[1] Gauri is Parvati: her lord, Shiva. Khandoba is an incarnation of Shiva.

[2] Perhaps the *sath* should be *sat*, and the sixty, *seven*. See note above on *Elkot*.

[3] Literally, *pale as camphor*.

[4] Demon.

[5] Literally, *gave salvation to*. The death he received from the god necessarily sent the giant to heaven!

[6] The sixth day of the waxing moon of the month Margashirsha.

himself to be called Mallári was made to secure the perpetuation of his own name Malla—Mallári meaning *foe of Malla.*

I published the statement and pleading given above, and sent a copy to each of the English newspapers in Bombay. Immediately there arose a cry—'How shameful! what is Government about?' Government was annoyed, and gave the Collector of Poona a 'wigging'; although the worthy man, being but recently installed, was probably as ignorant of the existence of such evils as was the Governor himself. Orders were issued without delay that the hook-swinging and the thigh-piercing should cease all over the British territories in Western India. Excellent, so far. Unhappily, nothing was done to put a stop to the custom of dedicating children as Waghyas and Muralis—'dogs' and 'wives' of the hateful deity.

Hook-swinging, however, continued longer in Bengal, and still longer in Madras.

But there is something worse than hook-swinging. Surely it is high time that the hideous iniquity of the dedication of girls to Khandoba should cease. Forty and more years have passed away since the visit to Jejuri which I have described, and still the horror continues. The Bombay Government has done nothing to stop it. Doubtless it would gladly do so; but it is afraid to outrun public Hindu sentiment. This timidity is culpable. But if the Government must be blamed for timidity, assuredly a double condemnation rests on the educated Hindus of Western India. Why have they been silent so long while this horrible practice has been unblushingly maintained?

At last, however, there appears some faint hope of reform. In January 1899, at its twelfth annual meeting,

the Social Reform Conference has, for the first time, spoken out against it. Some native papers have also of late condemned it. Christian papers like the *Dnyanodaya* have, of course, been doing so with all earnestness. But how lamentably slow is all moral reform in India! Let educated Hindus petition Government and so prove themselves worthy of the honoured name of reformers!

Note.—Most of the preceding statement was written many years ago. On so grave a matter as the Jejuri temple I have, of course, been anxious to speak both correctly and up-to-date. Accordingly, I lately commissioned a trustworthy friend to go to Jejuri and make express inquiry on the spot. He writes on 15th September 1899 that the allowance from the British Government ceased a good many years ago. The patronage, however, of Holkar's Government has evidently been revived. Rs.1500 are annually given by it for the support of Brahmans; and the expenses of the temple are also amply provided for. The dreadful Murali system still continues. My friend gives sickening details, and says, 'The very atmosphere of Jejuri is tainted.' What I have above said of the solemn duty of Government and educated Hindus will, therefore, hardly be questioned by any rational man.

CHAPTER XXIV

WORK IN POONA—DEATH OF HUME—DEATH OF NESBIT—CASTE PREJUDICE—LORD ELPHINSTONE—MY WIFE'S DEPARTURE

THE native church in Poona was small, but there were simple-hearted, pious people in it. There were soon several cases of baptism. For example, the Bibi, as we called her—the wife of Aga Mohammad Khan—who, with her husband, had accompanied us to Poona, was received into the Church. I have already referred to the astonishing change that had taken place in the character of this once haughty Afghan lady. Her feelings had gone on deepening; her whole demeanour was Christian, and we had no doubt of her fitness for baptism. Her husband had been baptized by me a year before. He and his wife by and by went on a visit to their ever-kind friends, Brigadier and Mrs. Colonel Mackenzie at Bolarum. 'It was a great delight to welcome them both as Christians,' wrote Mrs. Mackenzie; 'the Aga was so moved that he could not speak.'[1] I have read or heard it said that every Mohammadan is incurably proud. That is an error; though certainly the whole tendency of the teaching of Islam is to make the 'true believer' look down with boundless contempt on men of other creeds. Yes, are they not dogs? Ay, even 'the people of the book'—Christians and Jews—are no better. Of such scornfulness

[1] *Storms and Sunshine in a Soldier's Life*, ii. p. 110.

this convert from Islam had lost every trace. I remember once quoting the words of the Psalmist about a 'broken and a contrite heart.' 'Yes,' said the Aga, 'that is what we all need.' I thought he had a larger share of it than most of us.

I believe the references yet made to the converts of the mission have all been of a cheering kind; but it would be wrong to leave the impression that, in connection with those who were brought into the Church, there were not trials and disappointments. None of our educated converts had gone wrong; but some of the uneducated had certainly done so.

Soon after my arrival in Poona I was obliged to dismiss a man who had given himself out as a Brahman, and had been put into a position of some influence. My predecessor, a most true-hearted man himself, had seemed hardly capable of suspecting guile in others, and had been completely deceived. The man was no Brahman, and the woman with him was not his mother. But on looking over my journals I see that the greatest trial of a missionary is in the disappointment of his hopes—often and bitterly renewed—regarding inquirers. It would seem that, of ten blossoms, hardly one ever matured to fruit. What was wrong? Was there a paralysis of conscience? Hardly that; for most of the inquirers who hesitated to accept baptism ere long declared they were unhappy because of that hesitation. But there was a strange paralysis of *will*. Some would have consented to be baptized in secret; but, in the case of a Hindu, secret baptism would have destroyed the caste of the relatives he continued to eat with, and would have led, when discovered, to just and vehement complaints on their part. I do not remember a case in which an inquirer of whom we had hoped well afterwards became a declared enemy of

the Gospel: as a rule, they were highly respectable men who made a religion of morality, and were ready to argue that a system so spiritual as Christianity could not prescribe the baptism of water as a permanent necessity, however desirable it might have been in the case of the early Christians. Very many who in Europe would have professed themselves believers, become communicants, and been rejoiced over as sincere Christians by parents and pastors, continued years and years in the condition I have mentioned. Death, indeed, it has been mentioned, very often extorted very sorrowful confessions of unfaithfulness.

There were some very pleasing characters in the native congregation. One of these was Jijibai, the wife of a man of the Sonar (goldsmith) caste. She was a simple-hearted woman, very unassuming, of a meek and quiet spirit. She was uneducated, but her husband, who was truly attached to his wife, often read to her; and she was fairly well acquainted with the narratives of Scripture—especially of the Gospels. She reminded me of the well-known case of the humble Scotswoman who, when perplexed with the minister's catechisings, cried out: 'I canna speak about Christ; but I cud dee for Him.' Poor, simple Jijibai said: 'I am as dull as a clod; but I clasp the feet of Jesus to my breast.' Her husband said to me one day: 'My wife is always "crooning" to herself when going about her household duties.' 'What does she "croon," Bapu?' said I; 'nothing about Hindu gods, I am sure.' 'Oh, no; it seems all about Jesus; but it is something I never heard before.' I begged Bapu to listen quietly when his wife was crooning, and write down the words. He did so, and soon brought me some simple Marathi lines which were evidently of Jijibai's own composition. She generally seemed to extemporise; but I believe the

lines the husband brought me were occasionally repeated. I asked the man to take them to his wife and see whether these really were her sentiments and expressions. She admitted that they were, and I translated them into English. Possibly, after this long preface, the reader will expect something of real poetic worth. But I have said that Jijibai was a simple, uneducated woman. The lines charmed me just because they were utterly unpretending —the simple, unstudied utterance of the good woman's heart. Well, here they are, without any attempt at improvement:—

'To my poor house a lofty Stranger came;
Oh! it was King Jesus, the darling of Heaven!
I ran to bid Him welcome.

With gods of stone what now have I to do?
I clasp my Saviour's feet;
My soul clings all to Jesus.

The Lord of all, He is my Father now,
And Jesus is my brother now;
I shall not want.

Since to my breast I clasped those blessed feet,
Rich, rich am I, O Jesus!
Oh never, never leave me!'

About this time the mission in the Maratha country lost two admirable men.

Robert W. Hume of the American Mission died at sea on his way home in 1854. He and I had arrived in India about the same time, and had been closely associated, especially on missionary tours and in the work of the Tract and Book Society, of which we were joint-secretaries. I regret that no memoir of this excellent man has been published. He exerted himself especially in connection with the press, the place and importance of which he

recognised more clearly, I think, than any other man among us.

I mourned for Hume as for a brother; and soon afterwards I had to mourn as for a father. Robert Nesbit of our own mission was carried off by cholera in 1855. Instead of giving my own opinion of Robert Nesbit, let me quote the words of one who had known him intimately during all these years, Mr. R. T. Webb of the Bombay Civil Service. Mr. Webb brings out one feature of Mr. Nesbit's mind which had almost entirely disappeared before I knew him.—'The natural keenness of sarcasm which he possessed, and which in his earlier years would burst forth in argument with Christians of different denominations from himself, or with natives of India, had been supplanted by fervent Christian love that could love all that loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and by kindly forbearance towards the natives. He stands out strikingly before me as one gradually moulded by the Spirit of God for those mansions where all is love.' Mr. Nesbit, I may add, was a man of patient, deep thought. I recollect Dr. Wilson said that his examination of a book by a distinguished 'Plymouth brother'—Mr. A. Graves—was the ablest he had seen on the subject. Nesbit was wholly consecrated to the great Master's work, and impatient of any occupation that did not appear directly fitted to further it. It had been expected by the Scottish Missionary Society, which sent him out, that the disciplined young man before them would rise to high distinction. Ill health, and a shrinking from society which, at one time, threatened to become morbid, had prevented him from being very widely known among Europeans; but on the mind of the natives, whether Christian or non-Christian, the words and whole bear-

ing of Robert Nesbit made an exceedingly deep impression.[1]

Nesbit's missionary life reached to twenty-eight years —not a short career when compared with many missionary lives; but my dear friend Hume's extended only to fifteen. What made Mr. Nesbit's death especially sad was that he had lately married again. The wife was worthy of the husband. Five months after his marriage he was carried off by cholera.[2]

I have as yet said nothing of the Mission Schools at Poona. The Committee at home gave nothing for their support, and it was not easy to raise money in India. Still I found two large and excellent Marathi schools. The English Institution was very small; my predecessor, who had been left too much alone, had not been able to work it up as he would gladly have done. His son was my colleague—a hearty fellow-worker. We at once chose a more suitable locality, and the number rose from ninety to nearly three hundred in less than a year. I find I soon wrote to the Committee at home in the following terms: 'Suffer me, as a Bombay missionary only temporarily here, to say that Poona has not had justice done it at home, either as regards its difficulties or its importance

[1] Mr. Hume, as I have said, died at sea, far from Bombay. Warm expressions of regard were made by both Europeans and natives; but they were unavoidably fewer in the circumstances than they would have been had he died in Bombay.

Regarding Mr. Nesbit, I may still mention that I had occasion to see Lord Elphinstone very soon after his death. After expressing his own deep sympathy with the mission on the loss it had sustained, his lordship said: 'I have been interested—I may say I have been surprised—at the terms of high regard in which the native papers allude to him. It has, to my mind, shed a new light on the feelings of the native community towards Christian missionaries.'

[2] At Mrs. Nesbit's request I published a memoir of her husband (Nisbet and Co., 1857).

as a mission-field. The overwhelming influence of the Government College in so intensely Hindu a place as Poona . . . renders the position of your Institution most trying. Only think of more than eighty scholarships or bursaries in the Government College. What an attraction to poor Brahmans! Then, too, a vast number of pupils are admitted into the Government College gratis.'

I pleaded for the grant of a few scholarships. The answer I received from the Committee was that they had the matter much at heart, but did not see their way to any active measures. I do not write this by way of complaint. I could not expect that the Committee would provide scholarships out of ordinary revenue. I had thought of special contributions. We afterwards introduced a fee; and the proceeds soon amounted to a hundred rupees a month. All castes were welcomed; but, in a city like Poona, Brahmans formed by far the larger number of the pupils. This reminds me of a serious difficulty we had to meet. My worthy friend Jotiba Govindrao Phule, a remarkable man who laboured hard to benefit the Mhars —who are of the lowest caste, or rather of no caste at all —one day sent a Mhar boy to us. He was found sufficiently acquainted with his vernacular to allow us to receive him into the lowest English class. In a few minutes there came a deputation of Brahman boys—their dark eyes sparkling, and every gesture betokening emotion. 'We are going to leave the school; there are Mhars in it.' 'One Mhar, I think.' 'Yes; but one is as bad as ten.' 'Am I to drive the poor boy away?' 'We don't know; only, we go if he remains.' 'You need not touch him unless you like; you clever boys are near the top of the class, and the poor Mhar boy is at the foot. He is sitting on a different bench from you.' 'Yes; but there is matting on the floor, and it transmits pollution. We Brahmans

are now all polluted, and must wash away the defilement before we eat.' 'You wish me then to remove the matting?' 'We must not have him in our class.' 'Well, at any rate, I cannot and will not put the boy out of the class.' I was puzzled. I did not wish to drive away the Brahman boys; yet I could not in conscience dismiss the Mhar. 'Wait till to-morrow,' I said; 'we are re-arranging the classes, you know, and perhaps you deserve promotion.' So, rather sulkily, the Brahmans retired. The Mhar boy never came back. I suppose he found himself like a fish out of water; the high and middle castes, no doubt, all shunned him. We, at all events, stood firm; and I believe the teacher of that class did the same thing.

So much can be said of the terrible evils arising out of caste, it will come as a surprise on the reader to learn that it could have a ludicrous aspect. Yet at times it has so. My admirable friend, the Rev. Adam White, went to visit a Government school somewhere near Poona. He saw some boys sitting all by themselves at the far end of the room. 'Who are the pupils you have separated from the rest?' asked Mr. White of the Brahman pantoji. 'Oh, of course, these are Mhars,' was his reply. The lessons went on. The pantoji was provided with a cane, and made good use of it—at least, busy use of it. Mr. White then noticed a large number of clods in the corner, close to the teacher's seat. He pondered the question of their use, but gave up the problem in despair. He then asked the pantoji why the clods were there. 'Oh, don't you know? When a boy of good caste has not got his lesson, I give it to him as you have seen me do—I use my cane. But if a Mhar boy does not know his lesson, I cannot thrash him with it.' 'Why not?' 'Why, you surely know that if I struck the Mhar, the pollution from the outcast boy would come along the stick and my whole body would be

polluted. So, when the Mhar boy is stupid, I just take a clod and let fly at him, and when I miss I take another.' An ingenious device, surely; but when the pantoji reported progress to the Government educational inspector, he probably did not mention it; and it would seem that the educational inspector had not discovered its existence. This clever pantoji deserves, at all events, the credit of not having encouraged the high-caste boys to tyrannise over the poor Mhars, and so drive them away from school altogether.

We held a public examination of our schools during the monsoon, when Poona is at the fullest. Lord Elphinstone, the Governor, attended. His lordship had taken a warm interest in education since he had been Governor of Madras, a good many years before. He entered heartily into the work of the day—putting or suggesting questions. He expressed himself as highly satisfied with the intelligence of the pupils and the mode of instruction pursued. He had to touch a somewhat delicate question, viz., why he, the head of a Government that professed neutrality in regard to the religion of its subjects, was countenancing a missionary institution. No native official, from the highest to the lowest, is prevented from professing and fully practising his religion. It would be a monstrous thing if a European official were not allowed to show that he is a Christian in belief. His Lordship was no orator; but his meaning was clear enough to enable me to write out a report of his remarks, which were printed in the Report of the Examination, and, as his private secretary assured us, conveyed exactly his Lordship's sentiments. I saw a good deal of Lord Elphinstone, and formed a high opinion of him as a Governor. Quiet, unpretending, and refined in manner; thoughtful; by no means lacking in decision and force when occasion required.

Lord Elphinstone was kind enough to say that his visit to our mission school had been 'very gratifying.' He stayed several hours.[1]

The mission-house—part of which formed the mission chapel—had been the gift many years before of several friends—a large-hearted English chaplain among them.[2] It was now an old and almost ruinous place. But, as there was a large tank close beside it, and as the sun beamed brightly overhead, my wife had no difficulty in raising multitudes of flowers in which the girls of the boarding-school delighted almost as much as she did herself. The roses—indeed all the flowers—seemed to grow by magic. I told her she almost proved Milton's description of Eve and her flowers to be no poetic fiction—

> 'They at her coming sprang,
> And, touched by her fair tendence, gladlier grew.'

'What a Paradise you live in!' said a friend one day.

'Unhappily,' I answered, 'there is more than one serpent in it.' The thatched roof of the house had been patched from time to time, but never thoroughly repaired. Rats in numbers and some snakes had made it their abode. The rats were troublesome and astonishingly clever in getting at the oil in the lamps; the snakes were rather dangerous. They sometimes dropped from the roofs at our feet.

At the end of the rainy season of 1855, when the

[1] Many years afterwards, when I was head of the Free Church College (Dr. Duff's) in Calcutta, the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, a man of high gifts and character, then acting as Viceroy, spent nearly five hours within its walls, diligently inspecting and examining almost every class. Very thoroughly was the work done by his Lordship, to the great delight of the pupils, as well as their teachers.

[2] Afterwards, I think, he became Archdeacon Robinson and Reader of Arabic at Cambridge.

pleasant south-west had stopped and the dry and increasingly harsh land-wind had set in, Mrs. Mitchell's health began to fail. Strong fever came on, which the medical men—there were two of them—strove in vain to arrest. Matters were getting worse; 'she must go at once to Bombay,' was their decision. I had to be in Poona on Sunday; the services for the Highlanders and the native church could not be neglected, and my colleague was unwell. There was just time to take her down and return. 'Take me to see my flowers,' whispered the invalid. I supported her as she tottered out a few paces in the garden. 'Take me in again,' was her speedy pleading. The flowers were all blooming and waiting, but their mistress could not visit them. 'But I *must* see my girls,' she said, after a short rest. She was quite unequal to the task of going to them, and they had to come in and take a sorrowful leave of her.[1]

There was no railway then in Western India. We then travelled, if we needed to travel quickly, in a rough and lumbering 'phaeton,' which would have greatly tried an invalid. But there were bullock-carts, in which one could get on without much difficulty; for the roads were smooth, and there were bullocks trained to run near four miles an hour. I took my wife in this kind of conveyance down to Panwel, on the Poona side of the harbour of Bombay. I had barely time to return to Poona for my Sunday duties, and had to send the invalid across the great harbour in a 'bunder-boat' under the care of a native man-servant—happily one who was attached and faithful. When next morning she arrived at the house of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Robertson of the Church Missionary Society, they thought she had come to die—she was so utterly exhausted. A few days

[1] She had been able to collect sixty-four girls in her boarding-school.

after came a letter from Dr. Leith, stating that Mrs. Mitchell could not return to Poona; she must go speedily to Europe. It was a terrible sentence—how often, alas! heard by husbands in India! My heart sank as I thought of three years of wasting separation in the past. Was it all to be again? When I received the letter I went almost instinctively to see the flowers. There at the door I found my wife's garden hat, her garden gloves, and her pruning-knife. It gave me a great pang to see them. 'These are of no use now. Take them inside and put them away. Their mistress will never use them again.' Yes; such is India: and to Europeans in India, such breakings-up are wholly unavoidable.

It was a sorrowful mission-house while I remained in it. But that was not long. The senior missionary returned from Europe; all my possessions were sold off,[1] and I went back to Bombay, at least for some time.

My wife sailed for Europe on the 20th March (1856), in the same vessel with our very dear friends Brigadier and Mrs. Colin Mackenzie.

[1] At less than a third of their value, as is usual in such cases.

CHAPTER XXV

VISITOR OF THE POONA GOVERNMENT COLLEGE—DEATH OF AGA MOHAMMAD KHAN—THE BIBI

BEFORE Mrs. Mitchell sailed for Europe a very unexpected request had reached me from a high quarter.

A great change had by this time taken place in Indian education. A Despatch, as was already mentioned, had been sent out in 1854, which has been called the Charter of Indian Education. It introduced many important reforms. For one thing, it required that in every Presidency an official should be appointed as Director of Public Instruction, and devote his whole time to its furtherance. In Western India, Mr. Claudius J. Erskine had been appointed to this office. He was a man of high standing, and admirably fitted for so important a post.[1] Mr. Erskine wrote informing me that as Major Candy, Principal of the Poona College, was about to go home for several months, Government would be pleased if I would act as Principal in his absence. I declined, on the ground that the proper discharge of the Principal's duty would interfere with my work as a missionary. Mr. Erskine immediately answered that no one had any desire to interfere with my missionary position and engagements, but Government would gladly avail itself of the measure

[1] He was the grandson of Sir James Mackintosh and the son of Mr William Erskine, an Oriental scholar of note. Mr. Claude Erskine was a man deserving of the highest respect in every way.

of help I could afford. I was much perplexed. Was it right to consent to the Director's proposal? and if right, was it expedient? All of us in our mission had written severe reflections on the Government system of education as being purely secular, and therefore highly perilous. I could never have become a professor in a Government college; but now, in exceptional circumstances, I was asked to occupy an exceptional position. Government was, I saw, in a difficulty. Had the revered Nesbit been still alive, I should have been greatly swayed by his counsel; but he was gone. I asked Dr. Wilson. He was opposed to my accepting the appointment—not at all, as I understood, on the score of principle, but because he thought that, in my wife's state of health, I ought to accompany her home. That, however, of course, was a question for the medical men; and they saw no necessity for my accompanying her. I then wrote to Dr. Duff in Calcutta, who said he would be very glad if, after taking everything into account, I saw my way to comply with Mr. Erskine's request. With some hesitation I did so, stipulating that I should be called not Principal, but Visitor, of the Government College, and that the appointment should not be mentioned in the Government Gazette. These things I thought would help to show that the position I occupied was exceptional and temporary.

As Visitor of the College I was left entirely to my own discretion, though, of course, I had frequent communication with Mr. Erskine. In the English department I taught a class of Moral Philosophy twice a week, using as a text-book Butler's *Three Sermons on Human Nature.* This certainly was an innovation, but Mr. Erskine quite approved of it. I also lectured on the formation of opinions, the formation of character, and kindred subjects.

Attendance on these classes was voluntary; but fully thirty of the most advanced men came regularly, and they behaved remarkably well.

My especial duty, however, was to superintend the Marathi department and the Sanskrit College. I was by no means satisfied with the latter, but to innovate was exceedingly difficult. The Director, indeed, shared my views; but both he and I wished to avoid a Brahmanical storm. Happily, I soon learned that application was about to be made to the Court of Directors to send out a thorough scholar to take special charge of the Sanskrit department; and as any revision of studies I might make would then certainly be revised, I made no changes in the text-books, and only insisted that they should be taught thoroughly, and in a reasonable manner.

Mr. Erskine was soon appointed to represent Bombay in the Legislative Council of India, and had to go to Calcutta. He was succeeded by a barrister—Mr. E. I. Howard. He was in many respects unlike Mr. Erskine, but our relations were quite friendly. By and by a distinguished Orientalist, Dr. Martin Haug, came out from Germany; but this was after I had left Poona.

Since the first establishment of the Sanskrit College in 1818, various changes had been introduced, very much to the disgust of the Brahmans. Thus the teaching of the Vedas had ceased in 1836. What was called studying was committing to memory. No attempt was made to explain the meaning. Next, the classes for native astronomy and medicine had been abolished. There were now seven different subjects of study, and the pundits held that not one of these could be thoroughly mastered in less than twelve years. The whole system of so-called study was antediluvian—interesting, doubtless, as a live mastodon or megatherium would be to a zoologist, but

utterly opposed to modern ideas. 'Dark as the darkest oracle,' was the judgment passed by a competent Orientalist on the grammar of Panini, the work studied in the college. When a man had devoted twelve years to the study of its intricacies, he doubtless understood them, and he stepped forth a finished grammarian. But even so, he then probably knew next to nothing of the literature of Sanskrit, and generally cared nothing about Marathi.

I did not expect a hearty reception from the pundits. Report had it that, some fifteen years before, when a European head of the Sanskrit College had been appointed, the door had been barricaded against his entrance: what would they say to a missionary as official 'Visitor'? But the pundits were perfectly respectful, and I sought to meet courtesy with courtesy. I had friendly discussions with them as to the best way of learning Sanskrit, but I could not convince them of the need of any serious change. I had to be content with a few small improvements, gradually introduced.

When a military expedition was sent to Persia in 1856, General Mackenzie obtained a post in the Commissariat for Aga Mohammad Khan. The Aga left his wife behind him in Bombay. I saw her, and feared she felt very lonely —so far from her own land—with her husband away to Persia, and her warm friends General and Mrs. Mackenzie, as well as my wife, in Europe. After I had sailed for Europe, the sad news arrived that her husband had died of fever and liver complaint. He was buried at sea with all possible honour. Every person in the vessel had learned to respect and like the Aga. When his death was known, his brother Abul, who was in Bombay, came forward and insisted on carrying away the widow with

him. The mission could not prevent her from going to her relatives and friends, much as the consequences were dreaded. She was taken to Ludiana, in the Punjab. There she called once on some missionary friends, but did not do so—we believe was not allowed to do so—a second time. Years afterwards, when my wife and I were there, we had reason to believe she was still in Ludiana; but she was at once removed as soon as we arrived. Apparently her relatives thought we had come to take her away by force. All this was very painful. Poor Bibi—what may not her lot have been in that Musulman household! Her brother-in-law she had never liked; he was a harsh and coarse man. But the curtain had fallen; all was dark as to her state and feelings; and we could only commit her to the care of the God and Father under the shadow of whose wings she had come to trust.

CHAPTER XXVI

LEAVE INDIA—MARSEILLES—NICE—FLORENCE—ROME—SCOTLAND—EDINBURGH—NORTH OF SCOTLAND—ORKNEY

I LEFT India in the middle of January 1857. This was the year of the terrible mutiny—the Sepoy revolt; but it had not broken out when I left India.

On what took place when I was in India I have dwelt with considerable fulness; but when speaking of my life in Europe I must study brevity—indicating, rather than expressing, the impressions I received.

We reached Suez in eleven days. This was 'beating the record'; but to many of the passengers it gave no satisfaction. Egyptian hotels were very expensive; and, as the steamer from England did not arrive for nearly ten days after we were landed at Suez, our purses were largely drawn upon. A letter stating the hardship, and suggesting that some compensation might be made, was sent to the P. and O. Company. The Company took the letter as a joke; yet, in truth, to many of the passengers it was no laughing matter.

My old friends, Messrs. Lieder and Krusé, of the Church Missionary Society, were no longer in Egypt, and they had then had no successors. But the American Presbyterians[1] had begun a mission which has ever since then been vigor-

[1] The name United Presbyterian Church was not adopted till 1858, when two small Presbyterian bodies united into one.

ously carried on. It has influenced for good even the old Coptic Church. It has frequently been said that the American missionaries in Turkey and Persia—who are Presbyterians or Congregationalists—went out with the purpose of drawing men out of the Eastern churches. This is a great mistake. They went out hoping to benefit these churches through the clergy. The clergy, as a rule, were not so impressible as the people. When the latter were excommunicated and persecuted because they would read the Bible, the Americans formed the converts into churches. What else could they do? The men who object to their procedure must equally object to the conduct of the leaders of the great Reformation in the sixteenth century; and with them we need not argue.

I found the American Presbyterians steadily working as missionaries. They spoke, I remember, in the warmest terms of the sympathy they had received from Lord Aberdeen, the father of the present Earl. If I mistake not, his Lordship visited Egypt twice, being accompanied on the second occasion by the Countess. He came in feeble health, but was very diligent, during a voyage on the Nile, in circulating the Holy Scriptures.

On to Malta, where Dr. Wisely was held in high esteem as Presbyterian chaplain. On to Marseilles, where my wife met me, having come from Scotland. I gave an address on missions in the church of the Rev. Horace Monod, beginning in French and ingloriously ending in English.

On to Cannes by diligence, Miss Marsh being a fellow-traveller. We stayed here several days. The Duchess of Gordon had a villa in Cannes; and meetings for Bible study were held in it, which were well attended and fitted to be very profitable. The Duchess of Manchester, afterwards the wife of Sir Arthur Stevenson Blackwood, Miss

Marsh, and the Rev. Ridley Herschel (father of Lord Herschel), are among the names I best recall in connection with these pleasant *Bibel-stunden.*

On to Nice, which was then Italian. Here there was much to interest and cheer. The motto of the House of Savoy is *Sempre avanti Savoia,* and in one important respect the progress had been marvellous. The old persecuting spirit had been left completely behind,—indeed, there were not a few persons who had fled from persecution to Nice as an asylum. Among these were Francesco and Rosa Madiai, Count Guicciardini of Florence, and Signore Mazarella of Naples. We lived in the same boarding-house with the Madiais: they had much to tell about their imprisonment for conscience' sake. Equally interesting were the statements made by Count Guicciardini and Signore Mazarella. In the same house also lived Mrs. Wilson, who had done noble service in India on behalf of the women at Agurpara, near Calcutta.

I held a public meeting on behalf of missions, Mr. (afterwards Canon) Childers and an old Indian friend, Mr. Benjamin Hutt of the Civil Service, both heartily assisting. Sir E. N. Buxton kindly took the chair, and there was a large attendance. This must simply have been from interest in the good cause, for we had not yet received accounts of the Sepoy Mûtiny. I afterwards received, through Count St. George of Geneva, an invitation from the Grand Duchess Helena, wife of the Grand Duke Michael of the Russian Imperial family, to pay her a visit and give information about Indian missions. The Grand Duchess was an earnest Protestant, and most or all of her suite were Protestants also. Most intelligent questions were put by herself and her suite; and a long evening was occupied in answering them. Foreign Protestants not well acquainted with English generally

worshipped in the Waldensian church, the 'Temple Évangelique,' of which the eloquent Leon Pilatte was pastor. The Scots Presbyterians had no church of their own: they worshipped in a small building, over the entrance of which was inscribed 'Chiesa Valdese.'

From Nice to Genoa we travelled by *vetturino*. I quite remember looking down from the Cornice road on little Monaco, so picturesque in its position. The plague-spot of Monte Carlo did not then exist. When will the horror end?

From Genoa we sailed to Leghorn, where we found the Scottish chaplain, Dr. Walter Stewart, most diligent in the work of Italian evangelisation. My wife remained in Leghorn, but I hastened on to Rome and was in time for the services of the 'Holy Week.' Different minds are very differently impressed by the ceremonies. Perhaps, as a Protestant, I could not do the dazzling ritual full justice; but, at all events, I wished and tried to do so. I endeavoured to see everything; and Sir David Brewster, who was then in Rome, was equally indefatigable. Wherever I went, there was the white head of Sir David immediately behind or perhaps in front of me. The high ceremonialism perplexed me. Was it a mere show, or had it all a meaning? If everything was symbolical, not one in ten thousand could understand the meaning. The high services of the week were rounded off by a very splendid exhibition of fireworks—the most splendid indeed I had ever seen; though one could not easily discover the *raison d'être* of the grand illumination.

On to Florence. The Rev. Mr. Hanna, a very accomplished man, was Scots chaplain. He was a great friend of Robert and Mrs. Browning; and I had hoped to receive from him an introduction to the gifted poetess—'half angel and half bird.' But her father had lately

died, and she was living in great seclusion, sad in spirit.

There was much religious inquiry at that time in Florence. In a private house I met one evening fully thirty people, Italians, who had come together simply for prayer and reading of Scripture. They did not venture to sing hymns; the sound would have betrayed them. They had purposely come by different streets, and at different times, in order not to attract attention. The Grand Duke and his people must have been aware that such meetings were taking place; but they had found persecution a dangerous game to play at; and, when the inquirers made no public display, the authorities were willing to wink at their meetings.

On northward towards Venice. There were no railways in that part of the country, and we had an amusing ascent of the Apennines. Laboriously our carriage toiled up, drawn by five-and-twenty quadrupeds—horses, oxen, buffaloes, donkeys, and a cow. When we reached the top, all these were taken off, three horses were put on, and we swept down at a thundering pace, very trying to one's nerves. So on to Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua—each place with rich memories clustering round it; and then to Venice, the illustrious, the wonderful. The Austrians had still hold of Venice; and the gondoliers said their gondolas were all black, as being in mourning for the fall of the republic. A fairy scene—infinitely attractive. Evidently there was much mutual dislike between the Venetians and the Austrians. On to Milan, Turin, and the Waldensian valleys. The Synod was in session. I spoke, and happily my French did not break down. I earnestly pressed the Church of the Valleys to take some part in missions to the heathen. Since then they have done so. Then to Lago Maggiore, Domo d'Ossola, the

Simplon pass, the Rhone valley, and Lake Leman, to Geneva. Thence to Lyons, Paris, London. We spent a month at Malvern Wells, to try the effect of the water-cure. Then on to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Alness. At Alness my father-in-law had been minister for thirty-seven years.

The language of the people was Gaelic; but that tongue was slowly giving way, and one of the public services on the Lord's day was conducted in English. I was glad to take part in this. But in the month of August I proceeded *vid* Hamburg to Berlin, to attend a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance. Several of my countrymen were there. Of these I most distinctly remember Dean Alford, Dr. Steane, Baptist Noel, Cairns, Milligan, Lindsay Alexander, and William Arnot. The Berlin people showed ample hospitality to the strangers. One of my brothers accompanied me, and we were kindly received in the house of a privy counsellor (Geheimerath). Of the Continental members of the Alliance, I most distinctly remember Krummacher and Merle d'Aubigné. The King himself, Frederick William IV., and all the leading people of his court took much interest in the proceedings, and attended several of the meetings. I spoke in English on Indian missions, my remarks being translated. The King invited the members to Potsdam (Sans Souci). Hearing that I had just come from India, he put several pertinent questions about the causes of the outbreak and the feeling of the natives generally.

Then on to Breslau, where our Scottish missionary, Daniel Edward, was doing very valuable work among both Jews and Christians. He had written, shortly before, in German, a work entitled *Job and his Three Friends*, which had attracted no small notice. Who could be the author? 'Clearly a Jew,' said the critics; 'the minute

acquaintance with the Old Testament proves *that*. Clearly a German; for the excellence of the style proves *that*. Clearly also a most orthodox man—more so than most of our Germans.' Well, the writer was a very orthodox Scottish Christian; though I think he never revealed himself, and the puzzle remained unsolved.

Then on to Dresden. A rush into Saxon Switzerland followed. Then to Leipsic, where we saw Dr. Graul, the head of the Missions Anstalt, whom I had well known in India, when he had come to inspect the missions. Then Frankfort; then Bonn.

At Bonn I met an old Indian friend, Mrs. Havelock, who had just become Lady Havelock. She and Miss Havelock were living there. The subject of India was, of course, a subject of overpowering interest to all of us. The ladies asked me to address a public meeting. I could undertake to do so only in English. The ladies took immense trouble in advertising and getting people together, and we had a very large meeting, chiefly composed of Germans. Our German friends appeared to think that India was lost to Britain beyond the possibility of recovery.

Then I went on to Brussels, where the Colin Mackenzies were living. They were very deeply interested in the evangelistic zeal of the Belgian Protestants and the advance of evangelical truth in Brussels and elsewhere.

I then went on to Edinburgh. At a meeting of the 'Commission' in November, I spoke on missions. Thereafter I was often asked to give missionary addresses to congregations. I also addressed the theological students of the United Presbyterian Church, Dr. Eadie presiding.

Everything connected with India now awakened the keenest interest in Scotland. The rule of the East India Company was declared to have been a failure. The

Company had hard measure dealt out to it. It was overthrown by the Mutiny, though for the Mutiny it was not responsible.

In Edinburgh we formed, in November 1857, an 'Indian Christian Association,' the great object of which was 'the removal of all Government encouragement of caste, connection with idolatry, and opposition to the profession and promulgation of Christianity.' The public meeting at which the Association was constituted was attended by two members of Parliament and other influential men, including nearly all the clergy of the city. A similar meeting was speedily held in Glasgow; and it was agreed that branches of the Association should be formed as widely as possible over Scotland. My chief occupation, however, during the winter, was writing a memoir of my much-lamented colleague, the Rev. Robert Nesbit.[1]

In spring my wife and I went to London. We had never before had an opportunity of attending any of the 'May meetings.' Many of these greatly attracted us. It was John Sterling, I think, that spoke with no stinted admiration of the 'simultaneous thrill of two thousand bonnets' at the mention of anything pathetic or high-souled. Exeter Hall, of course, is not infallible, nor does it profess to be so; but, take it all in all, it is a mighty power for good.

I spoke, I believe, at four of the greater meetings; but perhaps what delighted me most of all was taking part in the formation of the 'Christian Vernacular Society for India.' Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair, and spoke with much feeling of Britain's unfaithfulness in the discharge of her duty, as a professedly Christian nation, towards India. I forget whether any other Indian

[1] Published by James Nisbet and Co., 1858.

missionaries took part except Dr. Mullens and myself. Since the Society was formed, English may be said to have become almost a vernacular language in India, and the name has fitly been changed to the 'Christian Literature Society for India.' Lord Northbrook—who has all along, both in India and at home, fully recognised the supreme importance of education and pure literature—is President of the Society.

The terrible Mutiny soon led to vast changes in the administration of India. It was generally assumed that the Court of Directors had misconducted matters and must be set aside. There were great debates in Parliament, several of which I heard. I particularly remember the speeches of Gladstone, Disraeli, and Palmerston. I did not admire Gladstone quite so much as I had expected to do. He was more Ciceronian than Demosthenic; *disertus* rather than *eloquens*. Disraeli was cool, sententious, cynical, hardly pleasing. Palmerston simply *talked*, but talked effectively. Among other things, he said: 'When one gentleman now meets another he says, "Why, what are you laughing at?" The other answers—"Well, what are *you* laughing at?" And the answer to that is—"Oh! at the India Bill, to be sure."' This was a hit at a bill proposed by Disraeli. There was nothing in the words, but they brought down the House. Finally the old order ceased, the Court of Directors was dethroned, and Parliament reigned in its stead. The change was unavoidable, and good on the whole; yet not, I fear, in every respect, to the advantage of India. The administration of India must not vary with the variations of political parties.

In the end of May I spoke on missions in the General Assembly. In August I paid a visit to Orkney. Starting from Alness, a drive of fourteen hours on the top of the

coach took me to Thurso. I spent several hours with Sir George Sinclair at Thurso Castle, which is so picturesquely placed on the edge of the Pentland Firth. Lord Byron and other school-fellows of Sir George had expected he would rise to high public distinction. That he had not done; but in Scotland at least, he was greatly esteemed and influential. He was most earnest about Christian union. In particular, he deemed it a grievous mistake that the Free Church and the United Presbyterian still remained apart.

Across the stormy Pentland Firth on a dark night, in a small steamer, to Stromness. My object was to plead the cause of missions all over Orkney, and to form, if possible, a Missionary Association in every congregation. I visited every congregation on the mainland, and several in the smaller islands. The people attended well and patiently listened to long addresses, and generally said they wished them longer. They had not, I believe, heard a missionary before. One day, one of the chief proprietors, Mr. Baikie, had come from a distance to the meeting. I expressed my gratification that his interest in the good cause had brought him out so far. 'Yes,' said he, 'I *am* interested in the cause; but in Orkney it is something to see a live missionary.'

At Kirkwall, the chief town, I found Mr. Petrie, the town-clerk, quite an antiquarian. Among other things, he showed me some coins with the Arabic formula quite legible upon them—'There is no God but Allah, and Mohammad is the messenger of Allah.' How came they to Orkney? I was so much interested in Orkney, I half thought of going on to see Shetland. I mentioned my wish to one of the boatmen; but he replied almost angrily, 'Shetland? You 'll see naething there but hard rocks and fog.' *Fog* he used in the Scotch sense of *moss.*

From Kirkwall to Wick. It was the height of the herring season. It was a wonderful sight to see more than a thousand boats streaming out of the harbour with their brown sails spread to catch the breeze, and then scattering like a great flock of frightened birds.

I preached in Wick and Pulteneytown. On Monday there was a meeting of ladies in connection with female education in India; and in the evening there was an immense gathering to consider the relation in which the Indian Government stood towards the native religions.

Next day I went south to Helmsdale, another great seat of the herring fishing. Here, I think, I made the longest address I ever ventured on. I first spoke an hour, and then stopped to allow any to withdraw who wished. Hardly a soul moved. Then I went on again for a full hour. I paused and said, 'Good friends, I am sure you are tired now.' 'Oh no, sir,' was the general cry; so I continued for a third hour. 'Are you not tired now?' I said. 'No, sir, but we suppose you are.' I was obliged to confess that Sassenach endurance was not equal to Celtic. There was nothing wonderful in the patience of those worthy Highland people. Nearly everything I could say was new to them.

For the next four months I was moving about from place to place, incessantly occupied in giving missionary addresses. I find in my journal a list of forty-seven congregations (including the Orkney ones) in which I was so engaged, besides giving addresses to synods and presbyteries. In large towns such as Inverness, Forres, Elgin, Banff, Aberdeen, Montrose, etc., we held public meetings on the subject of Government connection with idolatry in India. That subject never failed to awaken public interest. The provost, in almost every case, took the chair. Principals and professors, bishops (at least one

bishop [1]), public men, in several instances members of Parliament, the clergy of all denominations, and the people generally—all were unanimous and hearty in the movement. It was universally admitted that all Government support of idolatry in India must henceforth entirely cease.

In addressing congregations my main effort was not to collect money, but to awaken interest in the missions; and I found that the best way to do this was to give information. Yet remarkable cases of liberality on the part of the people were often occurring. The most striking instance of this took place in a fishing village, Hopeman, not far from Forres. My friend Adam Robertson, the Free Church minister, drove me down from Forres on a bitterly cold October evening. The east wind, accompanied by some rain, chilled us to the bone; wraps seemed useless. A thin meeting; but who could wonder on such a night? The fishermen did not seem very intelligent, and I left the place rather disheartened. Had these rough-looking men even understood me?

It was some years before I heard anything more about Hopeman. I was in Calcutta, but my wife was in Edinburgh. A friend, Dr. Craig, who at that time lived in Elgin, told my wife that a fisherman had some time before called on him and asked if he knew a missionary named Murray Mitchell. 'Yes,' said Dr. C., 'we are old Indian friends.' Whereupon the fisherman went on to say that he had heard me speak in his village, and that I had said we should not only feel and pray for the heathen, but give according to our power to send them the Gospel. The idea of *giving* was not much to his mind; 'and,' said he, 'I pat awa the thocht; but it aye cam back.' Meanwhile there had been a religious awakening in the neigh-

[1] Bishop Eden of Inverness.

bourhood, and the 'thocht' came back more and more. He now saw his duty clearly. So he resolved to give the missions the proceeds of a night during the height of the herring fishing. He had a boat of his own. He prayed that the Lord would give him that night a good fishing. 'And,' said the man, 'it was the best fishing I had the whole season.' Whereupon he tabled the proceeds—twenty-six pounds,—which my friend accepted and divided according to the best of his judgment among various missionary societies. So out of that bleak October night had come this very generous contribution. It has been a useful lesson. Since then, when my mind has been 'sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought,' I seem to hear in a whisper, 'Hope, man!'

Quite as touching a gift was half a crown pressed on me by a working man very much out at the elbows. I said I would take a shilling only. The man seemed hurt. 'I can afford it, sir: I have a canny wife and only ae laddie.' So I took the half-crown, and the man was cheered.

I addressed the United Presbyterian Synod in 1858. The Synod was about to take the important step of founding a mission in India, and the field selected was the very important one of Rajputana. The mission has been steadily carried on ever since, though the accomplished man, Dr. Shoolbred, who began it, has been called to his rest. Rajputana is not in Western India, otherwise I might describe the work, of which, in after days, I saw a good deal. The haughty Rajput for nearly a thousand years strenuously repelled both the arms and the faith of the Moslem; and it is almost as difficult for him as for a Brahman to take on him the yoke of Christ; but the mission secretary is justified in saying as he does,—'when one looks below the surface, a mighty advance is evidently being made.'

CHAPTER XXVII

RETURN TO THE EAST—MUNICH—THE DANUBE—VIENNA — PESTH — CONSTANTINOPLE — SMYRNA — SYRA — ATHENS—EGYPT

I HAD now been two years and a half out of India, and I was anxious to return. But I resolved to pay, if possible, a visit to Palestine *en route*. One of my brothers agreed to accompany me half-way.

It was not difficult to include Constantinople in our plan of travel. Neither of us was much in love with sailing in the Mediterranean: that sea is often 'choppy,' and sometimes stormy; and to be quietly wafted across half Europe in a river steamer seemed a very desirable mode of travel. There were steamers, we understood, from Ulm, where the great stream becomes *schiffbar*, down to the Black Sea and Constantinople.

Professor Smeaton, who was then Convener of the Jewish Committee of our Church, expressed the hope that I might see the missions for the Jews at Pesth, Galacz, and Constantinople.

It was not desirable that my wife, though now in fair health, should have to 'rough it,' as we should probably have to do in various places; and it was agreed that we should have our tryst in Egypt—she proceeding in a P. and O. vessel through the Mediterranean.

Off by London, Boulogne, Paris, Strassburg, Munich. Very striking were the art collections at Munich, but we could only glance at them. We had hoped to find the

railway to Vienna open by way of Salzburg and Ischl, but we had to strike northward to the Danube through Bavaria. There was a railway to Landshut, and thence a rude coach took us to Straubing on the river. My notebook says: 'All quaint and primitive. But alas! for Bavarian villages and villagers. The most dilapidated Irishman is a prince to a coatless Bavarian peasant. Pigs and poverty everywhere.' Very primitive also was the *Gasthof* at Straubing—*der schwartze Adler*. It was like an Italian village inn, with a large court inside.

Next morning came the steamer, small, flat-bottomed. The Danube was quiet, but muddy after a heavy fall of rain—as broad as the Clyde at Glasgow. No striking scenery till we reach Passau. It was there, I think, we first saw *cretins*—not quite idiotic, but strangely stunted and deformed; half deaf, and speaking in a broken, frightful way; struggling for notice and money. We were quite taken by surprise: we had thought that cretinism and goitre were caused by the confined air of Alpine valleys—*quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus*? but here we found it at a fairly open place on the Danube.

From Linz we took the train to Vienna. Time pressed, and we could give the great city only two days. Heavy rain considerably impeded our attempts at sight-seeing. Still, we visited the Cathedral of St. Stephen—the oldest portion of it dating from 1187—altogether a striking building; the Prater, the Palace of Schönbrunn, and several other notable places. Perhaps the sight that impressed us most of all was that of the coffins of the Imperial dead of Austria lying in the vaults of the Church of the Capuchins. We saw no fewer than ninety-seven sarcophagi, many of them bearing the names of well-known historic characters—such as Maria Theresa, Joseph II.,

the Duke of Reichstadt, and others. What a proof of human littleness! *Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* There they lay, a vast assemblage of emperors and empresses, princes and princesses, all as helpless as if they had been so many peasant men and women. And since we were there additions have been made—some of them profoundly saddening. I have often experienced the same deep melancholy elsewhere—for instance, when in the vaults of Roslin Castle and gazing on the coffins of

'The lordly line of high St. Clair';

but here, in the Church of the Capuchins, the feeling was altogether overpowering, as we beheld so vast a number of the very mightiest of earth all sleeping their last unbroken sleep—

'Hi motus animorum et hæc certamina tanta'

all quenched for ever. The contrast between their past and present was more than we could well bear.

We took the train to Buda Pesth. Pesth, the second city in Austria-Hungary, was even then a fine city. It is much finer now. For one thing, it has no such narrow streets as abound in Vienna.

The Hungarians (Magyars) were still far from being quiet and contented. When the French Revolution broke out in 1848 they were greatly excited; and, under the guidance of Kossuth, they earnestly contended for political rights which the Austrian Government was very loath to grant. War followed. Russia joined with Austria in order to crush the revolutionary movement. The united forces of Russia and Austria were twice as numerous as the Magyar army, and in August 1849 the Magyar chief Görgei surrendered at discretion. Hungary was then for years treated as a conquered country, and Haynau was as merciless to the Magyars as 'the butcher

Cumberland' had been to the Highlanders after Culloden. Indeed, it was not till 1862 that an amnesty was proclaimed. But already the despotic Austrian Government had begun to doubt the wisdom of the unequal policy it pursued towards the various races and religions of the empire. When I was in Pesth (Sept. 1859), an imperial 'Patent' had just been issued, which professed to give the *communes* the free administration of their own educational and religious affairs. But I found the leading Hungarian clergymen — particularly Superintendents Székács and Török—were dissatisfied. Several statesmen were equally so. By the peace of Westphalia in 1648 immunities had been secured to the Hungarian Protestants, of which the Imperial patent would deprive them. Communications were opened with the Governments of Great Britain, Holland, Prussia, and Sweden. Accordingly, diplomatic notes were soon despatched to Vienna by Great Britain, Prussia, and Holland. The Emperor was taken by surprise, and put searching questions to Count Thun, from whom the 'patent' had proceeded. The Count confessed he had drawn it up in forgetfulness of the provisions of the Treaty of Westphalia.[1] The patent was revoked, and the Count fell soon afterwards.[2]

The Magyars are of Turanian stock. They settled in Hungary fully a thousand years ago. Unquestionably they are a high-minded, chivalrous race: 'an old and haughty nation, proud in arms.' At the time I was in Pesth their patriotism was passionate. German Austria was greatly disliked; Russia was abhorred. The Magyars amount to about seven millions and a half. There are

[1] Perhaps this had been in wilful neglect rather than forgetfulness. Count Thun was an Ultramontane of the most bigoted kind.

[2] See a letter by Dr. Andrew Moody of Pesth in *Free Church Record*, April 1899. Dr. Moody quotes the tenth volume of the *History of the Hungarian Nation*, by K. Thaly.

about nine millions of Roman and Greek Catholics in Hungary—not nearly all Magyars—and about three millions and a half of Protestants—Calvinistic and Lutheran. I hardly felt myself entitled to judge, but I thought the Protestant Churches suffered under the domination of laymen. In the great work of foreign missions the Hungarian Church has lagged behind most others.

I gave a lecture on the Indian Mutiny, but could not venture to do it in German. A large attendance. I was surprised at the number that could follow an English address.

I was received most kindly in Pesth, especially by the pastors, both Calvinistic and Lutheran. Their hearts were opened at once when I told them I was a friend of John Duncan and Robert Smith, the two missionaries who began the work among the Jews in Pesth. Of these admirable men they all cherished a most affectionate remembrance. The Jewish Mission had been greatly blessed. The best-known converts were the Saphir family and Alfred Edersheim. One of the Saphirs became the esteemed Dr. Adolf Saphir, minister of the English Presbyterian Church. Edersheim, after being many years a Presbyterian minister, joined the Anglican Church. He wrote much that is of value,—his most important work being a Life of Christ, in which he makes excellent use of his extensive knowledge of Rabbinic lore.

I found the Jewish schools of our mission in excellent condition. The mission has been continued ever since, and a large measure of blessing has rested on it.

'Once more upon the waters.' We again embarked on the Danube, the great artery of Europe, which in its lengthened course receives about four hundred tributaries. The river now was deep and wide; we glided on placidly; it was quite a pleasure sail. What a multitude of nationalities

we come in contact with,—yes, and hear. There seem twelve languages spoken at table. The people that come or go at every place of call present endless varieties of feature, bearing, dress, and language. We thought we could count up in the course of the voyage nearly twenty nationalities. Even in Austria-Hungary there was fully half that number. Can such a multitude of jarring races be long held together? The present Emperor—Franz Josef—has long ruled with tact and temper; and when one remembers the exceedingly sore trials he has had to endure, one earnestly hopes there may be no revolution in his time. But it looks as if the mutually repellent particles must, ere long, fly asunder. Yet that means chaos.

In that very year (1859), the Danubian Principalities of which we used to hear were united and called Roumania. The language was most interesting: fully half of it Latin, or closely allied. Whence came it?—from Roman colonies planted in Dacia?

By the time we approached Roumania the great river had altered its mood. Lofty walls of rock hem us in; one rapid succeeds another; the waters dash and foam: how will it be when we reach the dreaded Iron Gates? Happily, however, much rain had lately fallen. It was not necessary to leave the steamer, and the captain ventured to pass through, and the vessel did so safely.[1]

We entered the Black Sea by the Sulina mouth. In those days there was no railway across the Dobrudscha as there now is to Varna. The traveller passes over one side of a parallelogram, while we had to take three.

The Black Sea is often black with storms, but we had

[1] Since then, the Iron Gates have entirely lost their terrors. A canal of seventeen kilometres in length has been constructed, through which vessels pass with ease. It was declared open in 1896.

pleasant weather. Our passage, when we entered the Bosphorus (Bosporus?), was delightful. Marvellous to see Europe and Asia in such close neighbourhood, divided, as it seemed, only by a river.

Of Constantinople how much might be said! The position finer than that of Edinburgh—a great thing for a Scotsman to confess. What an astonishing commingling of races, all jostling one another! My notebook says: 'Crowds, crowds: Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Franks of all nations, Persians, Circassians—the last specially numerous at present, as they have lately fled from Russian dominion. Steamers rushing about; *caïques* shooting past incessantly; you are almost bewildered.'

My special desire was to understand the state of missions in Constantinople. The chief mission was American, connected with the A.B.C.F.M. I had long conversations with the excellent men who carried on the work. It was maintained chiefly on behalf of the Armenians and Turks.

I attended—twice, I think—the public worship of the reformed Armenians. All was gravely and decorously conducted; the ceremonial very simple. Zenop, a leading man—a pastor, I think—gave us many encouraging details regarding his countrymen. 'Armenians,' said he, 'love the Gospel.' He mentioned that they valued education highly. Dr. Dwight agreed with him in the statement that the Gregorian, or unreformed church, was already influenced to a considerable extent by the example of the reformed community. For example, pictures formerly conspicuous on the altar had been removed to the vestry, and preaching was far more frequent and scriptural than it had formerly been.

Personally the Armenians did not impress me favourably. They seemed dull and stolid—not the brave and chivalrous people they were of old; as, for example, when they gal-

lantly defended their country and their faith against their neighbours the Zoroastrian Persians. Need we wonder? Centuries of Turkish oppression have well-nigh crushed all spirit out of them. But give them fair play, and they may yet rise to be a noble race. A *nation*, in the strict sense of the word, I fear the scattered Armenians can never be again.

But still more interesting, if possible, was the promise of advancement among the Turks. It has been mentioned that the American missionaries arrived in Constantinople in 1831. They had continued there ever since.

The Church Missionary Society began to labour in Constantinople in 1819. But the great struggle that ended in securing the independence of Greece had roused the fanaticism of the Turks to such a pitch that the English mission was discontinued in 1821. Then Pfander and Kölle had come as agents of the Church Missionary Society, in 1858, to resume the mission in Constantinople. Both Pfander and Kölle were admirably qualified for work among Mohammadans: the former had proved himself in India to be an able controversialist.

I found all the missionaries full of hope that, among Mohammadans, a new era of work was opening. For at least thirty-five years, so far as was known, not a single Turkish Bible had been sold, though some copies had been given away. But since the Crimean war a great change had taken place. The Scriptures both in Turkish and other languages were openly sold in the streets, and purchased in considerable numbers. It seemed as if the Turkish mind had been shaken out of its apathy, and was inquiring about the religion of the great Powers which had rescued the country from the grasp of Russia; but the missionaries inclined also to believe that, even before the war, there had been a considerable extent of secret

dissatisfaction with Islam. Pfander mentioned a circumstance which he thought proved the existence of such a feeling. He had ordered from India a large number of copies of one of his own controversial books—the *Mizān-ul-haq* (the 'Balance of Truth'), I think. He had done so not without anxiety, as the book tried Islam in the balance and found it wanting; but, as it was in Persian, not Turkish, he hoped it might pass unnoticed through the Custom-House. When the book arrived, he went to claim his property. The box, or boxes, containing it were there, but every box was empty. The Custom-House officials had kept the books for themselves and their friends, and were diligently reading them. It was a grave inquiry what the consequence would be.

Pfander's countryman, Dr. Gundert, in his *History of Missions*, says that Pfander 'disregarded the warning of experienced friends' in attacking Islam in such a place as Constantinople. I certainly heard no blame expressed when I was there, and we must remember that the book was not circulated by himself. I do not see that the good man was chargeable with rashness—especially when we consider the altered state of feeling that then existed on all sides.

I saw several most interesting converts and inquirers. One of the inquirers was the nephew of a Pasha. He appeared most deeply in earnest; I hardly ever saw a man so full of feeling. His eyes not only beamed, they blazed. I asked whether his uncle knew of his leanings towards Christianity. 'Yes,' said he; 'but he does not interfere with me.' The most remarkable convert I met was Selim Efendi who had adopted the name of Mr. Williams. 'More than any other man,' said Dr. Schauffler, 'he reminds me of the Apostle Paul.' My notebook says of him: 'Humble, thoughtful, ardent.' He was holding

large meetings of Mohammadans in his own house; and, as yet, the authorities had not interfered. 'This work among the Turks,' said Dr. Schauffler, 'promises to be the most important with which we have had to do.' This was in September 1859—forty years ago. Alas! how sadly has the cheering hope been blasted!

My strong impression is that it was Dr. Pfander's book that first aroused the fears of the Shekh-ul-Islam and the Ulamā. A direct attack on Islam in the capital of Turkey was an intolerable insult. Thenceforward the proceedings of the missionaries were closely watched. Their printing-presses were seized, and their bookstores were closed. No forbidden books had been found in these; and, yielding to the remonstrances of the American and British Governments, the Porte had allowed them to be reopened. But the circulation of religious books among Mohammadans was made more and more difficult, and preaching to them became all but impossible. As their work in the capital was impeded at every step, the missionaries gave more attention to the provinces, and they laboured with increasing energy among the Armenians.

So went matters on for years, the determination to repress, and if possible suppress, the missions becoming stronger and stronger. Persecution in its severest form came in with the reign of Abdul°Hamid, the present Sultan, in 1876. How fearful has been the record of his deeds for the last three-and-twenty years! No wonder if the title of 'The Great Assassin' has been affixed to him. And yet, let us be just to the miserable man. He doubtless believes that by the slaughter of unbelievers he is qualifying himself for the enjoyments of the heaven he looks for. 'He that killeth you,' said Christ, 'will think that he doeth God service.'

I must still mention that Mr. Williams died a death of

fearful bodily suffering, but with his mind in perfect peace. There was little question that he had been poisoned. No doubt on the point remained in the minds of those acquainted with the circumstances—the physician who attended him and the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

By the time I reached Constantinople the 'great Elchi' had gone home. He was succeeded by Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling), a greatly inferior man. I saw a good deal of the Dutch ambassador, Count Zuylen, of whom the missionaries had a very high opinion.

On September 28th we bade adieu to Constantinople. The finest view we had of it was as we moved out of the Golden Horn and into the Sea of Marmora. It was a lovely afternoon, and sea and land—Europe and Asia—were all flooded with golden light. It was a sight the memory could not consent to lose.

We had, however, a great disappointment. We had started on our journey from home bent on visiting the Holy Land. Spring would have been a better time to see it; but autumn in Palestine has attractions of its own, and we were full of expectation. But a day or two before we left Constantinople we were informed that plague had broken out in Syria, and that all the ports were put under quarantine. We hoped it was a false alarm; but, in the meantime, we resolved to proceed to Smyrna. I could not run the risk of being shut up in quarantine, for my wife was to arrive in Egypt before the quarantine would expire.

So we went on to Smyrna. We waited a few days in the hope of still visiting Palestine, but we could get no definite assurance that quarantine regulations would not be enforced at Beyrout and elsewhere, and finally we had to abandon a long-cherished hope.

But let us see all that is best worth seeing in Smyrna,

and then, if needful, substitute Greece for Palestine. Even in those days Smyrna was an important commercial city. Now when railways—two at least—start from it to the interior, it will doubtless have already become a still busier place; and if Asia Minor could be rescued from the misrule of the Turk, the trade of Smyrna must grow immensely. When we were there, the export that chiefly obtruded itself on our notice—and it did so continually—was figs. Immense quantities were lying on the beach, ready to be packed up and put on board ship.

The greater part of Smyrna lies low—lower, I should think, than it did in ancient times. The Meles and the Hermus, especially the latter, bring down great quantities of soil, which must have encroached on the splendid bay. Smyrna is built to a large extent on the slope of the hill, which is crowned by an old Genoese castle.

Along with an American missionary I rode through the town to the top of the hill. A very large number of houses had their gates open; and well-dressed women were sitting in each compound (to use the Indian word). This was evidently their way of taking the air and seeing their friends. We passed on to the summit, the *stadion* or race-course of the ancient city, in which one of the very noblest of the noble army of martyrs, Polycarp, was burned alive. Hardly anything in early Christian writings is more beautiful than the account of the martyr's death, as described by the Christians of Smyrna to their brethren at Lyons and Vienne. Both of us were familiar with the touching narrative; and to stand on that spot was like an inspiration. Then from the height my friend pointed out the most notable objects visible. Conspicuous above all, and throwing completely into eclipse all the Mohammadan mosques, was the Church of St. Polycarp. The memory

of the martyr is still fresh in Smyrna,—let us hope that his spirit is not absent there!

My friend then pointed out one quarter of Smyrna after another, street after street, which, when he came to reside in the place, had been wholly or chiefly in the hands of Musulmans. Now nearly the whole was the property of Christians, either Greeks or Armenians.

One of the most interesting sights I saw there was a large school for young ladies, which was conducted by German deaconesses.[1] All the arrangements seemed excellent, and the teaching very good. Several languages were taught, and amongst them ancient Greek. I was asked to test the attainments of the pupils in several classes; but, when we came to the class for Greek, I consented with some hesitation. To examine Greeks on Greek was rather perilous. They were reading the Electra—the Electra of Euripides, if my memory serves me. I did my best in questioning them about the exact rendering, the syntax, and so on; and then I was glad to fall back on the prosody. I knew pretty well Porson's *dicta* about Iambic Trimeter verse, and was able to give the young ladies some ideas that were new to them; so I did not disgrace my *alma mater*, as I had feared might be the case. Bright, intelligent girls they seemed. The arrangement of the school did the deaconesses much credit. They themselves appeared quiet, simple, earnest, Christian women. I was not surprised to learn (not from themselves) that their school had completely eclipsed the one carried on by Roman Catholic nuns. In India, schools conducted by nuns sometimes eclipse our Protestant ones. The daughters of Protestants are too often sent to schools taught by nuns, and are captured by their

[1] The first mission-school for girls—I believe the first female school of any kind in Turkey—was opened by the American Mission in 1830.

teachers, who are usually kind and accomplished women. In after-days I have been able to see the work of German deaconesses in several other places, and everywhere I have admired their quiet perseverance and meek devotedness.

We sailed from Smyrna on 1st October in a vessel of the Austrian Lloyd's Co., built rather for stowing merchandise than accommodating human beings. I have a very unpleasant recollection of eight hours we spent off Scio (Chios). Such a racket I had hardly ever heard, as goods were hoisted out and hoisted in. People talked at the top of their voices all the eight hours, in and out of the saloon. Sleep was impossible.

I was eager to see Greece, and rose early. A cold, hazy morning; mist on the mountains. Slowly the light and heat increased. 'What land is that?' I asked, pointing to a rocky islet on the left. 'Ægina,' said the man addressed, with a strong emphasis on the first syllable. 'And where is Salamis?' 'There,' said he, pointing with a beaming eye to the far-famed island. How small the gulf for such a famous battle! And there in front is the Piræus; and yonder, four or five miles off on the right, the Acropolis. A host of memories rushed in. The most stirring of them all was the visit of the Apostle Paul.

We hired the first vehicle that came to hand and hastened to Athens. The country seemed all limestone and was dazzlingly white, for by this time the sun was pretty high. Everything seemed burned up. A very dusty road: does rain ever fall here? The bed of the Cephissus was dry. By and by, when we went out to see

> 'where Ilissus rolls
> His whispering stream,'

there was no rolling and not the ghost of a whisper—only

a little pool, scarcely two inches deep, from which the water trickled almost imperceptibly.

We had the same feeling of disappointment at several other places. Can that be the Areopagus? Did the judges really sit, and the Apostle plead, on this hillock? And is that small, dirty hole the Cave of the Eumenides? It was almost incredible.

Our first feeling, then, was one of much disappointment. But we very soon came to feel the charm of the Athenian atmosphere. 'Pure the air and light the soil,' says Milton; and in a well-known passage Euripides extols the 'most brilliant atmosphere.' Yes, in spite of heat and even dust the air was wonderfully transparent. And then, though neither of us could pretend to much knowledge of art, the exquisite charm of form in statue and column, and portico and temple, was unmistakable and truly delightful. But it would take hours to mention all that awoke admiration in Athens, as we wandered amidst the monuments of ancient days, many of them, alas, fallen or ready to fall.

I was desirous of learning as much as possible about missionary work in Athens. I therefore called as soon as possible on Dr. Hill and Dr. Jonas King. Dr. Hill, though an American, had become Chaplain to the British Embassy. He and Mrs. Hill still, however, conducted a school for young ladies, which was understood to be giving an excellent education, in which religious teaching was by no means overlooked. I spent a very pleasant evening at Dr. Hill's house, and gathered much interesting information. The Rev. Dr. Jonas King was a missionary of the American Board. I found him shattered in health and seemingly somewhat depressed in spirit. He had worked in Athens for nineteen years. Like the other missionaries of the American Boards, both Presbyterian and Congregationalist, he had come out with no desire to

interfere with the framework of the Eastern churches, but earnestly seeking to diffuse among their clergy and members the truths of Holy Scripture. The Scriptures had been translated into modern Greek, and largely circulated, though not without occasional opposition on the part of the priests. I had read in a work by an English clergyman—Hartley, I think—that, with much of the form of godliness, there appeared very little of its power in Greece; and Dr. King spoke, though guardedly, very much to the same effect. Great attachment to the faith was professed, many indifferent Christians being devoted churchmen. At the same time, unbelief was understood to be spreading, especially among the students of the University, who were about fourteen hundred in number, gathered from Greece and Turkey. French literature was largely read; and its influence, on the whole, was far from healthy. The University was not in session—a great disappointment. Dr. King spoke strongly of the intellectual activity of the Greeks. Young men would submit to almost any privation in order to get a University training. One proof of the general activity of mind was that in Athens, with about forty thousand inhabitants, there were forty newspapers, most of them weekly. Parliament was not in session any more than the University; but I met one or two members who appeared to me not only intelligent, but highly educated. From conversations with them I drew the inference that too many men went to college, and that the instruction there was too purely intellectual. Lawyers and doctors were turned out in large numbers; but too many took to politics as a trade, and struggled for the spoils of office. An English gentleman, a practical farmer, said that Greek agriculture was in a sadly backward state.

Dr. King had done all in his power to circulate the

Holy Scriptures, and had also prepared a good many tracts, some original, some translated. One of the tracts I have ever since kept as a trophy. It is a small duodecimo of fifty-four pages, printed at Cambridge in New England, and is entitled *Ekthesis Apostolikēs ekklēsias* —i.e. *Exposition of an Apostolic Church.* It is in modern Greek, which, however, is made to approach marvellously near to the ancient tongue. Thus in the first paragraph, consisting of six lines, I see only one word that might not have been used by Xenophon or Plato: it is the infinitive *einai* instead of the indicative *esti*. Every assertion in the tract is supported by passages quoted on the lower part of the page from the Greek Scriptures—either from the Septuagint or the New Testament. But the Romaic spoken generally over the country differs considerably from pure Hellenic phraseology.

I also saw a good deal of Dr. Kalopathakes, a doctor of medicine, ordained to the ministry in America but not then officiating as a minister of religion. He was the editor of a weekly paper, the *Star of the East* (*Astēr tes anatolēs*), which was largely, though not exclusively, religious. It had a considerable circulation. This excellent man has steadily worked on as an evangelist ever since, and I am now writing in 1899. In a recent address he says: 'The object of evangelical effort among the Greeks is not to destroy the old Church, in which we all have a common interest, but to bring it back, if possible, to the simplicity and purity of the faith from which it has deviated.'[1] He further states that there are now five reformed congregations in Greece, four of them organised with 'officers and pastors,' and four others which, for want of sufficient pecuniary aid, are not yet fully organised. The congregations are not connected with any foreign

[1] *Jubilee Report of Evangelical Alliance* (1897), p. 353.

Church or Society. They are almost exclusively supported by the voluntary contributions of their own members.

I presume the feeling towards Romanism is still as strong as I found it in 1859. 'Better be a Turk than a Papist,' was then a common saying. Rome, though she recognises the 'orders' of the 'Orthodox' Church, yet deems it schismatic, and earnestly strives to bring its members out of it. She has especially done so ever since the Reformation led half Europe out of her own communion; and her success has been far from inconsiderable. We cannot wonder; for the Greek Church, to speak mildly, was long asleep; its clergy, as a rule, inferior in education to the Roman. There has been, of late, considerable improvement, and there is now much more preaching than before. Even the secular press had been calling for this. A good many of the clergy have, of late, been studying in German Protestant colleges. Another arrangement is of very great importance: the Holy Scriptures are read in the higher and primary schools of Government. We surely cannot despair of a land in which the Word of God is honoured.

I may still mention here that I attended a Greek funeral. The whole ceremony was infinitely saddening. The relatives, and indeed all the company, seemed to 'sorrow without hope.' And the superstitious use of the *myron*, or holy oil, was almost equally painful with the sight of the grievous sorrow.

At Syra, where our vessel called both going and coming, I was amazed, as I have said, at the immense change that had taken place since I saw it twenty-one years before. The miserable village had become a pretty large, well-built commercial town.

I called on Mr. Hildner, a German missionary connected

with the Church Missionary Society. He was in shattered health and depressed in spirit. The good man had lost his wife only four days before. This, no doubt, imparted a somewhat sombre hue to his views regarding missionary work in Greece. He thought it difficult and unpromising. Still, Mr. Hildner had done his best; and his schools for boys and girls were evidently well conducted. The authorities had asked him to introduce the Catechism of the Greek Church into his schools. He had decidedly refused, and the request had not been repeated. I believe he might have agreed to use the Catechism, if the Government had not coupled the request with another, viz., that a Greek priest should teach it, and that Mr. Hildner should pay the priest. Though he had successfully resisted the demand, he feared his successor might have to yield or else see the schools all closed.

We arrived in Alexandria on 18th October. The Khamseen wind was blowing, and was almost as trying as the hot wind in India.

My first inquiry was regarding the steamer from England, in which I expected my wife to arrive. It was likely to reach Alexandria in about three days.

I resolved to make diligent use of my time, and first to see my missionary friends. The Church Missionary Society was about to discontinue its work. The object had been twofold: first, to influence the Coptic Church for good; and secondly, to evangelise the Mohammadans. Regarding its work among the Copts, Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, who visited Cairo in 1849, had expressed himself thus: 'The missionaries seem to follow almost too strictly the plan on which the mission was begun twenty-four years ago—to seek the friendship of the clergy, especially the high clergy, of the Eastern churches.... But this system has failed; and I am convinced that it will

ever fail with the several Eastern churches as well as the Church of Rome. Individual conversion must be the aim, as it is the only means of promoting reformation.'

I certainly have no fault to find with the strong statement of the excellent bishop; yet I must say a word on behalf of my friends Lieder and Krusé, lest it should be held that they had spent their strength for nought. It was not sunrise in Egypt yet, but these two men had come into palpable darkness; and surely there was now at least the faint promise of a dawn. They had largely circulated the Holy Scriptures in Arabic, the vernacular of the Copts. They had sought opportunities of conversing with both priests and people; the study of the Bible had been introduced into the mission-schools, and some cases of personal conversion had occurred. To say the very least, these worthy pioneers had helped to open up a way for their successors. Miss Whately, daughter of the well-known Archbishop, had not, at this time, begun her very valuable labours. These were carried on chiefly, not solely, on behalf of Mohammadan women.

The American Presbyterians, of whom mention has been made above, had gone on steadily in their mission work since 1854. In passing through Egypt in 1859 I saw their schools both in Alexandria and Cairo.[1] All were well conducted. They held nightly meetings and invited the people to visit them at their houses. They had depositories for the sale of Scriptures and useful books. In 1857, if my memory serves me, as I passed through Cairo in February, only one man afforded evidence of having been deeply impressed by the truth. On my return to Egypt in October 1859 there were four men

[1] The Church Missionary Society began a new mission in Cairo in 1882, on behalf of Mohammadans. A Medical Mission was opened in 1889. Ladies were added to the staff in 1890.

that gave every proof of conversion. By and by the Viceroy Said Pasha became wonderfully favourable to the mission, and supplied it with suitable buildings. The mission has been energetically carried on. It is supported by the United Presbyterian Church of America, a comparatively small communion. Much success has been granted to its faithful labours.[1]

In a few days the steamer from home was signalled. Had my wife arrived? I hastened to the Cairo station. There goes the scream of the railway whistle. Up rolls the train, and out steps the lady. Even so, in the Lord's goodness the tumult of hopes and fears was stilled. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

[1] There are twenty-seven missionaries, male and female, not including married women; twenty-one native pastors, besides at least thirty unordained preachers.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RETURN TO BOMBAY—INDIA AFTER THE MUTINY—RAMJI MALHARI—SIR WM. MANSFIELD—DR. MARTIN HAUG—INDAPUR—STRANGE STATE OF NATIVE FEELING

My wife was only in tolerable health, but she was eager to be back in Bombay. It took us a fortnight to reach India. It was pleasing to see that here and there light-houses had been erected of late, which considerably lessened the dangers of the navigation of the Red Sea. A pleasant voyage with pleasant companions.

So we were back in India. But was it the India we had left two years before? No; everything seemed altered. The dreadful days of the Mutiny had left a deep, dark shadow on the minds of all my countrymen. 'Everything here is at a stand-still,' said Dr. H. J. Carter, the honorary secretary of the Asiatic Society; 'all life has gone out of us.' European society and native society were 'like cliffs that have been torn asunder.' Mutual confidence between the Europeans and the Natives was gone. So in general; but one or two striking exceptions must be made. The Parsis, a small but influential community, had been wholly on the side of the Government. The descendants of Abraham—both the Jews and the Bene Israel—had also been thoroughly loyal. Moreover, it would be unjust to say that all Hindus and Mohammadans had been disaffected. It was a Sepoy rebellion, and the whole of the Sepoys themselves, even when

Mohammadans and Hindus, had not been carried away by it. Still, the shock to mutual confidence between Europeans and Natives generally had been terrible. Everything seemed out of joint. So was it when I returned to India in November 1859, and so it continued to be for many weary months.

We settled down to our work in Bombay in the best heart we could. We were to do our best to proclaim that Gospel of peace and love which—if East and West are ever to be brought into harmony—can alone effect the change. Some cheering cases of conversion occurred while I was in Bombay. The case that made the deepest impression on my mind was that of a man of highly respectable position, Ramji Malhari, an apothecary in Government service. He had not come much in contact with missionaries, but had become dissatisfied with Hinduism, both in its polytheistic and pantheistic forms, and in the form in which they are often blended. He turned to Christian books—especially the New Testament. He also studied the Book of Common Prayer and regularly read the *Dnyanodaya*. The process in his mind was at first only intellectual. Slowly, however, the sense of personal sin awoke. Christ as a Saviour satisfied all his spiritual wants. By and by he saw that he must, on every account, profess his faith. When he came to me for further instruction I found him intelligent, possessed of much knowledge, and giving every evidence of perfect sincerity. He was therefore soon baptized; but the point which specially impressed this case on my memory was the circumstance that his wife, whom he had himself instructed, and his four young children were received soon after. This good man died in 1897 of plague. He had with beautiful self-sacrifice put his services at the disposal of Government, and he caught the fatal

infection when ministering to others. His son—one of the four children I have referred to—is now the much-respected minister of the native Presbyterian Church in Poona.

In little more than half a year I had to leave Bombay. The health of our oldest missionary, Mr. James Mitchell of Poona, had again given way; and again the question had come up—Who shall take his place? Dr. Wilson, the senior Bombay missionary, had no wish to leave his post. But some one must go, and, all things considered, it seemed my duty to do so. To be removed when I had so lately settled down to work was not in itself desirable; but I felt I had no reason to complain. It is the lot of most Europeans in India to be tossed about from place to place. Moreover, I deeply felt the importance of Poona as a mission station, and I had a most pleasant remembrance of the bright-eyed Brahman boys and lads whom I had known there. And Poona was, and is, the headquarters of the Maratha Brahmans, who are admitted to be the most influential portion of a most influential community. It was a sphere fitted to call forth any man's highest energies.

So we returned to Poona in June 1860, and went into the old dilapidated mission-house, still overrun with rats and visited not unfrequently by snakes. (All this, let me say, is altered now.)

Sir Bartle Frere was then Governor of the Bombay Presidency, and lived in the rainy season close to Poona. Sir Bartle had not been at all spoiled by his steady and somewhat rapid rise in the service. He was as pleasing in manner, as thoughtful and active in mind as ever, and as desirous of the good, both temporal and spiritual, of India.

Sir William Mansfield, afterwards Lord Sandhurst, was Commander-in-chief. He was anxious to do all in his power for the mental improvement of the young officers.

There had been in Poona for many years what was called the Station Library. It had a tolerable reading-room, but a very poor collection of books. The room now became the property of the 'United Service Institution,' and a large number of books was added to the old library. Regular courses of lectures were provided for. I was glad to be of service in so good a cause, and Sir William was pleased to accept various suggestions I made. I gave several lectures, and other friends readily came forward. Dr. Harding, the Bishop of Bombay, lectured on weapons of war mentioned in Scripture, and, of course, the young men called him a capital representative of the Church militant. One of my lectures was on 'Races.' The officers jocularly asked if it was to be on the Poona races (horse races), as, in that case, they would be sure to attend. They were told it was not; but there was a fair attendance of officers notwithstanding. The movement made by Sir William Mansfield was a decided success.

I take credit for getting the distinguished Orientalist, Dr. Martin Haug, to give a lecture. He had come out to Poona several months before as Professor of Sanskrit in the Government College; but he was leading a retired life, buried in his books when not occupied with his classes. He lectured on a subject which he had made thoroughly his own--the religion of the Parsis.

I was delighted to hold intercourse with Haug. He was an indefatigable student; largely learned and exceedingly acute, if occasionally, perhaps, somewhat precipitate in his conclusions; capable of hitting hard in controversy, but a fair-minded man, with no jealousy in his nature.[1]

[1] He afterwards became Professor of Sanskrit in Munich. Many years later, my wife and I were passing through Munich and called on him and Mrs. Haug. Haug speedily carried me off to his study. Ere long the ladies became alarmed at the loud noises issuing from it. Could their husbands be quarrelling? The sounds continued, and they listened in

My journal of this date contains some sorrowful entries. Several of the teachers whom I had known years before, and who had then declared themselves fully convinced of the truth of the Christian faith, were still in Poona; but none of them had asked for baptism. How far was it right to press them to 'come out and be separate'? I did so in one or two cases in which the men confessed they were unhappy under the rebuke of conscience. I had no doubt they were really unhappy, and it was a marvel to me that human beings could go on for years in any course while feeling continually the stings of conscience for so doing. No doubt, conscience can be 'seared,' as the Apostle says, 'with a hot iron'; but that description did not apply to them. Looking now back on the past, I can recall quite a number of such cases—each fitted to give intense suffering. Some of Woltersdorf's[1] sorrowful lines often occurred to me. In an old hymn that speaks first of Christ's sorrow—

'Du weinest für Jerusalem
Herr Jesus, bittre Zähren,'

he goes on to say that Christ's true followers mingle their tears with His.

increasing trepidation. They were about to open the door, when a peal of laughter from Haug—honest German laughter—revealed the peacefulness of our colloquy. He had been eagerly expounding the most recent discoveries in Accadian (Sumerian). He could not sit still. His enthusiasm increased. He rose and danced round the room, shrieking at the top of his voice, as he expatiated on one interesting point after another. I suppose there never was a more enthusiastic student than Martin Haug. He certainly was no Doctor Dry-as-dust. His lecture on Parsiism was published. Afterwards appeared a volume of 207 pages on the *Sacred Writings and Religion of the Parsees*. A second edition of this, carefully edited, was published by a very accomplished Zend and Pahlavi scholar, Dr. E. W. West.

[1] Ernst Gottlieb Woltersdorf, of Bunzlau, in Silesia, seems hardly so well known as he deserves to be. His hymns—*Evangelischen Psalmen*—are full of tender feeling.

These feelings became peculiarly intense when I visited the district of Indapur after an absence of twenty years. This place is referred to in page 84. Many people—almost whole villages—had long ago given up idolatry: were they still standing at the gate of the kingdom, but afraid to enter? I resolved to go and see the people. I did so, and now give a few extracts from a somewhat lengthy journal.

I went out to a village in which I understood idolatry had almost disappeared. Most of the people were in the fields, but a company of twelve men gathered round me,—among them the headman or Patel. 'Do you worship idols, then?' I said to the man sitting next me,—for I noticed an image of Hanuman. 'Idols?' said he; 'there 's nothing in them.' 'Why, then, is Hanuman here?' 'Only two or three in the village notice him in any way.' Then, turning to the Patel, I asked—'Do you believe in one God, Patel?' 'Certainly I do,' said he. It then struck me as strange that there were no women present; for generally a few women hang on the outskirts of such a meeting. I asked the reason of their absence, and was told they were afraid of Europeans. Possibly that was the reason; but I feared either that the men wished the women not to hear about religion, or that the women were opposed to any advance towards Christianity. I said I had heard long ago that the young men in this village had given up idolatry, and read in the fields religious books—books about God and Christ. 'Yes,' said Parwata, the Patel's son-in-law, a bright-looking man of thirty or so, 'I did so for one.' 'You believe in Jesus Christ?' 'Certainly. I even asked baptism; but the gentleman said I was not ready. I then broke my idols in his presence and asked what more proofs he wanted. Still he did not think me ready.' All this was new to me,

and the thought occurred that perhaps the Catechist had expected too much of the inquirer; but I did not like to say so. I asked the man several questions on Scriptural subjects, and he answered well. I found he had been a teacher in the mission-school in the village. 'Well, how now, Parwata—ought you not to acknowledge and obey Christ?' 'Certainly we ought.' 'What if you do not?' 'In the judgment day,' replied Parwata, 'He will say, I never knew you.' 'These are very awful words; are they not? You once asked baptism: do you ask it still?' Some one here cried out, 'What is the use of baptism?' I answered, 'It is commanded; that is enough. But it is in many ways of great value. For one thing, it is professing Christ, and a sign that you are His disciples. But tell me, Parwata, what you think now about it.' 'Yes; I ought to be baptized.' 'May I write down your name as asking baptism?' 'Do so,' said he. He saw me write down his name. My feelings were strangely mingled. Could I baptize him there and then? Would he consent? would his father-in-law consent? what would his wife say or do? I thought it best to wait, and said, 'This is a very solemn matter, Parwata; your name is written down as seeking baptism.' Then, turning to the man I had first spoken to, I said—'Shall I write your name too?' 'Not till the Patel gives his name,' replied the man. Then, turning to the Patel, I said—'You allow me to put down your name?' 'No,' said the old man, quietly but firmly, 'not now.' 'When will you, then?' 'When my mind changes,' said he. 'Oh, Patel, will you not confess Christ?' 'I do so.' 'Will you not confess Him openly and before all?' 'I do so. I tell all that ask me that Christ is the only Saviour.' 'But He commands you to receive baptism. Will you obey Him in that?' 'No.' 'Why not?' 'It cannot be necessary.'

'It is written: he that believeth and is baptized, the same shall be saved.' The Patel replied, 'It is written, Be good, do right, worship one God, believe in Christ. All that I now do.' 'Then you will not be baptized?' 'Only when my mind changes; not before. You are commanded to baptize only those whose mind is changed.' 'Ah! Patel, I fear you do not wish your mind to change.' 'It is all in God's hand.' 'I am deeply sorry for you, Patel.' 'I cannot do otherwise than I do.' I then turned to a Christian native who was with me, and said, 'Let us pray for these people.' We stood up, and, unbidden, almost every native present did the same thing. I hardly think I ever prayed more earnestly. I was especially sorry for that quiet, impassive old man. I said then—'We are about to part; probably we shall not meet again till we meet at the judgment-seat.' Then, anxious if possible to sting his conscience into action, I went on, 'Patel, you do to God as I do to this straw: you trample Him under your feet'—suiting the action to the word. The other men looked at the Patel and me, evidently expecting him to be angry. I feared the same thing; but the old man said sadly, 'It is all true.' I then turned to Parwata. 'Tell me truly, Parwata, are you happy?' 'No,' replied he gravely. 'You will never be so till you obey your conscience and confess Christ.' He assented. I went away exceedingly sorrowful. What an extraordinary state of things! So many men convinced of the truth of Christ's claims—condemned by their consciences while they remain as they are—and yet incapable of movement. No family worship; no social worship; no proper reading of God's word—for I had asked whether they did read it, and the answer had been, 'Yes, when we have time.'

I went home to the rest-house. A very pleasing man called. His father had held a high position under the

native government. He was a Brahman, but by no means bitter. Among other things, I asked whether he thought Christianity would prevail in India. 'Certainly so,' said he. 'Why does it not spread more rapidly?' 'Very few are willing to break caste and come out.' Very similar was the answer of the Mhars next day, when I asked, after preaching, why they did not leave their idols and openly acknowledge Christ. 'Do you really think that one or two, or even three, can come out, while the rest remain? All must come out at once.' There was no scorn or bitterness in the men; but they were amazed at the extravagance of my demand that a man, when convinced, should come out, though he stood alone. How astonishingly gregarious are the people of India, whether of high caste or low caste! This quality, which, in the meantime, so powerfully retards the profession of Christianity, will ere long act powerfully in its favour—too powerfully, perhaps.

I arranged to hold a public meeting in Indapur. There was a very good attendance, more than a hundred people. A large number of them being Brahmans, I rather dreaded a sharp debate. I spoke for nearly an hour without interruption. Conversation then began, but there was no unpleasant talk. They admitted that Christ was a great sage; but was He greater than Vyas or Valmiki? It came out that they thought I was paid by Government. I very earnestly assured them of the contrary. Whereupon an objection which I had occasionally heard before was started: 'Why does the Government not teach the people, if it believes as you believe?' The fact appeared to lower the Government in their estimation. I disposed of the difficulty as well as I could.

They knew a good deal about the converts in Poona. 'But why don't you get them good situations?' they

asked. I answered that that would be bribing people to call themselves Christians, and they seemed to see the force of the argument. I was much pleased with the friendliness of the people. I had indeed avoided attacking Hinduism in any offensive way; but I had pressed the claims of the Gospel strongly. I am always most thankful when, after preaching or discussion, we part on friendly terms.

Rode out next day to a village near Indapur. After preaching, I had a long conversation with the Brahman Kulkarni or village accountant. 'Do you worship idols?' 'Never. My wife often asks me to do it, but I refuse.' 'Do you instruct your wife?' 'No.' 'Why not?' 'She would not listen.' 'Do you speak to other people about Christ?' 'It would be of no use. Here beside me is a man I have spoken to, but he does not mind me.' 'Do you think yourself Christ's disciple?' 'Yes.' 'Do you think He will acknowledge you in the day of judgment?' 'Yes.'

Another man who came to see me was asked: 'Do you ever worship idols?' 'Never, never.' 'But don't the Brahmans come and worship idols—for instance, when your children are married?' 'Oh, yes; but that is not my doing.' He meant that it was the doing of his wife.

I fixed a meeting with the low-caste men—the Mhars. Large attendance; a good many women sitting behind. People rather duller than I expected; for Mhars are often shrewd, clever men. I preached. Then came conversation. 'How can I become a Christian? I must first become a good man,' was the remark of an intelligent-looking lad. Argument must always be supported, if possible, by illustrations. 'Christ,' I said, 'is a skilful physician; He can heal the disease of sin. He invites

you to come and be cured. No, you say; I will wait till I am getting well, and then I will come.' 'Ah!' said the lad, 'you turn my words round about in a strange way; but I dare not come to Christ before I am a good man.' The reader will easily conceive what my answer was.

Among the Hindus there are great gods and little gods —*dii majorum gentium* and *dii minorum gentium.* Most of the latter seem to have been the original, ante-Brahmanical, village deities, some of whom have been gradually enrolled in the Hindu pantheon. Speaking in a village where there seemed an unusual number of the lesser deities, I asserted that they had no power. A man on this shouted out, 'No power? I will prove to you that they have power. Look!' Then unwrapping a napkin that covered all the back of his neck, he showed a great ulcer, and cried out, 'There! Jotiba did that.' I asked, 'How do you know that Jotiba did it?' 'Jotiba,' said he, 'appeared to me in a dream and said, "I punish you in this way, because you have been making me no offerings. Do your duty, and I shall heal you."' Of course it was easy to suggest that, as Jotiba was not now healing him, he had no power either to send or take away the disease. Clearly the inferior gods are much dreaded as tormentors. Their worship seems a slightly altered form of the aboriginal demon-worship.

An interesting young man said, when I was speaking of the new birth, 'Yes, I need that, and I pray for it.' Perhaps he did; but if he had thought that the new birth involved his receiving baptism, I feared he would have wished his prayer to remain unheard.

I visited also the Mangs, who are still lower than the Mhars, and are by them looked down upon:—

'Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.'

The Mhars were not cleanly; but the Mangs were dirty. So far this arises from their chief employment here. They prepare *sora*, or nitre. They collect earth from the village, put it into receptacles, let water run over it and fill a reservoir beneath. The water evaporates, and the residuum crystallises.

As I was speaking, a little girl, nice enough looking, but very dirty, pressed rather unpleasantly near me. 'Where did this mud-girl—(girl made of mud)—come from?' I asked. The mother was not far off, and cried, half-amused, half-vexed, 'Mud-girl he calls her.' All the boys and girls caught up the name. The little girl was not much abashed, and when she turned up again, they all shouted out, 'Here is the mud-girl come back.' The natives dearly love a little pleasantry, and with them a small joke goes a great way.

I must not dwell longer on what happened at Indapur. My journal shows that I came away with a very heavy heart.

The last person I saw was Parwata. He came with his son-in-law. We had a long and earnest conversation. He confessed, and appeared to feel, his sin in having concealed his sentiments. He promised to pray daily—to do so privately, and with his family, and to collect his neighbours and read the Scripture every Sunday. 'And you will pray with them too, Parwata? You can read prayers, if you cannot pray extempore.' 'Certainly, I shall pray; but better without book. And we shall build a house for the worship of God.' We prayed together. Parwata was grave, and seemed very thoughtful.

In another small village which I visited I had no men in the audience—probably all were employed elsewhere. But with some difficulty my native companion induced some women to attend: they gathered together, with a wall between us! I was glad to have an opportunity of

speaking to them by themselves. What were their thoughts, poor things? I asked—'Why do you worship stones?' (This, after a few introductory words.) 'Is this,' said one of them, 'a thing of yesterday? We do as our fathers did.' 'Yes; but is it a right thing?' 'What do we know? We must do as others do.' 'Well; tell me who gave you this nice little girl? Was it Maruti (the monkey-god) or the Supreme?' 'No doubt the Supreme.' 'And who preserves you and her?' 'The Supreme.' 'Then is it not He you should worship?' 'Yes; that is true.' Then, turning to her neighbours, the woman said, 'It must have been some silly people that introduced the worship of stone gods.' My native companion then spoke. The women continued to listen quietly, but in a little I heard one say with some feeling —'Wicked people often prosper; good people often suffer: how do you explain that?' My companion seemed perplexed with the question, and I had to come to his help, though I was far from confident that I could explain the matter to the satisfaction of the women. 'So it often is at present,' I said; 'but the Judge of all the earth will do right; and by and by—in another life, at all events—justice will be done.' The woman listened attentively and seemed to accept the explanation; but unhappily at that moment all the cattle of the village came crowding in—as they always do towards nightfall—and the women retired. There was a respectful adieu on both sides. Mild, simple-hearted women,—I was sorry when they had to take their leave. They had listened without the slightest cavilling, as if anxious to understand. But alas! when will they have another opportunity of hearing a missionary? I was sorry I had not been able to go on and speak of 'the true incarnation,' and the power and grace of the risen Christ.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE VARIED WORK OF THE MISSION—THE PRESS—ROMANISING ORIENTAL LANGUAGES—FEMALE EDUCATION — THE BHILS — OUTRAM — JALNA — HILL FORTS

I HAVE *already said that, although the missions of the Scottish churches have often been called educational missions, education is but a part of their work. Not one of the missions—I believe, not one of the missionaries—was, or is, confined to schoolwork. In Poona, as elsewhere, much was done in vernacular preaching—in the streets, in the surrounding villages, and on pretty lengthened tours. As preaching in the streets was liable to interruption, especially in a city like Poona, full of Brahmans, meetings for friendly discussion were frequently held in the mission schoolrooms. The composition of tracts, chiefly in Marathi, and the revision of tracts to be issued by the Bombay Tract Society, were steadily carried on. Scriptures and the tracts were also disseminated by colporteurs.*

The missions had all along clearly perceived the immense importance of the press as a means of diffusing Christian truth. But by the time I now refer to, the natives were copying their example. Large editions of books were lithographed, all adorned with pictures of gods and goddesses, and sold at a low rate. Till of late all their books had been in manuscript; but now the

press was becoming a potent ally of heathenism. Our Christian literature in Marathi was perfectly insignificant in extent when compared with the multitude of heathen books now streaming from the press. Not many of the latter were new, but the store of old Marathi works written in support of Hinduism was by no means insignificant.

At first the writers of Christian books were naturally the missionaries, but I may mention the names of two laymen—Messrs. Molesworth and T. Candy—as yielding valuable aid in this important work. Nearly all my spare time in Poona was given to the composition of Christian books.

I need not trouble the reader with the names or subjects, but I have before me a list of ten compositions of mine—most of them written about this time. In addition to these there were four in English. There were also about fifteen short pieces of Marathi verse, published in the books of the Christian Vernacular Education Society. As time went on, however, I felt that the necessity of a missionary writing Marathi tracts was diminishing, in as much as our pupils were coming forward and writing Marathi with a fluency and power that threw our best efforts into the shade. In this connection I may, without depreciating the work of others, single out the name of the Rev. Baba Padmanji.[1]

My wife did not attempt to produce any Marathi book, but she wrote an English one giving the touching history of a Hindu lady, Bala Soonderee Taagre.

She also performed a rather troublesome work—she *romanised* a Gospel, the Gospel of John. By romanising

[1] An authenticated catalogue of the Marathi writings of this Native scholar—my old pupil and life-long friend—now lies before me. They amount to the astonishing number of ninety-two. All are excellent.

we mean, in India, simply writing an Indian language in Roman or English letters. When Trevelyan and Duff plunged into the battle between Anglicists and Orientalists, the idea of expressing Indian languages in the Roman character was fully in their minds; but they did not plead for it very earnestly, since the great cause they had at heart had first to be victorious.

Up to this day Bengal has done very little in the work of romanising; but, in the North-West Provinces, much greater progress has been made. When Hindustani (Urdu) is not romanised, it is generally expressed in Arabic or Persian letters, which are as foreign to India as English letters are.

I earnestly tried to persuade our Native friends in Bombay and Poona occasionally to romanise Marathi and Gujarati; but I completely failed. 'No,' said they, 'it would be unpatriotic to do so.' I was disappointed, and pleaded that the native Christians in the North-West Provinces who had adopted English script were equally patriotic with themselves. Patriotic or not, the use of Roman letters in writing Indian languages is sure to come. It is already common in Europe. Dr. John Muir, one of our most learned Sanskritists, in his later works printed Sanskrit in Roman characters; and he told me he did so for two reasons: first, it was far simpler for printers in Europe; and secondly, he himself had found it much easier both to write and read than the Sanskrit script. Of course, the objection can be made that if Oriental sounds are to be expressed with perfect accuracy, a vast array of distinctive, or, as they are called, diacritical, marks is absolutely necessary. True; but by one who knows the language these marks are not required. If we were to write English scrupulously marking every varying of sound, an army, or at least a regiment, of marks would

be indispensable. There is such a thing as pedantic accuracy. We print Greek, for example, with a large number of accents and breathings—and I do not plead for what Mrs. Browning calls 'ladies' Greek—without the accents'; but we know that these marks were the invention of Alexandrian scholiasts, and that Plato and Demosthenes got on very well without them. So, too, a thorough Hebrew scholar can read unpointed Hebrew without difficulty.[1]

Education, as I have said, was but a part of the work of the mission, but it was earnestly prosecuted. There was a great demand for it in Poona, and our boys' schools were full of pupils. As a very large proportion—not less than two-thirds—of the pupils were Brahmans, and as the Brahmans are by far the most intellectual part of the Hindu community, the lessons were well learned. The highest seminary was called the English Institution, though Marathi and Sanskrit were also taught in it. It had in 1862 considerably above four hundred pupils. Nicer boys and lads I could not have desired to see: treat them with mingled kindness and firmness, and their behaviour was excellent. I do not remember that I ever had occasion to beat a boy; and I marvelled when I read how the temper of masters was often tried in public schools in Britain. As for the other teachers, each of them, no doubt, had a cane; but it was not thought creditable either to master or pupil that it should often be in requisition.

[1] I am aware that some great linguists, like Dr. Solomon Malan, have been strongly opposed to romanising; and no doubt, other things being equal, one would prefer to read a language in its native character. But this consideration is balanced by another. In comparative philology, it is an immense help when the languages we are comparing are written in the same character. The likeness or unlikeness of words then flashes on the eye at once.

The Brahmans and other castes, though eager for education for their boys, were indifferent in the case of their girls, and not seldom opposed. Still, the example of the missions—and that, I must add, of the Students' Society of Bombay—had led the Native community to exert themselves a little in the cause. Government gave them all encouragement: it paid from the Dakshina fund six hundred rupees annually; but they had on their roll only one hundred and fifty female pupils. Government gave the mission no money; but the number of our girls had risen by May 1862 to three hundred. What was remarkable, we had a school for Mohammadan girls maintained by the fees paid by pupils. The attendance was full seventy. There was no other school for Mohammadan girls in Poona.

In addition to the common day-schools—five in number—we had at the mission-house a seminary which was at once a boarding-school for the children of converts and others, a refuge for poor and destitute children, and a school of a higher kind than those in the city. The quantity of needle-work executed by the pupils was very considerable, and as applications for the supply of it were continually made, the work must have given satisfaction. The price obtained for this helped materially to support the school. The girls were as carefully trained in the various branches of household economy—cookery included—as in the use of their needle or their book. Care was taken at the same time not to raise them above the station which they were likely to fill.

This school was in the mission compound, and in addition to the care bestowed on it by a well-qualified matron, it received the constant superintendence of my wife. Many pleasing things happened in connection with it. From the ordinary female schools there were no converts, but

there were many from the boarding-school. I am here reminded of one case. I was busy in my study, when one of the girls, Lakshmi, whom I had noted as especially quiet and attentive, came, along with two companions, to see me. 'May we speak to you, sir?' said Lakshmi. I happened to be very busy, but could not refuse. 'Certainly,' I said. 'Sir,' said Lakshmi, 'we are anxious to be baptized.' 'How old are you, Lakshmi?' 'Eleven; and these two girls are nearly the same.' 'You are very young, Lakshmi. I am very much occupied, but I will call you very soon again, and see about your baptism.' Lakshmi and her companions held down their heads and took their leave. Next day they came back, without being sent for. 'May we speak to you, sir?' 'By all means.' 'Did you, sir, say yesterday that we were too young to be baptized? Jesus said—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." How are we too young?' There was nothing forward in poor Lakshmi's manner—nothing but deep earnestness. She had misapprehended my meaning, and the little heart was sore. The thought passed through my mind that the heathen around would sneer and say we baptized infants who knew nothing of the meaning of the sacred rite. But of this I said nothing; I assured Lakshmi that, if otherwise worthy, her youth would be no barrier to her baptism. The dear child was soon baptized accordingly, and she has since lived a truly Christian life.

I had occasion during the cold season to visit a place in the south of the province of Khandesh, in which Government was attempting to form a settlement of retired sepoys. My friend Captain (now Colonel) Dods was superintendent. On the way I visited Sharanpur, an industrial settlement of the Church Missionary Society,

near Nasik. Such settlements have been successfully prosecuted by several missions: they are valuable as supplying occupation for converts, but it has often been found difficult to make them financially a success. At Sharanpur there were about three hundred people—all converts or inquirers. Many of them were Africans whom British cruisers had rescued from slavery. One of them was the son of a great chief. Poor things! what a happy change from slavery! Very interesting, and in many respects painful, were the accounts they gave of their past lives.

I preached in Nasik city. The people were quieter than they had been when I preached in 1840 and 1848; they heard me speak without interruption till near the end, when some derisive shouts were raised. On to Chalisgaum. The name means 'forty villages,' and in former days there may probably have been as many in the neighbourhood; but the very ruins of nearly all have perished, or are concealed by thick jungle.

At Chalisgaum, as at every considerable station on the railway, I found lads who had been educated in Poona—some of them at our own schools. I waited for some hours in the heat of the day. When the train had gone a young Hindu came up and said, 'Sir, we want you to address us.' 'I shall be most happy; but on what?' 'Anything; the word of God.' He knew I was a missionary, and hence the request. I asked him to make it known to all in the station that a missionary was to speak. All connected with the railway came, except two Englishmen. Singular, surely, and painful, that while all the natives came, my countrymen should stay away. But unhappily the case was by no means without example. The native employés were eight in number. I 'addressed,' and then we had a long talk. Two were

Parsis, the station-master one of them. He was an old pupil of the Elphinstone College in Bombay; a deist, but not bitter. He was anxious to prove that no revelation was needed, as natural conscience had sufficient light. We had much friendly conversation. Captain Dods had sent his horse for me; and in the afternoon I rode over to the settlement in two hours. O the beauty of an Indian sunset in the Deccan—the unbreathing stillness, the golden light! The long line of ghauts at the southern extremity of Khandesh was gloriously lighted up until the splendour died slowly and pensively away.

The settlement was in its infancy. The native army had been reduced by two hundred men per regiment, the men being pensioned off. Most of them had settled down in their own villages before the scheme was started, so that the colony never much exceeded two hundred in number. Of the original village there remained simply nothing except the old village god, Maruti, the monkey deity: not a vestige of the old walls or boundaries. All was swept away or overgrown with jungle. The site seemed good: there was a small stream that never ran dry, and there was good land not far off, now wholly uncultivated. 'The people were busy 'hutting themselves' — Hindus, Mohammadans, and a very few Portuguese—in all about forty, some of them with wives and families, but one or two were arriving almost daily. The experiment was interesting, and, I thought, hopeful. Chalisgaum, I have said, means 'forty villages,' but where were they? Those in the neighbourhood were few and small, and far from attractive. I found one of the more considerable—consisting of about fifty houses—had an intelligent Patel. He knew that Christians denounced idolatry, and was much

disposed to agree with us, quoting two well-known Marathi lines,

'Shenduren mākhūniyā dhondā
Pujā kāriti poren rāndā'—

that is—

'Smearing a stone over with red lead,
Children and vile women fall down before it.'

I was surprised to find the man so sensible and frank. We had a long talk—very friendly. 'But when shall we see you again?' said the Patel. 'And we greatly want a school: will there be one at the new village?' They knew why the country was so sparsely peopled—the greater part of it being wild jungle. 'More than sixty years ago,' said they, 'the whole region was desolated by the Maratha chieftain Holkar; then came pestilence; and hence the miserable state of things.' I wished some of my Brahman friends in Poona, who declaim so eloquently about the glories of the old Maratha empire, could have seen the country and heard its inhabitants speak.

One afternoon, when my friend Dods and I were going to visit a neighbouring village, we saw the large prints of a tiger's foot so plain that Dods exclaimed, 'The tiger must have been here a few hours ago. He may be near us now.' We came in a few minutes to an old temple, which we resolved to explore; then suddenly we changed our minds, and went on, resolving to come back. We heard a few days after that a tigress with two cubs had been shot in that very temple—I think next day. Had we entered the place, as we had fully intended, it might have been more than a startling meeting with the tiger. But unaccountably the minds of both of us had changed—had been changed, I ought to say. Every one that carefully notes the events of his own life will see how often he has been graciously preserved not only in dangers seen,

but in dangers unseen. Such things ought assuredly not to be forgotten.

There were some Bhils (Bheels) in the neighbourhood, and I was anxious to see them. I have said that in a journey from Rajputana through Eastern Gujarat in 1840, Dr. Wilson and I had often watched their fires on the hills, not without fear of being attacked; for they are—or were then—a wild and predatory race. I had heard with admiration of the way in which that *preux chevalier*, Outram,[1] had influenced them; but I had not been able to visit Dharamgaum, the headquarters of the Bheel corps. This was a body of men whom Outram had disciplined from being mere barbarians into well-behaved and efficient policemen. The Bheels in general—especially those in Khandesh—had been one of the most savage races in India. Almost nomadic; scarcely agricultural; dwelling chiefly among the hills; living by the chase, or on roots and berries, or what spoil they could secure—for they were inveterate robbers. The idea of winning them over to civilisation originated with the sagacious Elphinstone. Lieutenant Outram heartily entered into the scheme of forming a Bheel corps. But the Bheels, who had been treated by all former Governments as wild beasts, thought the offer of service and pay was a snare; and only resolute perseverance on Outram's part could overcome their scruples. But by and by his high qualities completely won their hearts. The Bheel corps gradually rose to include six hundred men, and released the regular troops from outpost duty. By 1828 the country was quiet, which it had not been for twenty years.

It is hardly correct to say that all the Bheels were

[1] It will interest many to know that Outram's grandson—the son of Sir Francis Outram—is now a Missionary to the Bheels in connection with the Church Missionary Society.

robbers. Some of them had been compelled by the Mohammadan government of Khandesh to take to agriculture. But when, in 1818, the province came under British sway, at least fifty leaders, whose followers were not under five thousand men, were simply plunderers. Their treatment by the Marathas had been not only cruel but treacherous. The poor creatures had been driven to despair.

Though Outram's name is best known in connection with efforts to civilise the Bheels, yet other men also did valuable work—Colonel Ovans, for example. He was called the *plough*, while Outram was the *sword*.

At Ganeshpur, towards the ghauts, I found about twenty huts of Bheels. Many collected round me under a tree, and we had very friendly conversation. Their language was clearly not southern; it was a rude Marathi. They told me that, years ago, the Government had given them cattle and ploughs in advance. They had repaid the money; but the cattle were mostly dead, and the ploughs were broken. Now they were poorly off; they could only cut grass and do some field work for the Kunbis (cultivators). They were not very different in appearance from Mhars: scarcely darker, with long hair and small turbans. They said, however, their caste was decidedly above that of the Mhars. 'What gods do you worship?' 'All the gods.' 'Do you know anything about the religion of the Europeans?' 'How should we know?' I spoke at some length; they seemed to follow me, and certainly they listened patiently. Mahdu Naik, their chief man, who had been at some school, could read. He had books which many years ago had been given him by the Nasik missionaries, and certainly was an intelligent man. He seemed half inclined to Christianity, and promised to read to his people. The people generally, how-

ever, were fully convinced that the gods would plague them terribly if they did not pay their homage. 'It is all very well for Europeans to despise the gods,' they said; 'but it is ruin for us to neglect them.' As I bade them good-bye it gave me a pang to think there was no probability of my seeing these simple children of the wilds again.

Colonel Dods kindly allowed me to take his horse on to Aurangabad; and, indeed, in that wild region he could have had him satisfactorily shod at no nearer place. I rode for some six miles through a country largely desolate, and then found my way to Aurangabad—marvelling at the immense number of tombs which lay near it. The Rev. Mr. Davidson, of the Church Missionary Society, kindly received me. I was anxious to proceed forty miles farther on to Jalna, but could, for some reason, make no satisfactory bargain about either horse or bullock-cart. 'No matter,' said my friend, 'I shall lend you a camel.' I had done eighty miles on camel-back on my way through Egypt to India, and I knew the mode of conveyance was more picturesque than pleasant; but there was no other way of getting on. I did twenty miles before nightfall; put up in a banyan's shop, and started afresh next morning. A robbery had lately taken place on the road, but I was not molested. I was most kindly received by a medical officer at Jalna; and that very first evening, I think, a considerable party of friends assembled at his house for the reading of Scripture and prayer. They were in the habit of meeting once a week. No clergyman was in the company, though, I doubt not, one would have been welcome. They were reading in the Gospel of St. Matthew, with Bishop Ryle's exposition. Ryle's tracts were evidently in great request. The whole meeting was all that could be desired in point of simplicity and

earnestness. Such gatherings were at that time—and I trust they are so still—common at Indian stations. Nothing could be simpler, and generally, I think, nothing more sincere, than the services so carried on. But my object in visiting Jalna was to see about inquirers. Were there none such? Jalna had formerly been a station of the American Mission; more recently one of our native preachers, now the Rev. G. R. Navalkar, had spent some time there, and I was most anxious to see the result of the work that had been done. I found the poorest of the people very accessible, and every day they became more attentive. I left them with much regret, promising to send them one or two catechists. I did so as soon as I reached Poona. Let me anticipate. Two of the Jalna people after some time came to me in Bombay, and I baptized them. This was the commencement of an important movement under Dr. Narayan Sheshadri.

In the hot season of 1862 we spent the month of May at the hill station, Purandar—I returning every week to Poona for Sunday services. There are two forts near Poona very celebrated in Maratha history, Singad and Purandar. The highest part of the latter is 4472 feet above the sea level; and while the plains are burning below, the temperature in Purandar is quite bearable. Hence, in later days, it has become a favourite sanitarium.

There is a document called the *Purandar Sanad* (decree or warrant) which purports to be an exact copy of a copper-plate grant dating from the equivalent of 1186 A.D. It is clearly a forgery, like many other similar documents; for the natives are as expert in the production of such papers as was Chatterton 'the marvellous boy' when he brought forward the poems of Rowley. The paper mentions that when the chief tower was to be constructed, the emperor dreamt that the work could not be finished unless a man

and his wife were buried in the foundations. This was accordingly done, and twenty-five thousand bricks of gold, it is said, were deposited along with them. Captain Ker, who was superintendent of the hill, dug perseveringly but found neither skeletons nor gold. The story of the gold may have arisen from the fact that a large amount of gold was found when the foundations of the strong hill fort of Torna were built in 1646; and, indeed, treasure has often been hidden away in troublous times. But the sacrifice of a man and woman to render the building secure is far from unlikely. Such things have frequently taken place.

I have already mentioned that in old days, especially in those of Maratha ascendency, almost every commanding eminence was crowned wi . a ' rt. From a very slight elevation in Khandesh I have had within sight at least twenty such. It may be worth while briefly to describe a Maratha fort. I visited Rājgad (the King's fort), the favourite retreat of the 'mountain rat,' as Aurangzib called Shivaji; but my recollections of Purandar are more distinct, and I will speak particularly of it. The upper part is surrounded with a vast rampart of basaltic rock, which, in many places, is fully twenty feet high, almost perpendicular, as if constructed for defence. Artificial fortifications crown this. There are massive gates of teak, with great iron spikes projecting, long winding passages, loop-holed, with very steep steps, giving the defenders every advantage over the assailants. The basaltic rock seemed impossible to scale. No artificial scarping was needful as at Daulatabad. The hill-top seemed defensible against everything except modern artillery and treachery. Yet Rājgad was still more inaccessible. Enormous labour must have been spent on those Maratha hill fortresses. Now they are all useless, and happily also needless.

CHAPTER XXX

WORK IN BOMBAY—MR. SAMUEL SMITH—VISIT TO GOA —NARAYAN SHESHADRI—JALNA

I HAD become much interested in Poona. Our high school now contained four hundred and thirty young men, and the numbers were steadily rising; the large vernacular schools were also full of life. I liked the young Brahmans immensely—they were all clever, and their conduct was generally excellent. I was preparing for a fresh campaign when, in early June, the rains should fall and give us a climate like that of an English summer. Suddenly my prospects were entirely changed. My wife again broke down in health, and the medical men began to look grave. Next a letter from the senior missionary announced that he had recovered his health and was to return to Poona immediately. And farther, a letter arrived from the Free Church (European) in Bombay, stating that the minister, Mr. Carlyle, was about to go home, and asking me to act as pastor in his absence.

I had no wish to leave Poona—it was in every way interesting—but, on the whole, duty seemed to require it, although it involved separation from my wife during several months. The medical men were entirely opposed to her living in Bombay during the rains. There was abundance of missionary work both in Poona and Bombay. With regard to the Free Church, I wrote that, if the members would accept a fragment of my time, I should be happy to act as their minister for nearly a year, but that

I was primarily and chiefly a missionary. The Bombay friends readily agreed to accept what I could give. I need not dwell on my preaching. Expositions of Scripture and simple addresses were nearly all I undertook to give, and my kind flock made no complaint. I had much work in the educational seminary. I missed my Poona Brahman lads—always so intelligent and so numerous; for the Bombay school had but few of that caste; but there was a considerable number of the Bene Israel—a people always interesting. There was also a tolerable number of Portuguese, and by this time—for they had kept resolutely away for years—there were a few Parsis. There was quite enough to draw out a man's whole heart and energies.

My wife sailed for England on the 12th October. Her departure from her loved work in India was rendered more painful to both of us by the medical men entreating her not to think of returning to a climate which was utterly unsuited to her. Was her Indian life then over? and if so, what of mine? I could not face—and it could not be the will of God that I should face—a life-long separation from her. And yet to give up my Indian work was an unspeakable trial. So, then, my mind at this time was 'thrown into an anxiety,' from which I could not in any way get free.

Soon after Mrs. Mitchell's departure I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Smith. He was a young merchant who had come out to see India with his own eyes. He brought me a letter of introduction from Dr. Hanna of Edinburgh. I was greatly drawn to Mr. Smith. He was full of intelligence, eager for knowledge, and most deeply interested in the welfare of India. His friendship has ever since been one of the chief blessings of my life. I do not require to say how important is the part he has

long taken in public life, especially in philanthropic and religious movements. He is now M.P. for Flintshire.

In the cold weather I had occasion to pay a flying visit to a very remarkable place, Beejapore (Bijapur). It is in the Canarese country, of which I do not at present speak. But let me say that the buildings were almost, or altogether, equal in perfect grace to the Jain temples on Mount Abu. The object, however, which struck me as the most remarkable thing in Beejapore was a hair of Mohammad's beard,—which, however, I only heard of, for the precious relic is exhibited only once a year. There is no relic-worship in Hinduism or Zoroastrianism; it exists in Buddhism, and to some extent in Mohammadanism.

Another truly remarkable object was an enormous gun, to which the celebrated Mons Meg of Edinburgh Castle seemed but a toy.

About the end of March the Rev. F. Gell (now Canon Gell), the Rev. Mr. Colvin, and I ran down in a steam launch to pay a visit to Goa. Sir Bartle Frere kindly gave us an introduction to the Governor. We were much pleased with him and his secretary; they expressed themselves as anxious for progress, of which assuredly there was immense need at Goa. Panjim, or New Goa, was a poor, dull, ill-conditioned town; but of all dreary places we had seen, Goa (Old Goa) was the dreariest. The Palladian architecture of the churches did not awaken admiration. As we lay off the city in our launch at night, we hardly saw a light or heard a sound—all was silence and darkness. Next day we passed a statue. I asked a bystander, a well-dressed Hindu, whom it represented. 'Some Canarese king or other, I suppose,' said the man. Such is human glory; it was a statue of the great sailor, Vasco da Gama! Malaria seemed to be gaining on the poor remnant of the once lordly city. We tried to converse

with one or two monks, but they appeared only half-alive, and they hardly responded. But let me quote the words of the vivacious Lady Burton. 'Of all the God-forgotten deserted holes, one thousand years behind the rest of the creation, I have never seen anything to equal Goa.' She includes Panjim in this condemnation. The language is terribly severe; but one quite understands the bitterness of the lady's disappointment.[1]

I have already had occasion to speak of the Inquisition as established at Goa; but the importance of the matter calls for some additional observations. I have already mentioned Dellon. Picart in his work on Religious Ceremonies has given extracts from Dellon, with plates borrowed from him of the tortures and burnings. Buchanan in his *Christian Researches in Asia* gives important extracts from Dellon.

Dellon, when in the city of Damaun, was accused of charging the Inquisition with cruelty. He was carried off to Goa, and languished in the prisons of the Inquisition for two years, expecting condemnation. He was finally sentenced, not to be burned, but to be a galley slave for five years.

Buchanan remained a considerable time in Goa in 1808, and had much intercourse with Josephus, an inquisitor, but could get little information out of him. One alteration had taken place since Dellon's time: the victims were no longer burned in public, but within the walls of the Inquisition—a change which, if perhaps intended as a mitigation, was in fact an enhancement, of the sufferings both of the relatives and the accused. Once within the grasp of the Holy Office, the poor wretch dropped out of sight. Were his loved ones alive or dead? Was he himself

[1] She was an ardent Romanist, and doubtless her expectations had been high.

alive or dead? still languishing in prison or burned? No one could tell: the dread tribunal was as remorselessly silent as death.

Buchanan writes: 'As I walked up the hall, I saw a poor woman sitting by herself, on a bench by the wall, apparently in a disconsolate state of mind. She clasped her hands as I passed, and gave me a look expressive of distress. This sight chilled my spirits. The familiars told me she was waiting there to be called up before the tribunal of the Inquisition.' Poor, desolate creature! was she, too, burned? The great day will lift up the curtain.

My readers will understand the feelings with which my friends and I trampled on the ruins of this horrid institution.

> καὶ λίην κεῖνός γε ἐοικότι κεῖται ὀλέθρῳ,
> ὡς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε ῥέζοι.

It is difficult to realise the fact that the Inquisition continued till the other day. It ceased in Rome only when Vittorio Emanuele entered the city in September 1870.

It is well to remember that Napoleon suppressed the Inquisition wherever his power extended, but that, after the Congress of Vienna (1815), it was revived in Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, and the Papal States. It is well also to remember that, even in the present day, there are writers who regret its suppression.

We were interested in conversing with two young priests who had lately left the seminary in which they had studied. They spoke of having mastered *philosophia*, *theologia*, and I think *historia*; but we came to the conclusion that, of men professing to be educated, the narrowest-minded we had met were such priests of Goa.

They had, however, a very high idea of their priestly standing; and to these lads the Archbishop of Canterbury was a daring intruder into the ecclesiastical office. Of Greek or Hebrew they knew nothing: they spoke nearly tolerable Latin, and scarcely tolerable Marathi.

I also paid a hurried visit to the Dakhan. For one thing, I was anxious to see my old pupil, now fellow-missionary, the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri. With great difficulty I had prevailed on the Mission committee in Edinburgh to transfer his services to the Dakhan. The Bombay Mission, which well knew his value, would fain have retained him; but my pleading was at last successful. I found him at Indapur, about which I have written so sorrowfully. But what I had seen of Jalna, and all the information I could gather respecting it, left the conviction on my mind that the state of things at that station was most hopeful. I remember that my last words to Narayan were, 'Go to Jalna. I have a deep persuasion that a great and blessed work awaits you there.' Accordingly my friend did go to Jalna, and before long he wrote that he was most thankful he had done so: the progress of the Gospel, among the Mangs in particular, had exceeded his most sanguine expectations. It evidently gave a new buoyancy to his spirit that, after long toiling with but small visible result among the bigoted high castes of Bombay, he had come among a simple-hearted people who might be said to thirst for the Gospel. By and by the converts at and around Jalna amounted to hundreds. Very similar has been the state of things at the station of Aurangabad, which is about forty miles from Jalna. Under the care of another native missionary, the Rev. Ruttonjee Nowrojee of the Church Missionary Society, the success among the lowest of the people has been very cheering. The two neighbour missions labour in beautiful

harmony. In truth, between other Protestant missions and the Church Missionary Society I do not know that any but the most kindly feelings have at any time existed.

Ahmadnagar, a little farther south, is the headquarters of the American Mission, supported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Large success has been granted to its labours, especially among the Mhars, a class slightly higher than the Mangs.

In consequence of the labours of these three missions, a vast alteration is gradually taking place over a large part of the Dakhan; the despised and down-trodden classes are becoming to a large extent Christianised, and are steadily rising in character, position, and influence. A great revolution in the social system is quietly going on. Christianity acts as silently and irresistibly as gravitation does in the physical world around us.

CHAPTER XXXI

LEAVE INDIA—FOUR YEARS AT BROUGHTY FERRY—BACK TO THE EAST—CALCUTTA, ETC.

I SAILED from Bombay towards the end of April 1863. I had spent a short time in Egypt, and was delighted—I might say astonished—in seeing the vast reforms which our countrymen have been able to introduce into that long unhappy land. I need not dwell on these. The names of Lord Cromer,[1] Sir Colin Moncreiff, Sir John Scott, Sir Alfred Milner, and others, are known to all Britons—and we are all proud of them.

I then proceeded straight to England *vid* Marseilles, and, without waiting in London, went on to Edinburgh.

I was most thankful to find my wife considerably better in health, but medical authority was entirely opposed to her ever returning to India. Dr. Tweedie, who had been for years the valued Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee, had lately died. Dr. Candlish held the office in the meantime, but it was quite understood that failing health would soon compel Dr. Duff to return—in which case he would naturally become Convener.

I spoke in the Assembly on foreign missions, and had no reason to complain of my reception. But the grave question of my future pressed upon me. I did not feel it my duty to face another of those long, agonising separations which I knew so well; but it might not be easy to

[1] I had known Lord Cromer in India as the Hon. Captain Baring, and had felt assured he would rise to high distinction.

find a suitable appointment at home. Would any congregation give me a call to be its pastor? I had been twenty-five years in the East; a congregation would naturally think that my health must have seriously suffered in so many years.

In a Church in which patronage prevails, as in the Church of England, the great missionary societies—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society—are usually able to get positions at home for retired missionaries still able to work; but when congregations choose their own pastors—as in Presbyterian and Nonconformist churches generally—the case is very different. These generally insist, naturally enough, on hearing candidates, though occasionally they are satisfied with receiving the report of a committee, or perhaps an individual, appointed to inquire about a fit minister. To be put on a 'leet,' as it is called, and then engage in competitive preaching with several other candidates, is infinitely unpleasant—at least to many, as it certainly would have been to me. Happily it was not required. The second day I was in Edinburgh, a leading minister of Dundee[1] asked if I would accept a call to Broughty Ferry, in which a new congregation was being formed: he had no doubt it would, if acceptable, be given. I asked a day or two to consider, and then agreed.

Broughty Ferry was becoming a very important suburb of Dundee, and was a very pleasant and healthy place. I had certainly no reason to regret my acceptance of the 'call.' I had a 'Kirk Session' consisting of four elders, all of them Christian gentlemen, whose treatment of their minister was more than courteous—ever considerate and kind. The deacons, too, were all very excellent men. I can only hope that mine was a typical experience, and

[1] The Rev. Dr. W. Wilson.

that other Presbyterian ministers have as few difficulties with their 'Sessions' and 'Deacons' Courts' as I had. For I, in fact, had none.

A word or two more may be said before we quit the subject of retired missionaries. But should they retire? My esteemed friend, Mr. William Arthur, has somewhere said that a missionary should die in the scene on which he has laboured, that his grave may continue to testify to the truth he proclaimed in life; and similarly Daniel Wilson of Calcutta said, 'Where should a bishop die but in his diocese?' In one point of view the sentiment is high and noble. Yet if continued residence in the foreign land mean inefficiency and premature death, what then? And if the missionary, after faithful service abroad, do come home, what then? Is his presence to be felt as an embarrassment to missionary churches and societies? The question reminds us of a saying of Mr. Spurgeon's—very Spurgeonic indeed—'What are we to do with our old missionaries? Why, shoot them, to be sure.' If more is meant than meets the ear in this quaint saying of the great preacher, and if it imply that missionary societies are in danger of treating their retired men shabbily, I can only say that our Scottish churches, at least, are chargeable with nothing of the kind.

I remained in Broughty Ferry four years. I cannot enter on my work as a home pastor, though it had many features about which it would be very pleasant to speak. Especially about the fisher-folk, it would be interesting to say something. They had a character of their own, and a marked one. But I must hasten on to say that, after four years, the Mission Committee in Edinburgh asked if I would return to India, and this time proceed to Calcutta. I felt that, in conscience, I could not refuse, if my wife's health would allow her to

accompany me. She had, thank God! rallied wonderfully; the medical men now gave no opinion adverse to her return, and her feelings of thankfulness and joy were the same as my own. No doubt it was a trial to leave Broughty Ferry, my elders, my deacons, my flock, my classes preparing for the communion, and, not least, my friends the fisher-folk. I had, moreover, become intimately acquainted with my brethren in the Presbytery and many others; and ties had to be broken, not without much pain. But duty was duty,—I was primarily a missionary; and if I could be in the foreign field, I ought to be, and could be happy nowhere else. So we sold off our beautiful furniture—all presented, I may mention, by our very dear friend William Graham (afterwards M.P. for Glasgow); my people presented me with a parting gift, and we were off. We reached Calcutta early in January 1868. My successor was Dr. Bruce, afterwards distinguished as Professor Bruce, of Free Church College, Glasgow.

Here, however, for the present these 'recollections' must cease. Whether they shall be resumed and offered to the public is uncertain,—for one thing, it depends on the reception which this volume may meet with. The second period of my missionary life was by no means a mere repetition of the first.

I was not able to take many missionary tours, and I do not feel that I understand the village people of Bengal so well as I think I do those of Maharashtra. Still, I saw much not only of Lower Bengal, but of the North-West Provinces, the Punjab, and Simla. My duties were mainly, though by no means solely, connected with the great missionary institution founded by Dr. Duff, and I was much brought into contact with educated Native gentlemen and advanced University students. I watched with much attention the proceedings of the Brahmo

Somaj, particularly the branch calling itself the New Dispensation, which was presided over by my friend Babu Keshub Chunder Sen. Of this remarkable man I should have occasion to say much.

But what drew out my mind and heart as much as anything, was our founding of a mission among an aboriginal tribe, the Santals. I also visited another tribe, generally called Kols, but really consisting of two separate races—the Mundaris and the Oraons; and I could expatiate *con amore* on my intercourse with them. I likewise had occasion to see repeatedly the North-Western Provinces, the Punjab, and Simla; and each of these localities had its own special objects of attraction. During my second sojourn in India I was brought, still more than during the first, into contact—and, for the most part, very pleasing contact—with men of light and leading,—civilians, soldiers, missionaries, merchants, and others. Their views on Indian questions it was very instructive to listen to, and it might be profitable if some of these were recorded.

We visited India—having proceeded by America, Japan, and China—at a still later time, and saw much more of the Madras Presidency than we had done before—travelling to the southern extremity of India, Cape Comorin. All was most interesting. But, in any case, the writing down of these later movements must for the present be postponed.

CHAPTER XXXII

RETROSPECT—HINDU RELIGIOUS REFORM IN WESTERN INDIA—THE PRARTHANA SAMAJ—THE SOCIAL CONFERENCE—KURSONDAS MOOLJEE—DUTY OF GOVERNMENT—DUTY OF REFORMERS—CONCLUSION

THESE recollections have come down to the year 1863, the time when I ceased to reside in Western India. But reference must be made, however briefly, to several matters of interest which have occurred since then.

In *Hinduism Past and Present*, I have given a pretty lengthened account of the progress of religious reform in Bengal from the time of the deservedly famous Rammohun Roy. Very many who have not entered the Christian Church have been powerfully affected by his teaching and example. A similar movement in Western India was of later origin, and it has never been prosecuted with the same energy as the one in North-Eastern India. It was on or about the year 1846 that Dadoba Pandurang, Superintendent of the Government Normal School, formed the Paramahansa Sabha in Bombay. He had been brought much in contact with missionaries, and was on very friendly terms with them. It was a theistic society: the members met once a week for divine worship. Branch associations were formed at several other stations. The Sabha was lively for several years, but became extinct by 1860. It was succeeded in 1867 by the Prarthana Samaj, a society of similar character. Branches were speedily formed in

the chief cities of Maharashtra and Gujarat. Not a few able and well-educated men have joined the Samaj. They deliver, doubtless, good addresses; they offer prayers, and sing hymns which are free from idolatry. But the Samaj, for some reason or other, lacks fervour—one might almost say lacks life, and it makes very little progress. On the mass of the people, indeed, no impression is made whatever. Even the educated men who agree with its teachings shrink, in many cases, from joining it. They ask, 'Cannot we worship God without joining the Samaj?'

In framing its creed the Prarthana Samaj is eclectic: it gathers from the wisdom of various lands and ages. Of course it draws pretty largely from Christianity, for all the moral teachings, and nearly all the spiritual teachings, of the Gospel compel the assent of educated men. But the deeper and more distinctive doctrines of the Gospel—such as the Incarnation and Atonement—are carefully excluded.

We often heard Chunder Sen declare that he was striving to educate his followers to appreciate Christ and Christianity. We do not suppose that the members of the Prarthana Samaj have any such desire. On the contrary, we have a deeply sorrowful conviction that their wish is to withstand both the progress and the profession of Christianity. They evidently believe that, by gleaning from all quarters, they can build up a system of spiritual truth which shall be fresher, fuller, more civilised and civilising, than the teachings of Christ and His Apostles. Surely, even such a man as Renan might teach them better. 'Christ,' said he, 'is the creator of the eternal religion of humanity.'

But passing from this painful characteristic of the Samaj and of educated Hindus generally, we surely have a right to expect them to act energetically against moral and

social evils. If, lacking the martyr spirit, they have not the courage to 'come out and be separate,' they are yet bound to lift up their voice like a trumpet against the multitudinous ills which afflict Hindu society.

Let us do the Samaj justice. Most of its members—perhaps all of them—do confess the need of social reform, and are, we presume, members of the 'Social Conference.'[1] Herein they stand far above the great mass of their educated countrymen—the men who enrol themselves in the 'National Congress,' and vehemently cry out for political changes, while they do not utter a whisper against gigantic moral and social evils. But will the Samaj *act* as well as *speak*? Alas! when we expect to see action, we are told of countless hindrances—the opposition of their caste, the tears of female relatives, the 'dual life' they are compelled to lead, and so on. We do not forget these things, but we ask true reformers and true patriots to rise above them. What great and noble deed was ever done without suffering? Will the sons of India make no sacrifice for their sorely afflicted mother?

Take an example. One of the worst evils in Hindu society is the practice of child-marriage. Physically, mentally, morally,—in every way it is detestable. It has been denounced in words for fifty years and more; but no practical remedy was applied till Mr. Malabari—a Parsi, not a Hindu—stepped forward. He fought nobly on behalf of Hindu womanhood; and, mainly through his efforts, Government was led to raise the age for the consummation of marriage up to twelve on the part of women. What was his reward from many educated Hindus? Sneers and taunts. And what was the reward of Government?

[1] The Social Conference is composed of those members of the National Congress who hold that moral as well as political changes are indispensable. The vastly greater number of the Congress members deny this.

It was told that this was a religious question with which Government had no right to interfere. So, doubtless, these men would have argued in regard to the horrible rite of *suttee,* or burning widows alive, had it not been abolished long before their day.

The only Hindu in Western India, so far as my knowledge goes, who has shown himself to be a true and fearless reformer, was Kursondas Mooljee, a Bhatia of Gujarat. He it was who dragged into the light of day the atrocious doings of the followers of Vallabha Acharya. I believe this noble young man died heart-broken. Not only his caste, but his relatives, his own family, were strongly opposed to his honest and fearless denunciation of evil. Let not Kursondas Mooljee be forgotten! He was not a Christian, but he was a martyr in the cause of truth and righteousness. And is his name to stand alone? Is Western India able to bring forth no equally fearless champion?

> 'Thou know'st the arduous strife, the eternal laws
> To which the triumph of all good is given—
> High sacrifice and labour without pause
> Even to the death.'

And yet I should be doing great injustice to India if my words implied that her children cannot rise to the highest reach of the human spirit—even the martyr-spirit. For that spirit is evinced by nearly all the men and women of the higher classes who enter the Church of Christ, and also by many of the lower—for they too have a great fight of afflictions before they can 'come out and be separate.' But my sorrowful complaint is of the educated men who flatter themselves that India may become a highly advanced, united, and happy nation while she continues to reject those high teachings of

Christianity on which alone individual and national well-being can be based.

I write in much sorrow of heart. I went out to Bombay sixty-one years ago. I found a small body of so-called 'reformers' then, as there is a large body of so-called reformers now. It was nothing but talk-talk then, and it is little but talk-talk now. At this rate, how many hundred years will it be before India can be received into the sisterhood of truly civilised nations? It was, I believe, Mr. Justice Telang who invented the phrase of 'moving in the line of least resistance.' What true progress, what ascent, can there ever be if his recommendation continue to be acted on? Mr. Telang was, in many respects, a most estimable man—modest, amiable, and scholarly in a high degree; but he was lacking in moral courage. The weapon that can cut through the thick jungle of Hindu prejudice and error must not be framed of gold; it must be all constructed of iron, or else tipped with tempered steel.

Since these lines were written papers have arrived from India that throw still more light on the Bombay Samaj, and the character of the so-called 'reformers.' At a great meeting in Bombay called to welcome Principal Fairbairn, what took place? Hear the *Dnyanodaya*, the thoughtful organ of the American Mission: 'In Dr. Bhandarkar's speech, it was very observable that, when telling of the sources from which the Samaj got its religious thought, he omitted to mention the Bible. He mentioned the Vedas, the Upanishads, and other non-Christian books; but he ignored the Bible. Was that honest? Every man in the Samaj knows that the Samaj would not have existed but for the Bible.'

Of another prominent member of the Samaj the *Dnyanodaya* says: 'When leaders like the Hon. Justice

Ranade are leading the Samaj back to the Upanishads, whose pantheism must kill all true spiritual life, it is time to call a halt.'

The only member of the Samaj, so far as we know, who has plainly and categorically stated that the awakening of religious inquiry in Western India is mainly due to the Bible and missions, is the Hon. Mr. Chandravarkar, a pleader in the High Court. This implies no small moral courage on his part, for the word has been passed round, 'make not any concession of any kind to Christianity,'—and every man that does so is loaded with reproaches.

Finally, what about Britain's duty? One is almost overpowered with awe when he thinks of the weight of responsibility that rests on Great Britain in connection with that vast Eastern continent. Are we dealing with those three hundred millions of men as a nation professing Christianity is bound to deal? It is no time for boasting. We are on our trial. We stand at the bar of God, and the Judge of all the earth will judge righteous judgment.

We must remember that not only Governments, but individuals, are thus accountable. Every one is so of all our countrymen whose lot takes them to India. Even such is the case of all our countrywomen. The value to India of a truly Christian life—not only just and pure, but kind and sympathetic—cannot be told in words; and infinite also is the evil which is wrought by a life that is un-Christian. And it ought to be remembered that in India every one's character is known and talked of, and that unbounded is the influence which it exerts either for good or evil.

One earnestly longs to see a deepening sense of responsibility in connection with that great Eastern land. Oh for

lead her in paths of righteousness and peace, and train her not only to emulate, but to surpass, our own much-favoured land in all that forms the glory and defence of nations!

I have still to add a few words by way of postscript.

Of the native Christians mentioned in the preceding pages, Mr. Hormazdji Pestonji and Dr. Narayan Sheshadri have passed away after much faithful labour. Mr. Dhanjibhai Nauroji, baptized in 1839, still lives—a patriarch among missionaries, and held in universal esteem.

Mr. Baba Padmanji, though now advanced in years, is still indefatigable with his pen, and is especially diligent in the revision of the Marathi Scriptures.

Another of our pupils, Mr. Gunputrao R. Navalkar, has also written, and written well. In particular, his Marathi Grammar is elaborate and good.

Maina, the young woman whose baptism so cheered my wife in a time of much sorrow (see page 134), was married to Mr. Vincent A. de Cunha. She died many years ago, leaving her children a bright example. Of Mr. de Cunha I have spoken on page 215.

The London Society Mission, mentioned on page 66, was withdrawn from Gujarat many years ago, and was succeeded by the Irish Presbyterian Mission. This has all along been conducted with energy and success. See in particular the *Indian Mission of the Irish Presbyterian Church*, by the Rev. Robert Jeffrey.

Farther information in regard to the Scottish Missions in Western India will be found in the following works:—Dr. Wilson's Memoir of Mrs. Wilson, Dr. George Smith's

Lives of Dr. Wilson and Mr. Stephen Hislop, and my Memoir of Mr. Nesbit.

Valuable information also regarding progress in Western India during the early part of the century will be found in the Life of Colonel T. B. Jervis, by his son.

I would gladly have spoken at some length of one whose warm friendship I acquired on my arrival in India and retained until his death—Captain W. J. Eastwick. He was long connected with Indian administration; first as one of the Court of Directors, and afterwards as a member of the Indian Council. India never had a more enlightened or a truer friend.

It sometimes seems strange to me that I should be still spared in life while younger men have been called home—such as Messrs. Gardner, Stothert, and Small,—all admirable missionaries. Mr. Gardner was my much-loved colleague during my second residence in Poona.

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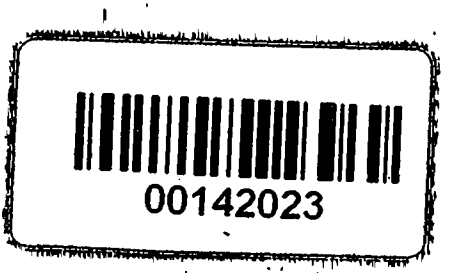
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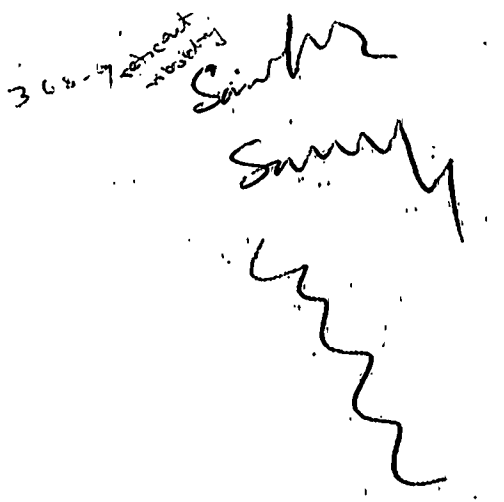

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